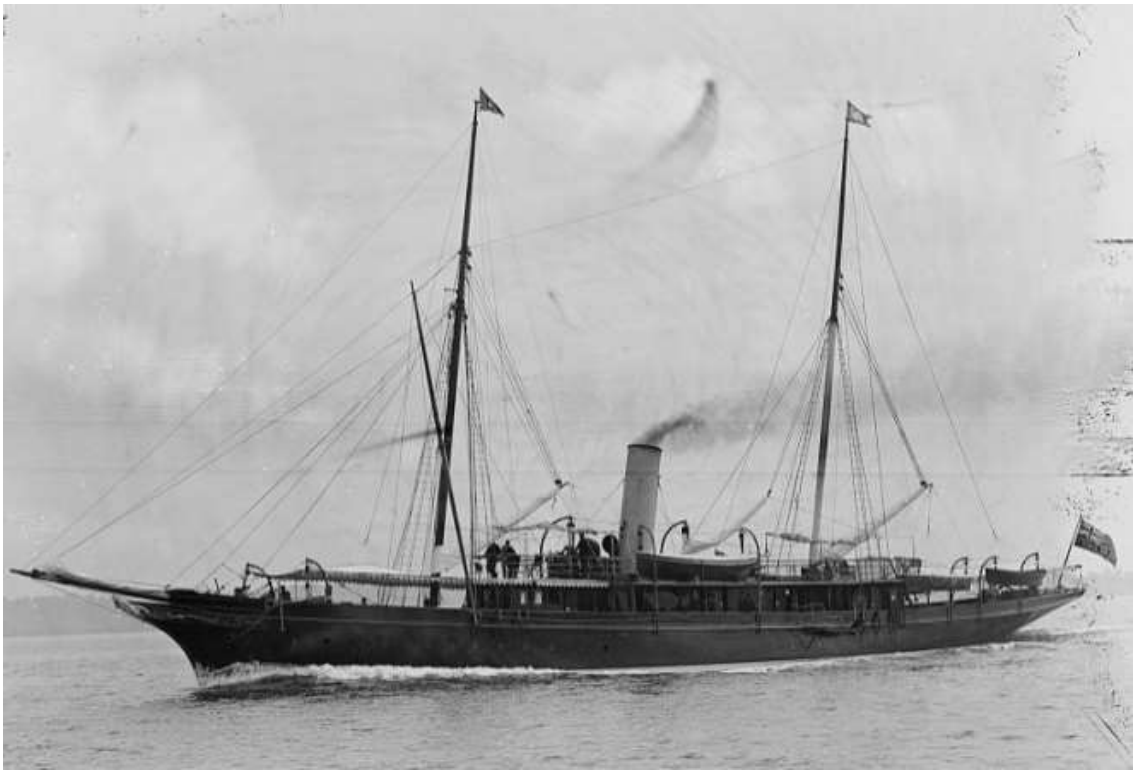
A Caribbean Adventure: 1896

by Annie Adams Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett



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by

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Sarah Orne Jewett Press

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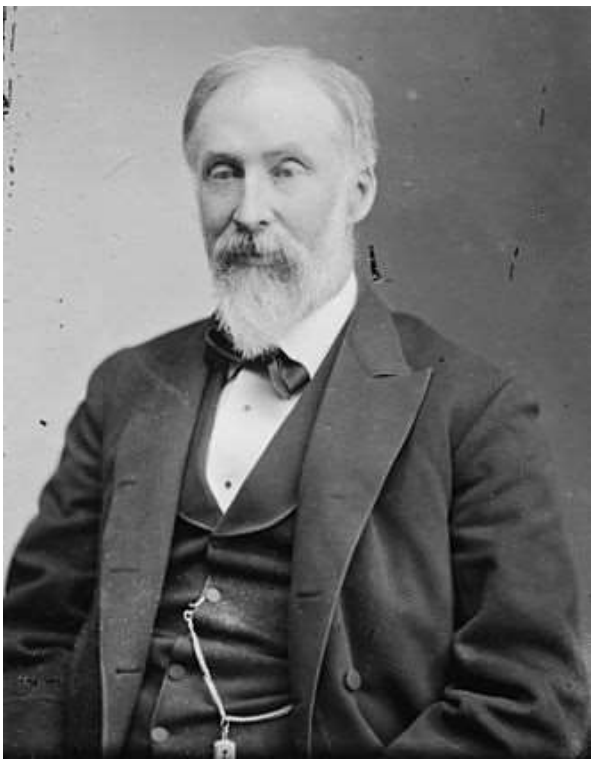
Annie Adams Fields 1834-1915

Sarah Orne Jewett 1849-1909

Thomas Bailey Aldrich 1836-1907



Henry Lillie Pierce 1825-1896

Lilian Woodman Aldrich (1841–1927) and Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Enlarged image from Page 53 of the Fields diary manuscript,
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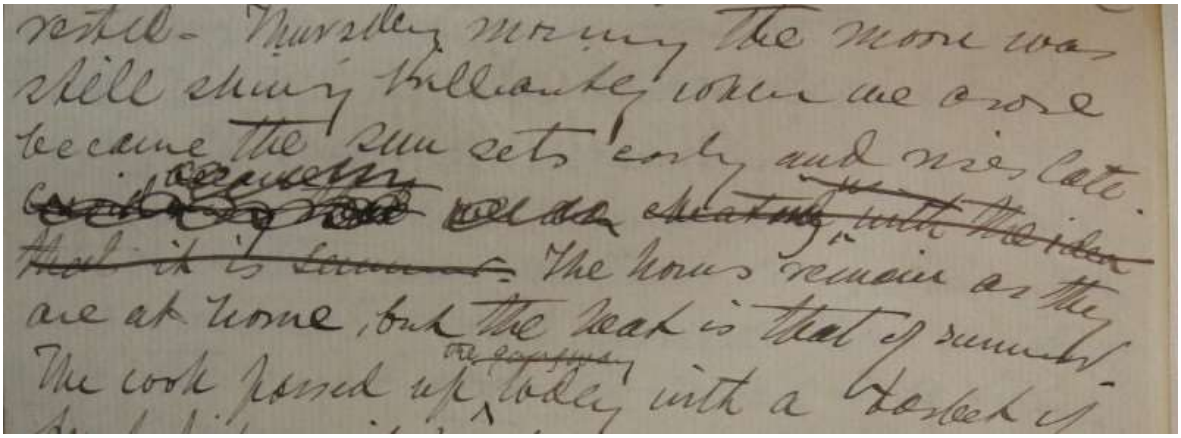

Introduction

> Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Mrs. Aldrich will start about the first of January on a yachting cruise to the West Indies, with a party of friends, including Mrs. James F. Fields and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett. They will be gone several months.
>
> New York *Tribune* (26 December 1895, p. 6).

From January 7 to March 10, 1896, Annie Fields, widow of publisher James Thomas Fields (1817-1881), and Sarah Orne Jewett toured in the Caribbean Sea. Departing from Boston, MA by train, they joined Henry Lillie Pierce in Brunswick, GA, along with his other guests, Lilian and Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and their servant, Bridget, and the crew on Pierce's steam yacht, the *Hermione*. This group had traveled together often during the previous five years, mainly along the coast of Maine. As people of relatively modest means, Jewett and Fields were privileged to be very close friends of the Aldriches.

In the course of the trip, both Fields and Jewett wrote about it. Fields kept an almost daily journal: "Diary of a Caribbean Trip." Jewett wrote circumstantial accounts of parts of the trip in letters to family and friends. In addition to these two main bodies of material, there are two appendices, a manuscript of an unfinished story that Jewett set in one of their harbors of refuge from stormy weather and a collection of contemporary maps.

The Travelers

Before the Civil War, Henry L. Pierce (1825-1896) was an ardent Free-soiler. After the Civil War, he made his fortune as owner of the Baker Chocolate Company, and he then turned to a life of public service as mayor of Boston and in the houses of representatives of Massachusetts and of the United States. Wikipedia draws upon Lilian Aldrich's memoir to characterize Pierce:

> In *Crowding Memories*, Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich … wrote of Pierce as a close friend to her and her husband. She said that for "nearly twenty-five years…[he had] been one of the most loved of guests at our fireside." Pierce's "deep and unaffected friendship" for the Aldriches was sincere, and they, like many others, benefited from his estate, inheriting his farm at Ponkapoag in Canton, Massachusetts. Mrs. Aldrich summed up his character, saying that he was in all ways a strong man. "Strong in will even to obstinacy, strong in his sense of honor, strong in his love for his friends, strong in his sympathies, strong in his patriotism, strong in his likes and dislikes. To those who knew him best there was a certain charming simplicity in his character because it was the clear and direct product of his nature, unhelped by outside influences." (See *Crowding Memories*, 1920, pp. 278-80)

All of these friends were deeply grieved when Pierce died the December after their adventure. Pierce's stroke occurred at the Aldrich home, and Aldrich wrote to a friend on 23 December 1896:

> For nearly twenty-five years he has been one of the most loved of guests at our fireside, and it takes all our fortitude to face the fact that that wise and gentle and noble heart has come to us for the last time … I am sure you will be grieved to hear all this, for no one could be with him, even for so short a time as you were last summer, without being impressed by the sweetness and simplicity and integrity of his character. When I think of the false and cruel men who are let live, I don't understand the scheme which blots out such lives as his.

Jewett wrote in a letter of 23 December 1896 to Sarah Wyman Whitman about:

> Mr. Pierce's great and simple funeral. The verses about 'I was a stranger -- sick -- and in prison and ye came unto me' -- and 'the widow and fatherless and him that had no helper' -- seemed to be new as they were read over that coffin -- and there was an irresistible wave of feeling that ran through, the church -- It was a most stately and grave company of men for the most part … but so goes away that plain good old man, lonely and lovable, with some plaintive touch of childlikeness that made him timid in spite of his great impulses and iron will to do what he thought right --

And she wrote to Lilian Aldrich on 29 December 1896:

> I think of you a great deal and every day it seems to me that I miss Mr Pierce more. Just now we are all being reminded of our happy plans a year ago -- aren't we? -- how true it is that one never knows a friend until he is gone -- never knows him in the closest way -- it is as if we followed on a little way and caught something of the new life.

In 1896, Sarah Orne Jewett was one of the best known and loved United States authors, having published fourteen volumes of popular short stories and novels, both for adults and children, and many uncollected works, including

poetry and essays, in the major magazines. During this tour the first two of four installments of her masterwork, *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896), appeared in *Atlantic Monthly*. The degree to which this vacation influenced her future writing has received relatively little scholarly attention up to 2024, though at least four pieces have touched upon it:

> Walsh, Rebecca. "Sugar, Sex, and Empire: Sarah Orne Jewett's 'The Foreigner' and the Spanish–American War," in *A Concise Companion to American Studies*, Edited by John Carlos Rowe (Malden, MA: Wiley-Blackwell, 2010), 303-319.
>
> Gleason, Patrick. "Sarah Orne Jewett's 'The Foreigner' and the Transamerican Routes of New England Regionalism." *Legacy: A Journal of American Women Writers* 28:1 (2011) 24-46.
>
> Kuiken, Vesna. "Foreign before 'the Foreigner': Caribbean Fetishes, Zombi, and Jewett's Conjure Aesthetics." *Arizona Quarterly* 74:4 (Winter 2018): 115-144.
>
> Heller, Terry. "Mrs. Tolland, Sarah Orne Jewett's Foreigner." in *Dunnet Landing: Three papers on Sarah Orne Jewett*. Cedar Rapids, IA: Sarah Orne Jewett Press, 2023.

It seems obvious that her visit to Kingston, Jamaica, on this tour enabled her depiction of the port in "The Foreigner" (1899), but experiences from this tour may well have produced more subtle influences on all of her subsequent work, including the final two chapters of *The Country of the Pointed Firs,* which she composed after her return, in the summer of 1896.

By 1896, Fields -- A.F. in Jewett's letters -- (1834-1915) probably was less well-known as an author than Jewett, though she was a prominent poet and biographer, and she was widely recognized as a leader in urban social work after *How to Help the Poor* (1883). She published biographical studies of her husband, and of John Greenleaf Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Charles Dudley Warner, as well as shorter works on a number of others. During her husband's career, she became an internationally known hostess, leading a sort of Boston salon that drew most contemporary American authors and many notables from abroad, including Charles Dickens and Matthew Arnold. After Mr. Field's death, she and Jewett formed a "Boston Marriage" in 1882, and Jewett resided at Fields's homes in Boston and Manchester-by-the-Sea for portions of the year thereafter, whenever Jewett's obligations to her family allowed her to be away from her home in South Berwick, ME. Their biographers have taken note of their mutual support. They blended their social circles, enriching each other's lives in multiple ways, as colleagues and as intimate friends.

In 1896, Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907) -- nicknamed the Linnet in Jewett's correspondence -- was a widely respected United States author and editor. Though he thought of himself primarily as a poet, he had published fiction, memoir and criticism as well. As editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* (1881-1890), he had accepted some of the best work of both Jewett and Fields. After resigning from *Atlantic*, Aldrich devoted himself to his poetry, to caring for his family, and to world travel. Though some, following Ellery Sedgwick in *The Atlantic Monthly, 1857-1909* (p. 168), have characterized Aldrich as politically active in the cause of immigration restriction during his retirement, there appear to be virtually no facts to support this belief (See my critical edition of Aldrich's *Unguarded Gates*, Sarah Orne Jewett Press, 2023). On a tour such as this one, if Aldrich was very deeply concerned about immigration, one might expect him to express some of his opinions, but Fields's anecdotes about Aldrich in her journal provide no direct evidence of his opinions on immigration or politics in general.

Mary Elizabeth Woodman, daughter of William and Mary Woodman of Bangor, ME, married Aldrich on 28 November 1865. Their twin sons, Talbot and Charles, were born in 1868. As adults, both sons went to work for Henry Pierce's chocolate company. After losing Charles in 1904 and her husband, she wrote her memoir, *Crowding Memories* (1920). In *The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich* (1908), Ferris Greenslet characterized their marriage: "Never, perhaps, was a happier marriage made by a poet … His real and vital life was always at his hearthside; his deepest joy was in the daily companionship of her…" (p. 77).

The portrait of Lilian Aldrich (1841-1927) that emerges from this diary is not especially positive, but clearly, rough sailing did not suit her. In *Crowding Memories*, she seems to forget the adventure altogether. In the opening paragraphs of Chapter 23, she briefly summarizes their travels in the 1890s: "The Aldriches were abroad in the summers of 1890, 1891, and 1892 … In the winter of 1894-95 they went around the world. In the winter of 1898-99, they went again around the world; and they were in Europe in the summer of 1900" (p. 270). She leaves out the 1896 trip that lasted about 2 months. More oddly, she never mentions her close friends and authors, Fields and Jewett. Still, she seems before and after this voyage to

have had a congenial relationship with Fields and Jewett, as is reflected in their correspondence. Fields and Jewett joined other Aldrich friends in using the affectionate nicknames for the couple, the Duke and Duchess of Ponkapog.

The voyage was fated to be difficult. Rough winter seas in the tropics made sailing between islands miserable. Mrs. Aldrich suffered extremely, and she begged the rest to bring the tour to an end on February 7, after they had left Jamaica and were trying to make their way southward to the Windward Islands. Though this was a great disappointment to the rest, they reluctantly agreed to shorten the trip, and yet they proved unable to do so, instead seeking shelter from weather in various ports of Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti, and another several days in Nassau before they were able to make the jump back to Florida, arriving at last at St. Augustine, where Fields and Jewett took a week to recuperate before returning to New England. This rest apparently was not adequate for Jewett. Rita Gollin in *Annie Adams Fields* quotes from Fields's 16 April letter to Robert Underwood Johnson, "We were in New York for a few days upon our return from the West Indies but Miss Jewett was too unwell to allow us to see our friends" (248).

Themes

Determining Fields's vision of her reader is problematic. There is little in the original journal to indicate that she envisions any reader other than herself. She appears to be recording her impressions and opinions primarily as an aid to her memory, perhaps with the idea that she may base future writing on the material she collects. Indeed, the 18 diary pages that appear at the beginning of the microfilm appear to be revised from the original diary, and they offer signs that Fields there envisions a reader outside the circle of her follow travelers. Still, in the original, she revises a good deal. One cannot be sure without deeper study of the degree to which she censors herself, for herself or for anticipated other readers, but clearly there are notable absences in the journal.

Probably Fields's main theme, the topic to which she gives the most attention, is the visual experience of the tropical world. Though she reports on temperature and humidity and dust, she mainly describes scenery. The most important feature of the visual field is the flora, especially blooming plants.

Missing from the diary are accounts of personal interactions among the travelers. For example, Fields hardly mentions Jewett, though the few glimpses she offers confirm biographers' characterizations, particularly her energy, enthusiasm and congeniality. Presumably Fields was so close to Jewett that she felt little need to record specific interactions.

Of her fellow travelers, Fields has the most to say about Thomas Bailey Aldrich, recording several conversations, all of which indicate that she found him an enjoyable conversationalist. However, she often silently disagreed with him, especially about religious belief, but also about the value of pleasure and in his judgment of other writers, particularly Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) and Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892), whom she had counted as friends.

Her main moral theme is a sort of Hogarthian exploration of industry and idleness. Fields repeatedly takes note of the differences she sees between the energy and industriousness of peoples whose origins are in cool northern Protestant climes and the pleasure-seeking and lethargic, often Catholic and non-white peoples from tropical regions. She attributes the prosperity and order of Jamaica to the dominance of the British over the majority population of non-whites, and she explains, in part, the poverty and chaos of Haiti as the worst effects of Catholic French and Spanish colonialism upon tropical peoples first imported as slaves and then, after their revolution, having to contend with continued interference rather than assistance toward civilized society from their rejected colonizers. She reflects in Cape Haytien on 8 February:

> There are only about one hundred white persons here and of course, no schools, no roads, and few or no good buildings, everything having gone to pieces in an earthquake in about 1848 and never since restored. Who is there now to restore? What will come in the future? are questions difficult to answer. Just now everything seems to be drifting towards the condition of death which rules at Port au Prince, but the possibility of industrial life is to be seen in the distance at what the American Fruit Comp. and the English government & society have done for Jamaica (especially The Fruit Coy) gives some promise for the future of all the islands. Cuba is at present striking for home government. If the people is not much better fitted for such government than the people of Haiti, the future is a bad one, but it is not yet absolutely sure, I think, that Africans may not be taught and directed -- that they will require leadership for many years before they get to it at Haiti is clearly to be seen. They are at

> present as low as Africa itself and worse because they have retrograded upon a foundation of French civilization.

While it seems clear that Fields agrees with many of her contemporaries about the comparative civic abilities of northern and southern peoples, the complexity of her thinking in this passage should be noted. She seems *not* to accept the widely argued contemporary view that Africans are racially inferior and incapable of self-government, and her paternalistic vision of enlightened White northerners educating and guiding benighted Black southerners toward self-rule seems sincere, if naive, presumably the result of her understanding of the post-Civil War work of abolitionist friends such as Laura Towne in South Carolina.

Aldrich provokes her to reflect further on industry and idleness. On the place of pleasure in a moral life, she disagrees profoundly with Aldrich's professed love of comfort, and, as a result, she has some difficulty enjoying her vacation. On February 27, near the end of their cruise, sheltered for the second time in Nassau, but eager to return home, Fields writes:

> More and more I understand that schemes for enjoyment, simply, in this world are for the most part aside from the Divine plan. We are here to labor for others and to seek to know the purpose of life and its opportunities; to do such work as we can find to do with all our might -- T. B. A. said the other day that he "would accept comfort at any time rather than intelligence." And somehow this terrible word, as it strikes me has been in my mind ever since. It strikes at the root of all morality and my spirit revolts at it -- My heart holds one prayer -- to be able to live a devout life. Hear me Good Lord! May every other desire be wiped from me.

On February 29, she continues: "While others are laboring at home I think of these idling days often with ruefulness and yet one might be on one's bed at home from a cold!" Pleasure and idleness are easier to indulge when purposeful or enforced, but they cause her discomfort if chosen merely for their own sake. She quotes Aldrich with approval in her January 13 entry, when she reports his reaction to a blooming oleander in Brunswick at the beginning of their travels. Then he said, the plant "moves me to worship and to love, more than all the sermons of all the men I have ever heard or shall hear!" And she concludes this entry: "If one wished to do any special work for which solitude were required and a kind climate, I know of no place better suited than this for undisturbed out of door life." Worship, work, learning, recuperation -- these are appropriate motives for a tropical cruise, but for Fields, traveling for mere pleasure was suspect.

The Theme of Race

As of her companions, of her new acquaintances Fields also has relatively little to say, though there are a few interesting brief portraits. Clearly the person who impressed her, and all of the travelers, most was Ulises Hilarión Heureaux Leibert (1845-1899), President of the Dominican Republic, who joined the party for a Valentine's Day dinner on the yacht in the harbor of Santo Domingo. One may note in passing that, following Mark DeWolfe Howe's error in *Memories of a Hostess* (1922) most commentators repeat incorrectly that Heureaux was president of Haiti.

Also of particular interest are the culturally unfamiliar peoples she observes. Though she does not engage in much analysis in the diary, she does take care to report what she is told about the residents of the islands at which the party spends significant time. She pays particular attention to what we would call the racial composition of the population, though it is not clear that she uses racial terms in ways easily understandable to 21st-century readers. Scholars who attempt to come at her thinking about race through this journal will need to exercise caution. It seems clear that she sees the English as superior colonial administrators, as evidenced by the comparative comfort and order her party enjoys as they tour Jamaica. The French and Spanish, however, she sees as having done great harm, especially in Haiti and the Dominican Republic. This harm is reflected in what she sees as the degraded state of the descendants of the slaves.

Rita K. Gollin, in *Annie Adams Fields*, notes that Fields was an ardent abolitionist and numbered many prominent abolitionists among her friends and acquaintances (38, 81). She had no sympathy with slavery. After the Civil War, Fields expressed admiration for those friends who undertook helping former slaves become able to exercise their new citizenship, e.g., her friend Laura Towne (1825-1901). However, being opposed to slavery does not exempt one from the thought structures and language of racism that, according to David Theo Goldberg, in *Racist Culture* (Cambridge, MA: Blackwell, 1993), have pervaded western thought since about 1492. A pair of contrasting events in the diary illustrates the complexity of working out Fields's ideas about race.

Despite her understanding of the evils and consequences of slavery and her sympathy for American freedmen, on February 19, she writes that the evil and chaos she sees in Haiti can be remedied only by exterminating almost the entire "colored" population. This startling conclusion is based primarily upon an incident on 25 January that she does not describe. Something happens during their brief stop in Port au Prince, something that apparently prevents their landing. She writes:

> Here we passed Saturday morning -- a more strangely barbarian place probably does not exist on the face of the earth! Strangely barbarian -- because it is not exactly the wild and native barbarian ^one sees just^ as he may be found in the wilds of Africa, but after years of occupation by Spanish, English and French -- here it is ^the place^ at last abandoned to the colored people who have multiplied like the ant, and without government or schools or churches to influence them outside of themselves they ^continue to^ multiply with the fertility of unchecked animal creation, while drink and unthrift coupled with their love of music and color and the shows of things produces a [*deleted letter*] condition of things happily not to be seen elsewhere -- They tried to get certain dues from the Captain but were unsuccessful....

She suggests that their decision not to land resulted from an attempt by port authorities to extort money from the Captain, an event that would not have seemed strange to those Europeans and Americans who frequented the port. Conditions in Haiti were a source of contention, particularly in England, drawing in well-known figures of the time such as Spencer St. John (*Hayti or The Black Republic* (1884) and Anthony Froude (*The English in the West Indies*, [1888], esp. 299-307), and Thomas Nelson Page in the United States ("A Southerner on the Negro Question," *North American Review* 154, April 1892, 401-413). All of these observers argued that the racial inferiority of black Haitians doomed them to increasing savagery. Accounts of American travelers to Haiti tended to fall in with this narrative as well, for example, Samuel Hazard (*Santo Domingo: Past and Present, with a Glance at Hayti,* 1873) and Reuben Briggs Davenport ("In Hayti in War-Time," *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* 48 [May-October 1899] 187-204). All of these writers cited among other evidence, an inept, corrupt and hostile Haitian government in Port au Prince. In *Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor!: Fifty Years in the Royal Navy* (1900), Sir William Robert Kennedy recounts using his ship's guns to compel Haitian authorities in the capital to deal with the British consulate according to established diplomatic protocol (231-3). His adventures in Haiti highlight the tense and often disorderly relations between Haiti and the European powers.

Fields's description of events in Port au Prince lacks the sort of detail that would make clear exactly what so darkly impressed her in a brief encounter with the port. Jewett's description of the same event in Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* provides little more detail, but takes quite a different tone:

> Then we went to Hayti, which was oh, so funny with its pomp of darkeys. Port au Prince was quite an awful scene of thriftlessness and silly pretense -- but one or two little Haytian harbours and the high green coast were most lovely.

Jewett repeats Fields's observations of "unthrift" and "the shows of things," but her tone seems lighter, as if she did not take such deep offense as Fields did. In another letter to Harriet Morse, Jewett says that when they meet again: " … you will hear me scold about Port au Prince which was such a funny hot dusty sandy metropolis of our coloured brethren."

St. John, Froude, and most travelers to Haiti reported Port au Prince to be ruined and chaotic, devastated by poverty, corrupt officials, disorganized government, frequent fires, filthy streets and living conditions, alcoholism, and visible laziness and lack of enterprise of the citizens. Froude's description is especially telling:

> I had seen Jacmel, and therefore thought myself prepared for the worst which I should find. Jacmel was an outlying symptom; Port au Prince was the central ulcer. Long before we came to shore there came off whiffs, not of drains as at Havana, but of active dirt fermenting in the sunlight. Calling our handkerchiefs to our help and looking to our feet carefully, we stepped up upon the quay and walked forward as judiciously as we could. With the help of stones we crossed a shallow ditch, where rotten fish, vegetables, and other articles were lying about promiscuously, and we came on what did duty for a grand parade.
>
> We were in a Paris of the gutter, with boulevards and *places*, *fiacres* and crimson parasols. The boulevards were littered with the refuse of the houses and were foul as pigsties, and the ladies under the parasols were picking their way along them in Parisian boots and silk dresses. I saw a *fiacre* broken down in a black pool out of which a blacker

ladyship was scrambling. Fever breeds so prodigally in that pestilential squalor that 40,000 people were estimated to have died of it in a single year. There were shops and stores and streets, men and women in tawdry European costume, and officers on horseback with a tatter of lace and gilding. We passed up the principal avenue, which opened on the market place. Above the market was the cathedral, more hideous than even the Mormon temple at Salt Lake. It was full of ladies; the rank, beauty, and fashion of Port au Prince were at their morning mass, for they are Catholics with African beliefs underneath. They have a French clergy, an archbishop and bishop, paid miserably but still subsisting; subsisting not as objects of reverence at all, as they are at Dominica, but as the humble servants and ministers of black society. We English are in bad favour just now; no wonder, with the guns of the 'Canada' pointed at the city; but the chief complaint is on account of Sir Spenser St. John's book, which they cry out against with a degree of anger which is the surest evidence of its truth. It would be unfair even to hint at the names or stations of various persons who gave me information about the condition of the place and people. Enough that those who knew well what they were speaking about assured me that Hayti was the most ridiculous caricature of civilisation in the whole world. Doubtless the whites there are not disinterested witnesses; for they are treated as they once treated the blacks. They can own no freehold property, and exist only on tolerance. They are called 'white trash.' Black dukes and marquises drive over them in the street and swear at them, and they consider it an invasion of the natural order of things. If this was the worst, or even if the dirt and the disease was the worst, it might be borne with, for the whites might go away if they pleased, and they pay the penalty themselves for choosing to be there. But this is not the worst. Immorality is so universal that it almost ceases to be a fault, for a fault implies an exception, and in Hayti it is the rule. Young people make experiment of one another before they will enter into any closer connection. So far they are no worse than in our own English islands, where the custom is equally general; but behind the immorality, behind the religiosity, there lies active and alive the horrible revival of the West African superstitions; the serpent worship, and the child sacrifice, and the cannibalism. There is no room to doubt it. A missionary assured me that an instance of it occurred only a year ago within his own personal knowledge. The facts are notorious; a full account was published in one of the local newspapers, and the only result was that the president imprisoned the editor for exposing his country. A few years ago persons guilty of these infamies were tried and punished; now they are left alone, because to prosecute and convict them would be to acknowledge the truth of the indictment.

In this, as in all other communities, there is a better side as well as a worse. The better part is ashamed of the condition into which the country has fallen; rational and well-disposed Haytians would welcome back the French but for an impression, whether well founded or ill I know not, that the Americans would not suffer any European nation to reacquire or recover any new territory on their side of the Atlantic. (301-3)

Froude's depiction of the streets of the city, with their filth and odors that contrast with the Parisian gowns of the women traversing them may offer some hint of what Fields was able to see from the *Hermione*. In his account of Haiti, Spencer St. John notes what he sees as the alcohol-fueled, wild and sexually suggestive dancing of the natives (156-60). Perhaps Fields and Jewett witnessed some of this as well on the shores of Port au Prince.

It is important to remain aware that Fields's party saw little of Port au Prince and that Fields does not indicate that she has read contemporary accounts of the city or of the nation. It is, therefore, not clear to what degree she was influenced by the opinions of her contemporaries. In *The Spirits and the Law* (University of Chicago Press, 2011), Kate Ramsey shows how Haiti's successful slave rebellion and the ensuing Black Republic in 1804 alienated the United States, fearing slave rebellion at home, and European powers, fearing further loss of colonial possessions. Consequences through the 19th century included isolation, trade restrictions, threats, and repeated attempts to interfere that fostered paranoia and poverty. In the last two decades of the century, European and American political writers constructed and vigorously promoted a narrative of Haitian incapacity resulting from the racial inferiority of their population rather than from externally enforced poverty and interference (see especially Ramsey's Introduction and Chapters 1 and 2).

Fields does not accept the narrative of Haitian inferiority in its entirety, for she says, "[I]t is not yet absolutely sure, I think, that Africans may not be taught and directed." But Haiti provokes her to despair for this nation. She returns several times in the diary to the topic of

Port au Prince, making it a sort of marker of the lowest depths of degradation to which humanity can sink. This culminates in her February 19 statement in conversation with a French cable official about Port au Prince:

> He said there were about fifteen thousand people there to which I responded that perhaps twelve thousand would have to be put into the sea before the city could be cleansed. In spite of his long residence there he agreed with this briefly formed opinion. Surely only by [sending *?*] them down as the swine were sent into Jordan would it seem possible to begin to reform the place. I am thankful for M. Heureaux that he has not so sad a problem to solve at San Domingo. I trust that a beneficial earthquake will swallow up the present population of Haiti before the island is laid under one government.

Fields writes this entry at a point in the cruise when she and her party have suffered a good deal from weather and sickness and after Lilian Aldrich as thrown in the towel and insisted that the voyage be cut short. Fields was frustrated and unwell at this time, and her seemingly casual evocation of a "beneficial earthquake" shows a side of her far distant from her usual charity. Still, that she seems, without qualm of conscience, to contemplate the deaths of thousands of nonwhites must give a reader pause.

Fields's reference to President Heureaux of the Dominican Republic introduces the second contrasting incident. Her account of the party's meetings with the president will seem quite naive to readers with the benefit of hindsight. Clearly, Heureaux was an impressive and charming personality, for he successfully persuaded Fields and her friends that he was an enlightened leader bringing about great progress in his republic, leading toward the day when the two nations who shared a single island, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, would again be united under a democratic government. While there was some truth in this representation, a longer historical perspective shows Heureaux to have been a magnificently corrupt and violent dictator who bankrupted his country before his eventual assassination. Heureaux ambiguously distinguishes himself from "Negroes," in part by claiming descent from indigenous islanders. However, he indirectly acknowledges that in appearance he is primarily of African descent, a fact which was an advantage to his political career, but which, he says elsewhere, would have disadvantaged him in any visit to the United States.

These two incidents illustrate the complexity of making inferences about Fields's thinking about race. On one hand, the Black population of Port au Prince would have to be exterminated before even a leader like Heureaux could unify the island into an orderly nation. On the other, the Black Heureaux is a leader she can imagine capable of this unification. While she seems clearly to accept the generally received view of her time that people of African descent in the Americas are not ready for self-rule, she also seems to reject the notion that this situation is the result of a racial inferiority that renders them forever incapable.

Though Fields and her company appear more liberal and enlightened than many of their contemporaries on topics of race, still her blind spots often seem evident in the journal. For example, Fields offers this description of going ashore in Nassau:

> We went ashore with the captain in an electric launch which must have excited some wonder in the minds of the white-toothed crowd awaiting us, but observation of this kind is not common to this easy sensuous class and they were much more interested in watching their chances to make <u>pennies</u> money by diving or standing on their heads, or other fertile devices known to them than in studying our craft.

The seeming contradiction between the efforts of the locals to earn pennies by entertaining the wealthy visitors and her view of them as an "easy sensuous class" lacking in curiosity evades Fields. Likewise, there is a similar contrast between Fields's frequently presenting pictures of "brown people" working and her reporting the complaints of whites she meets that the "colored people won't work."

African descendants are not the only culturally unfamiliar peoples Fields observes in her diary. Though she knew Jews in Boston, and they were not so unfamiliar, those she meets on this trip tend to impress her negatively. She also has things to say about "coolies," imported laborers mainly from the Asian subcontinent, and she reports on a number of people of mixed European and non-European ancestry. A thorough study of the racial ideas and attitudes evident in the diary would take all of these elements into account.

Notes on the Transcription

Editorial marks

^ ^ : The author has inserted text.

~~abc~~ : The author has deleted text.

[ ] : Editorial comments and descriptions.

{ } : Editorial insertions in pursuit of clarity.

Page numbers appear in Italics.

Beginning on page 26 of the microfilm file, page numbers appear in the upper right corner of most pages of the diary. It is not clear that these are in Fields's hand. I have ignored them, instead numbering pages in the transcript to correspond to the order of the pages in the microfilm file. My rationale is that this procedure makes it easier for readers to locate a transcribed page in the microfilm file.

Parts

I have divided the journal into sections, but these divisions were not made by Fields. My main purpose was to keep annotations relatively close to the materials they explain, but these divisions should also help readers navigate the whole.

Punctuation

- Fields often uses an equal sign (=) in place of a hyphen. To make reading easier, I have transcribed these as hyphens.

- It is possible that some punctuation and other marks have been entered into the text by another hand. When I suspect this is the case, I note it in brackets.

- Fields appears to be inconsistent about capitalizing the first words of sentences, though it is possible that I am misreading end punctuation. If it appears she has not capitalized an opening word, I have left it uncapitalized.

Description of the Diary Manuscript

The original of Fields's diary is in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society: Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221. This transcription was made from a microfilm copy, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462, 1986, Reel 2. As a result of questions arising from the microfilm, Anna J. Clutterbuck-Cook, Reference Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, graciously provided access to the original manuscript. The original transcription was then revised and corrected, using information from examining the manuscript.

The first page on the microfilm is a typed title page:

ANNIE FIELDS

DIARY OF A CARIBBEAN TRIP, 1896

The second page is the cover of the notebook in which Fields kept her diary:

Inspection of the MHS diary folder reveals that the remaining pages contain four different documents, which appear in this order on the microfilm:

1. A set of miscellaneous pages containing diary entries for this trip. On the microfilm these are pp. 3 - 20.

These pages are on 5.6 x 9.25 inch notepaper, handwritten on one side. Almost certainly, these pages were composed after the original diary and suggest an intention to prepare parts of it for presentation to other readers or for publication. Evidence for these opinions appears in the notes for this document.

Further, it is clear that these pages have been scrambled since they were composed. For this reason, this manuscript is presented here in two versions. In the first version, the pages appear in the order Fields seems to have intended. The second, linked version, presents the pages in their order on the microfilm.

2. The 21st page on the microfilm is a fragment of another document. The fragile 5.25 x 8 inch page at one point was folded in quarters. This handwritten page appears to be from a work of fiction, which has not yet been identified.

3. Pages 22-24 on the microfilm present a single diary entry, dated Monday, March 11th 1907. The paper size varies from the other documents: 5.6 x 8 inches.

4. The final document is the main diary, beginning on the 25th page of the microfilm. As the cover explains, these pages are Irish linen paper, with 7.75 x 9.5 inch pages, handwritten on one side.

For this volume, the main diary is separated from the other three documents and is divided into nine chronological parts, determined by the voyagers' various destinations. I would emphasize that these divisions are mine, not Fields's. The nine parts allow me to keep annotations relatively near the items annotated, but without the distraction of footnotes.

The three documents that appear at the beginning of the microfilm have been gathered in Parts 10 and 11 of this presentation.

It also is notable that parts of the diary were written in pencil. These parts are nearly invisible in the microfilm copy. A number of interlinear additions and corrections are in pencil, and it is not always clear that these are in Fields's hand. I was able to spend a couple days at the Massachusetts Historical Society, where I could inspect and photograph parts of the diary, which enabled me to transcribe some of the more obscure parts for this volume

A Chronology of the Tour

January

T 7 Departure from Boston, MA by train.

W 8 Jewett writes home from New York City.

Th 9 Evening arrival in Brunswick, GA. on overnight train from NYC.

F 10 The *Hermione* arrives in port. A day walking about Brunswick. Fields visits a public school.

S 11 A tour of Jekyll Island, near Brunswick.

Overnight the *Hermione* steams to Jupiter Inlet, FL, but cannot anchor in rough weather, and so continues to Nassau, Bahamas.

Su 12 A day of misery aboard the yacht. Arrival in Nassau, Bahamas.

M 13 - 20 Touring in Nassau area.

M 20 Depart for Inagua at the end of the day.

W 22 Arrive at Inagua, Bahamas.

Th 23 Depart Inagua in the evening.

F 24 Arrive at Môle-Saint-Nicolas, Haiti, and depart in the evening for Port au Prince, Haiti.

S 25 Port au Prince, departing in the evening for Jamaica.

Su 26 Arrive late in the day at Port Antonio, Jamaica.

T 28 Depart Port Antonio for Port Morant, Jamaica.

W 29 Tour Port Morant and then depart for Kingston, Jamaica, arriving late in the day.

Th 30 - February 4 Touring in Jamaica

February

W 5 - Th 6 Very rough cruise from Kingston to Port Morant, Jamaica.

F 7 Continued rough seas to coast of Haiti, probably at Les Irois, where Lilian Aldrich announces she can bear no more sea-sickness. Mr. Pierce decides to try a more northern route, moving toward the continent, rather than to go southward to the Windward Islands.

S 8 - Su 9 Cape Haytien, on Haiti's north coast.

M 10 After more rough seas, Mayagüez, Puerto Rico.

W 12 The party learns that they will be quarantined for yellow fever if they attempt to proceed as planned to St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. That evening, they sail to Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic.

Th 13 - S 15 Touring in the Santo Domingo area, including a Valentine's Day dinner on the yacht with the President of the republic.

S 15 - M 17 At sea in very rough weather, arriving at Môle-Saint-Nicolas, Haiti, in the afternoon of 17 February.

M 17 - F 21 Forced by tumultuous seas to remain at Môle-Saint-Nicolas.

F 21 - S 22 Sail to and remain at Inagua, Bahamas.

Su 23 Crooked Island, Bahamas

Su 23 - M 24at sea

M 24 - Su 1 March Nassau, Bahamas

March

Su 1 Depart for Palm Beach.

M 2 Arrival in Palm Beach, FL

T 3 Sail to St. Augustine

W 4 - 5 St. Augustine

F 6 Train to Jacksonville for the day

S 7 - T 10 St. Augustine

After Fields's Final Journal Entry

16 March

Jewett writes to Mary Rice Jewett aboard a train from Florida, en route with Fields to New York City.

17 - 19 March

Jewett writes to Mary Rice Jewett from the Albemarle Hotel in New York City, where she remains confined, seriously ill with what she describes as "seven colds."

Later in March

Jewett writes letters from Fields's home in Boston, as she continues recovering.

27 March

Jewett writes to Louisa Loring Dresel from her home in South Berwick.

About 28 March

Fields writes to the Aldriches: "I am sending back the little trunk with a heartfelt thanks not only for this but for all you have both done to make us happy during the Cruise -- "Everybody loves you", or could would and should who shared the fortunes of the "Hermione." Sarah has been quite poorly. She has now gone to South Berwick to return in another week."

9 April.

Jewett writes to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, comparing his restricted diet during a recent illness to hers during the cruise. Her "diet in the regions of the Caribbean sea on the other side of the republic of Haiti and in the Navassa passage makes yours of the winter sound like a banquet! Trade winds taken the wrong way can make a monstrous sea: but when half a dozen of the crew are in the last agonies no wonder that a reflective passenger goes below and reads the letters of Madame de Sévigné and declines a summons to luncheon."

A Caribbean Adventure

Fields Diary

Part 1 -- January 7 - 11

Boston, MA

Brunswick, GA

Jupiter Inlet, FL

Page 2 Title page of a bound journal book. See illustration following title page above.

[*Tuesday January 7 - Friday January 10*]

*Page 25**

On the 7th of Jan. 1896 we left Boston* to join the ^steam^ yacht Hermione* at Georgia. The thermometer had been ten degrees below zero on Monday but on Thursday night we reached Brunswick. The cool evening air was most sweet and refreshing -- like that of early spring. As the rumble of the cars stopped a few moments at a way station before reaching Brunswick we heard the Hylas* and welcomed the tiny note with joy.

On waking the following morning at Brunswick the sun was shining. The sea lay smooth and softly blue before us. The masts of the Hermione which had arrived soon after dawn were seen from the windows and a general sense of a long holiday took possession of our spirits. Her commander soon came ashore to breakfast with us announcing the wonderful beauty of the day and hearing our tales of bitter cold and whirling snows which we had left behind with ~~half~~ a look half of wonder.*

In walking about Brunswick the features of the ordinary southern town were to be seen -- and yet the superiority of those places which have a ~~fine~~ good harbor and the freedom which the great sea gives is not lacking. There is not only an added sense of health and opportunity. There is an absence of that deadness which settles down upon inland towns where things do not happen! The surprises of a sea-port~~s~~ as well as its opportunities are inspirers to thought and action.*

How quiet the place is this morning however! Thought and action are far away indeed. The Hermione fired a gun as she came in; The railroad puffed a little as it went out; otherwise silence surrounds us. The roads are all of soft dirt -- except so far as I can see ~~whe~~

one broad shell side-walk covered with soft earth which I never should have discovered

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except I had asked my way during my ^last^ wanderings and had been told to go as far as the "shell road" in order to find the school house. I found the school house but did not recognize the shell road until later!

I walked for half a mile inland under the beautiful live oak-trees with ~~its~~ ^their^ [pendant gray moss *?*]. The house doors stood open frequently. the chrysanthemums drooped their heads in the front gardens as if an ^autumnal^ frost had lately touched them; the soft voices of the negroes were occasionally heard singing or laughing; now and then I passed a few children, but the quiet of the place was unbroken until I drew near the public school house and the grammar school grounds where the children were having 'their" recess and were at play. There were no colored children there; they, it appears, have a "free" school of their own but many of them prefer to send their children to private schools.*

I went in to the lower room of the large brick building where I was kindly received by the teacher. She asked my name and introduced me to the children; whereupon they all rose and said in the sweetest and most gentle way "good morning Mrs. Fields" rising as they spoke and sitting down again immediately. They were just finishing an examination in mathematics but soon a grammar lesson was begun. Oddly enough to me the lesson was upon "The modifier of the verb" and the old experience of a lesson learned by rote of which the pupils understood very little was rehearsed; the odd part of it was that this modification of the verb lesson was one which I have always remembered in dudgeon because it was a lesson in which I won my way to

Page 27

the top of my class once by sheer verbal memory and I resented my ill-won laurels. So when the lesson was over I said a few words to the children and tried to make them understand by illustration. I hope I succeeded but at least I felt happier for the opportunity of trying to make the little group understand what nobody had yet explained to them and my feelings grew stronger as I sat there against those old futile methods of education -- Alas! They are to be found elsewhere than in the South, but I trust the time is not far away when methods which have little to do with books and everything to do with true development of the mind shall be considered imperative. I found however general good behaviour and gentleness and with these of course climate and homogeneity of race have much to do;* [*a much revised and unreadable sentence follows, containing these readable words*: ^These ~~things~~^, qualities they, ^favorably^]

Notes

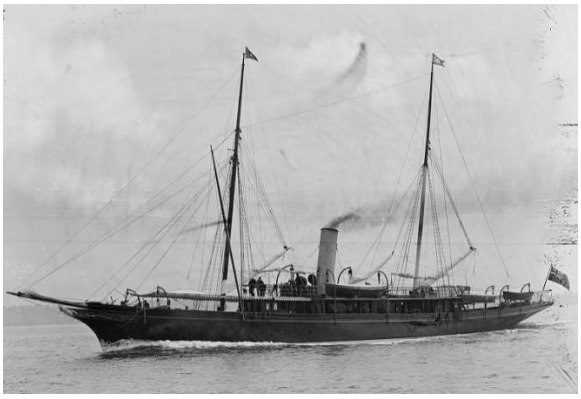
Page 25: The first 24 pages of the manuscript file for this document contain a miscellany of pages, most of which appear to be earlier drafts of some diary entries.

Boston: Boston, MA to Brunswick, GA is nearly 1100 miles. Fields and Jewett made this journey by train. In 1896, there were express trains with Pullman cars from New England to the major east coast Florida destinations. Brunswick was one of several important resort towns on this route.

Hermione: The following description of the *Hermione* appears in *The Marine Engineer* (July 1, 1891) p. 206. The yacht was built in Paisley, Scotland.

Hermione.—On June 6th, the steam yacht *Hermione*, recently launched by Messrs. Fleming & Ferguson, shipbuilders, Paisley, went down the river for speed trial, and on the measured mile attained a speed of 15 knots per hour, proving her to be considerably the fastest yacht on the Clyde. The *Hermione*, which has been built to the order of Messrs. Allan, of the Allan Line of steamships, is a finely-modelled steel steam yacht of 320 tons yacht measurement. Her dimensions are 145 ft. by 22 ft. 7 in. by 12 ft. 9 in. Her saloons and owners' state-rooms, which are below, are elaborately fitted in combinations of walnut, oak, olive, and mahogany, her side lights being covered with stained-glass windows. On deck she has smoking-room and chart-room fitted up in mahogany. The *Hermione* is schooner rigged, has steam windlass, steam and hand-steering gears, steam launch, distiller, Sir William Thomson's compasses and sounding machine, and all the latest and most improved yacht fittings. Her engines are the builders' patent improved quadruple type, and indicated 1,080 H.P. on trial. The *Hermione* has been built to design by, and under the superintendence of, Mr. G. L. Watson, who, with the owners, is greatly pleased with the splendid results obtained at trial.

Library of Congress Photo of the *Hermione* by John S. Johnson, dated 27 July 1895. Note the electric launch hanging behind the stack.



The *Hermione* was sold to the United States Navy in 1898, converted into a gunboat, and

renamed the Hawk; she then provided service in the Spanish-American War.

Hylas: A hyla is a tree frog.

to breakfast with us: A Sarah Orne Jewett letter of 10 January confirms that the party stayed at the Oglethorpe Hotel, then the premier hotel in the town. From the front of the hotel, located at the highest point in the area, one commanded a full view of the harbor.

Oglethorpe Hotel, Brunswick GA
Courtesy of the Glynn County Public Library, Brunswick.

Oglethorpe Hotel :(1888-1958) -- then located at the corner of Newcastle and F streets, north of the "Historic Ritz Theater." Counter-intuitively, the harbor is west of the hotel. The bay provides an inlet from the Atlantic, southeast of the town. Probably, the *Hermione* was anchored near what is now Mary Ross Waterfront Park.

The public school Fields visited is now the Annex Building of the Glynn Academy, on Mansfield St.

Annex Building, Glynn Academy
Brunswick, GA. 2015.

inspirers to thought and action: Throughout this diary, Fields explores contrasts she sees between the activity and engagement she associates with New England and its bracing climate, on one hand, and on the other, the indolence and moral laxity she finds in warmer and tropical climates.

no colored children ... they, it appears, have a "free" school of their own but many of them prefer to send their children to private schools: Fields indicates her understanding that the "free" school for African American students is not without its costs and that local parents are less than happy with their segregated public school. At the time Fields visited Brunswick, the public school for African American children was the Colored Memorial School and Risley High School at 1800 Albany Street, where a marker stands today before the current Risley High School.

Colored Memorial School
and
Risley High School
Brunswick's fifst public school for African Americans opened in 1870 as the Freedmen's School, later changed to Risley School to honor Captain Douglas Gilbert Risley, who raised funds for the school's construction. In 1923 the adjacent building, Colored Memorial High School, was built and named to honor African-American veterans in World War I. In 1936 Risley High School was built on the site of the 1870 Freedmen's School and remained in service until 1955 when a new Risley High School was constructed. Both the Colored Memorial School and Risley High School are landmarks of African-American education in Glynn County.
Erected by the Georgia Historical Society, the Glynn County Board of Education, and the Risley Alumni Association, Inc.

homogeneity of race: What Fields means by this phrase will prove difficult to determine. As the previous note on "colored schools" suggests, Fields seems aware that African Americans in Brunswick are not satisfied with the so-called free school provided for their children. Implicitly, she appears to ask what price is paid for the gentleness and good behavior of the white children.

From Jewett's Correspondence

The manuscripts of these letters are held by Historic New England in "Sarah Orne Jewett Personal Correspondence," Box 6.3 Letter 7**.**

Wednesday 8 January -- to Mary Rice Jewett from New York City.

We shall probably be two or three days at Brunswick as Mr. Pierce has had to take his stormy way down the coast so you can write once there and once to Nassau New Providence Bahamas. Then if you do not hear from Mr. Talbot B. Aldrich* 148 State St. just send your letters to his care at any time as he will forward

them but Lilian says he is going to let you know as often as she telegraphs, which she means to do often. I am going to send word to Talbot to send you a cable code* so that you can use it in case you want to send a telegram. I meant to get one in Boston.

-- We had a comfortable journey getting in on time and we met the little snow storm at Sharon* so that there was no delay. The Linnet & Lilian and Mrs Richardson* are so kind and full of welcomes….

The Linnet had been at the Player's Club* to dinner and came in so pleasant and wanted a drink of water & Lilian thought it might not be good water. I cant die young like Keats says the Linnet! and he was so funny with many remarks which I cant remember. A. F. was so funny coming on the train. "Lily Phelps* wrote me a letter" she said. "How can you leave home now with this danger of bombardment: think of a shell bursting in your house !!" "Do tell Theodore"* said Aunt Annie with such a grin. "I had thought of other reasons for staying at home but that had not occurred to me." She told Mr. Aldrich of the warning and he said "Why I must say that's the time I should want to leave home!" --

It is a nice day here, and we have just had our breakfast and had Mrs. Leland Stanford* pointed out by a pleasant waiter…

I feel better today now that the start is over and the snow which struck in a good deal, but I still wish that I were just coming back instead of just going -- I hate to leave home more and more -- There are those who are very cheerful and have put their many cares behind them Mary and seem to have no cold except a poor cough at very rare intervals, and they spoke of fresh cornbreads at breakfast and seemed to think that they would be very nice **….**

Notes

Mr. Talbot B. Aldrich: Talbot was one of the twin sons of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Aldrich. Among the close friends of the Aldriches, Thomas was known as the Linnet. .

cable code: This is a code book for addressing and "coding" telegrams to minimize their length. A contemporary example is *Low's Pocket Cable Code* (1900). In Fields's diary of the trip, she reports losing and recovering their code book on about 19 January.

Sharon: Sharon, Massachusetts is about 17 miles southwest of Boston.

Mrs. Richardson: It seems likely that this is Mrs. Henry Hobson Richardson, born Julia Gorham Hayden (1837-1914). H. H. Richardson (September 29, 1838 – April 27, 1886) was a prominent New York architect "who designed buildings in Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and other cities. The style he popularized is named for him: Richardsonian Romanesque. Along with Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, Richardson is one of 'the recognized trinity of American architecture'." He almost certainly would have become known to Jewett through Sarah Wyman Whitman and Annie Fields. Whitman worked with him on Boston's Trinity Church, 1872-7. Fields was a member, and their much admired mutual acquaintance, Phillips Brooks, was rector. Wikipedia notes: "Despite an enormous income for an architect of his day, his "reckless disregard for financial order" meant that he died deeply in debt, leaving little to his widow and six children."

Melissa Homestead, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, has confirmed the likelihood of this identification by working out that the Richardsons' son, Henry Hyslop Richardson, a real estate broker, came into Jewett's family in 1906, when he married Elizabeth Lejée Perry, daughter of Charles French Perry and Georgiana West Graves. Charles Perry was a distant cousin of the Jewett sisters, on their mother's side. Homestead notes that after the death of Jewett's nephew, Theodore Jewett Eastman, Elizabeth Perry Richardson "had some responsibility for Jewett's literary estate. "

Player's Club: Edwin Booth (1833 - June 7, 1893), actor and brother of John Wilkes Booth, was a founding member of the New York Players Club in 1888. A friend of Fields and Jewett, Booth had introduced them to the club in 1891. See Jewett's November - December 1891 letter to T. B. Aldrich.

Keats: Wikipedia says: "John Keats ..(31 October 1795 – 23 February 1821) was an English Romantic poet. He was one of the main figures of the second generation of Romantic poets, along with Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley, despite his work having been in publication for only four years before his death."

Lily Phelps: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward (1844-1911) at birth was named Mary Gray Phelps. After her mother's death, Phelps wrote under her mother's name, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. At home and among her friends, she was called Lily.

bombardment: While Cuba, where a rebellion was in progress, *was* a possible destination of the Caribbean tour the group was beginning, the context of this letter makes it seem more likely that Lily Phelps is concerned about bad weather than exposure to a military attack. The William Steinway Diary notes that in New York City on

January 7, 1896, there was "a bad icy snowstorm.".

Theodore: Theodore Jewett Eastman, Jewett's nephew.

Mrs. Leland Stanford: Wikipedia says: "Jane Lathrop Stanford (August 25, 1828 - February 28, 1905) was a co-founder of Stanford University in 1885 (opened 1891) along with her husband, Leland Stanford, as a memorial to their only child, Leland Stanford Jr., who died in 1884 at the age of 15. After her husband's death in 1893, she funded and operated the university almost single-handedly until her death in 1905."

The *Rockland County Journal*, (18 January 1896) p. 2, places Mrs. Stanford in New York City in mid-January. while the *San Francisco Call* 79: 57 (26 January 1896) p. 18, reports on "Movements of People Who Are in the Swim": "Mrs. Leland Stanford will leave Washington in a few days for this City."

Thursday 9 January --to Mary Rice Jewett, from train to Brunswick, GA.

I have had a pretty good sleep for a sleeping car night and a proper breakfast with much fun and conversation from Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and now I must begin another letter to you. I managed to get the opposite section to the one A. F. and I had engaged together and that makes all the difference in the world, besides which Lilian overcame the fears of the darkey porter about our freezing and got the heat turned off. She and T.B. are both so nice as they can possibly be and old Bridget is with us instead of already on the yacht as I supposed, a dear old-fashioned woman, so ready to help everybody. This is all I can think of to say about today except that A. F. is in great spirits and we don't get to Brunswick until seven o'clock instead at four as I supposed. We are likely to have to wait for Mr. Pierce ….

It is warmer now … and quite southern already. It is all alike out of the windows, after you get in the level country with the pines and the darkey cabins….

Friday 10 January -- to Mary Rice Jewett from Brunswick, GA.

After I wrote you yesterday we changed cars at Waycross and waited an hour or more and took a walk to view the place and saw a meetin' house that was bent in the middle and tilted over by a little tornado last summer. Then we came on here two hours journey and were pretty tired, but this morning as we went to breakfast Old Bridget came running and said that the Hermione was in. I had heard a gun but I didn't expect her for a season. Mr. Pierce came up to breakfast presently very smiling, and had had an excellent voyage. We are not going to start until tomorrow as brasses are to be rubbed and awnings put up. Everything being close reefed as one may say to come round the Cape. It is a delicious day. There are those who have taken a prancing walk but I stayed in to wash my wig and dry it by a little light wood fire while I could.

Saturday 11 January -- to Mary Rice Jewett from Brunswick, GA.

Today we are going to the Jekyll Island Club* to luncheon and come back to the yacht in the afternoon and begin our residence -- and start early in the morning for Jupiter Inlet (or Palm Beach where the new Flagler Hotels* are & then I can write again. Mr. Pierce & Lilian & I took a long drive yesterday afternoon down the bay side (or marsh side) on a shell road & back through the woods. It was cold enough to be glad to wear a cloak but bright & nice.

Notes

Jekyll Island Club: In 1896, Jekyll Island, Georgia was a private club, established in the 1880s, where the world's richest people built houses or rented rooms in winter. Only members and their guests could stay on the island.

Jupiter Inlet ... Palm Beach ... new Flagler Hotels: Presumably, the *Hermione* sailed to the area of the Jupiter Inlet Lighthouse, about 20 miles north of the current city of Palm Beach, FL.

Wikipedia says:

"Henry Morrison Flagler (January 2, 1830 - May 20, 1913) was an American industrialist and a founder of Standard Oil. He was also a key figure in the development of the Atlantic coast of Florida and founder of what became the Florida East Coast Railway. He is known as the father of both Miami and Palm Beach, Florida....

"Flagler completed the 1,100-room Royal Poinciana Hotel on the shores of Lake Worth in Palm Beach and extended his railroad to its service town, West Palm Beach, by 1894, founding Palm Beach and West Palm Beach. The Royal Poinciana Hotel was at the time the largest wooden structure in the world. Two years later, Flagler built the Palm Beach Inn (renamed Breakers Hotel Complex in 1901) overlooking the Atlantic Ocean in Palm Beach."

Fields Diary

[*Saturday January 11*]

Saturday. Jany 11th* Brunswick was bright and yet with a cool wind blowing this morning when at [ten*?*]* o'clock we steamed away on a little boat The Howland for Jekell Island,* a place peculiar to this period of our American life. It is one of the hunting islands but probably the finest of the group of bearing that name. It is about eight miles from Brunswick and has a beautiful green ridge of live-oak trees along the horizon. As we approached, -- the yellow marsh grass -- [dark *?*] gold in the blue waters -- was evidently the wide abode of marsh birds of every variety. A delicate white heron* was standing among the reeds just where we could see him, but when the stir of the waves touched him he rose and flew away. I [*several unreadable words*] birds were to be seen everywhere -- Innumerable smaller birds were also to be seen everywhere. The place bears the

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mark of the wealth and civilization of the ~~people~~ ^negroes^ who may be said to have discovered it. It is a kind of luxurious hermitage, to which the rich and great of this world resort. Long roads have been laid out through the woods fragrant with bay and sparkling with holly, roads for horse back wandering{,} for walks, or for delicious drives through the fresh air like the one we took with two fleet horses in a light carriage. The length of the Island from the open sea is a magnificent beach hard where we drove over it, the tide by good fortune being low{,} ~~like~~ ^as^ an oaken floor [*several unreadable words deleted*] ^and^ the slope toward the sea ^was very^ ~~so~~ slight. Coronado beach is longer, although this has eight unbroken miles, but nothing could be more beautiful and when the luxuries of civilized existence are added to such sport and such untameable natural beauty, it must be considered one of the most interesting places now in the world. What energy it shows ~~for~~ the building of this large Club house and its maintenance! The planning of these pretty houses, the fine roads -- and the many details necessary to have made such a resort for city-worn persons during these months of the year! We steamed away [*two unreadable inserted above in pencil, possibly by another hand*] in the soft light of a southern afternoon on the Club steamer which had hospitably been sent for Mr. Pierce and his party towards *?*] the "Hermione" where we spent such time* as we had before sleeping in trying to get to housekeeping. It was fortunate because the next morning [*deleted word*] we started away for Palm Beach or Jupiter Inlet* which we reached indeed in about

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fifteen hours of seasickness and general discomfort but the strong waves were beating high inside the bar and it was dangerous to try to anchor or to land; so somewhat disappointed we steamed away again and the following morning we dropped anchor in the beautiful harbor of Nassau.*

Notes

Jany 11th: The Jan 11 date has been altered in pencil, seemingly by another hand. 11 is deleted, and 9 is inserted. If Saturday is the correct day, then January 11, 1896 would be the right date.

ten: Though difficult to read, looking as much like *four* as *ten*, it seems more probable that Fields meant *ten*.

The Howland for Jekell Island: The Howland was a small steamer providing service from Brunswick to the Jekyll Island Club. In 1896, Jekyll Island was accessible only by steamer.

delicate white heron: It is likely Fields observed a great egret.

where we spent such time: It appears Fields may have intended to delete some of the lines from "where we spent" to the end of this page, with a single slanted line across the text.

Palm Beach or Jupiter Inlet: Presumably, the *Hermione* sailed to the area of the Jupiter Inlet Lighthouse, about 20 miles north of the current city of Palm Beach, FL. By land, Jupiter Inlet is about 340 miles south of Brunswick, GA.

Nassau: Wikipedia says that Nassau is the capital, largest city and commercial center of the Bahamas. It is about 215 miles from the Jupiter Inlet in Florida.

Part 2 -- January 12 - 23

The Bahamas

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[*Sunday January 12 - Thursday January 16*]

All day Sunday the 12th were were pretty miserable but on the 13th the scene quite changed and we went ashore. Nothing could be more purely tropical than the ~~scene~~ ^view^ as we looked about us. The water of the clearest, light green and blue of intense color -- the cocoa palms* with their feathery tops waving or floating still, in the calm air -- The ~~colored~~ brown boys pressing about the ship in every hue of color as

to skin and every form of meagre wear as to drapery -- [*The next clause appears to be crossed out with a light line through the text.*] it is an old tale never told yet always fresh to the eye of the seer because beauty is always new. [*End of apparent deletion*]

We went ashore with the captain in an electric launch which must have excited some wonder in the minds of the white-toothed crowd awaiting us, but observation ~~of this kind~~ is not common to this ^ easy^ sensuous class and they were much more interested in watching their chances to make pennies ^money^ by diving or standing on their heads, or other fertile devices known to them than in studying our craft. The day was softly warm with a pleasant breeze -- the soft stone of the embankment, apparently of volcanic origin swarmed with strange black beetles, but happily they did not trouble themselves about us, and we soon found

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ourselves walking ~~with out~~ ^with open^ [*previous deletion and insertion in pencil*]* umbrellas under trees and among shrubs and flowers which threw us into an ecstasy of enjoyment -- The scarlet Hibiscus is in full bloom with its flame like beauty and dark under leaves -- a silk cotton tree* of gigantic size especially attracted our wonder. It grows behind ~~the~~ ^an^ old bank and is the own cousin of the elephant -- its prototype in plant life -- if one may say so. Its huge bulk and the strange grey wrinkled surface of the bark gives one a sense that the ^each^ arms are ^is a^ proboscis and will soon be approaching to ask a biscuit or ^for^ some recognition. The tree has a magnificent pedestal as if a giant foundation [were *corrected*] needed for such a world of green loveliness and bird-land as {it} stretches out above. I presume we had none of us ever seen so huge a tree yet lovely in its upper world of greenery in spite of a sense of monstrosity in its lower growth -- In the "patio" or "compound" of the hotel was gathered a small group of the ~~Southern~~ ^Nassau^ people -- A young girl in a white muslin dress with two or three gentlemen of varying hues of complexion especially attracted me. The soft olive tint of her skin and the real charm she possessed of manner as well as of face compelled me to turn an instant in her direction whenever the least chance offered itself. She made the whole place instinct with native comeliness of expression to which we were only led up by the soft air, the hibiscus blossoms, the almond trees and the delicate stains of color on the walls and the gates and towers where they

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were seen peeping out between or above the foliage. We dined at the hotel* where a new flower the natives called it the Shell flower* charmed us upon* the table. We drove in the afternoon along the shore of the island, past the constabulary and some of the business houses -- also past certain walled gardens with small houses in them looking on the sea which I thought would be tempting enough for a winter's sojourn. There would be however very little in the way of society. The English Governor* lives here and his office stands high it seems by the salary which is two thousand pounds a year and one would be obliged "to lay waste and destroy" if one were obliged to spend more than a fourth of that amount in Nassau one would say! The house and grounds are given also.

But for one who loves and thus breathes in the South like our poet,* here is charm, here is a constantly renewed grace in existence. Every growing thing moves to ^a^ new delight. We saw our first oleander bush at Brunswick* just as we were starting out in the afternoon for a walk together. Do you know, he said, that leaf, as he stood looking at it, "moves me to worship and to love, more than all the sermons of all the men I have ever heard or shall hear"! And now at every turn we feel ourselves spectators at the loveliness around us. As we drove with the sea all green and blue on one side and the cocoa-palms or sisel farms* on the other interspersed with gardens of roses and pointsettias

[*written up the right margin in pencil:* Something gone here oppresses]

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the power of seeing could not keep pace with the wonders continually attracting us.

Oh! the roses! after all, they were our chief joy [*two deleted words*], and we came back to the ship laden with them.

The next day we still lingered in Nassau. It was not only an undiscovered land still to us, but the Hermione needed caulking which would take time. Therefore we were to be allowed to stop --

Again to shore, where again we saw our pretty maiden sitting in the afternoon behind a kind of trellis of cocoa-palm branches which were fastened up at one corner of the piazza to make ~~a kind of~~ defense against wind sun and observation. There was a little table there and coffee after dinner, and a mandolin and a Celtic singer -- while we strolled about not too near, fascinated by the pretty scene -- the tinkling of the strings and above all by the pretty girl. Later she bade farewell to a gentleman in the hall

below. The manner was incomparable. I am sure Juliet did no better for her Romeo* in public! In the afternoon we took a longer drive to some strange caves fronting the sea. The place was very weird and gave one an idea of the coral bottom on which the island rests. It is said the the [*intended* that the*?*] interior which is still untamed is full of pits apparently bottomless, at least with the sea at the bottom, covered with brush at the top, in which many a hunter supposed to have been killed by wild creatures, man or beast, have probably fallen and disappeared.*

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Surely there are few places less frequented it would seem at present by any harmful creature. There seems to be neither snakes nor men to attack without provocation.

If one wished to do any special work for which solitude were required and a kind climate, I know of no place better suited than this for undisturbed out of door life.

Notes

purely tropical ... cocoa palms: Cocoa palms presumably are what we now call coconut palms. Wikipedia says: Hibiscus ... is a genus of flowering plants in the mallow family, *Malvaceae*. It is quite large, containing several hundred species that are native to warm-temperate, subtropical and tropical regions throughout the world. Member species are often noted for their showy flowers and are commonly known simply as hibiscus, or less widely known as rose mallow."

in pencil: In the parts of the manuscript dealing with the Bahamas, there are several deletions and insertions made in pencil. As the notes for Part 10 suggest, these seem to indicate that Fields later worked over this part of the original diary to produce the manuscript in Part 10, which she may have intended to publish.

Each page of the diary is numbered in pencil in the upper right corner. Though these numbers may have been added by Fields, it also is possible they were added by a curator when the notebook was unbound in preparation for microfilming.

Silk-cotton tree: The *Ceiba petrandra* or Kapok in the American tropics is often called the silk cotton tree. One example of a silk-cotton tree in Nassau was typically shown in post-card photos of the period.

Silk-cotton tree
From Wikimedia Commons

From *The Land of the Pink Pearl, or recollections of life in the Bahamas*. (1888) by Louis D. Powles, p. 6. Image provided by the British Library from its digital collections.

dined at the hotel: In a letter of 16 January, to S. W. Whitman, Jewett writes that Pierce's party spent time at the Royal Victoria Hotel, that being *the* tourist hotel in Nassau and, therefore, likely to have the features Fields describes.

Royal Victoria Hotel, Nassau, Bahamas
Photo from *Stark's History and Guide to the Bahama Islands* (1891), p. 7
By James Henry Stark

Shell flower: One form of local art in the Bahamas is carving conch shells into flowers. But there is also a tropical flower sometimes known as shell-flower: Alpinia zerumbet. Though not native to the Americas, these flowers have been widely cultivated. It appears Fields refers to an actual flower rather than a carving, but this is difficult to confirm.

upon: An X appears in the margin here. It is possible this indicates a passage Fields intended to use in her later draft that appears in Part 10.

*The English Governor***:** Sir William Frederick Haynes Smith was governor of the Bahamas 1895-1898.

our poet: Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

to lay waste and destroy: See Hosea 2:12.

oleander in Brunswick: *Nerium*, commonly named oleander, is a widely cultivated evergreen, flowering shrub.

sisel farms: Wikipedia says: "Sisal with the botanical name *Agave sisalana*, is a species of Agave native to southern Mexico but widely cultivated and naturalized in many other countries. It yields a stiff fibre used in making various products ... [such as] rope….

Juliet ... Romeo: Protagonists of William Shakespeare's tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*.

disappeared: The Bahama Islands are the exposed surfaces of the Bahama Banks, miles thick deposits of limestone. Among the special features of the islands is the variety of caves and holes that result from the history of this geological formation. The Grand Bahama underwater cave system, which sometimes opens into inland holes or pits, is described as one of the largest and most dangerous in the world. Stark describes pits like those Fields mentions in *History and Guide to the Bahama Islands*, pp. 119-20.

There are no poisonous snakes in the Bahamas, though there are at least two species of boas.

From Jewett's Correspondence

The manuscripts of the most of these letters are held by Historic New England in "Sarah Orne Jewett Personal Correspondence," Box 6.3**.** The last is held by Houghton Library, Harvard University: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[1900] & [n.d.]. in Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126).

Wednesday 16 January -- to Sarah Wyman Whitman, from Nassau, Bahamas.

Luckily the first mail boat of the season is going over to Jupiter Inlet today where it strikes the Florida train and so after the telegram it wont be many days before you receive this letter, much quicker than if it went way up to New York by sea. I wrote you last from Brunswick just after we came on board Friday night, and we started out of the harbor very early and in a calm and collected frame of mind, but outside there was an old sea and your poor Sister with others of the ships company were very seasick all that day and were better but very low all that night and in the morning when we got to Jupiter Inlet where we thought we would go to shore and come to life again there was such a sea running that the captain thought we had better not try it as he couldn't get over the bar just then and it was too rough for the boats & ^we were^ four miles off. (a heaving tumbling sea and your poor sister on it and no old sea dog like a pretty Theodore who sailed the Norma.* Lilian was much sicker than I poor thing and A. F. and T. B. A. were gloomy. Then we struck across the Gulf stream and by night we were much better off and yesterday morning here we were in this nice harbor and summer breezes blowing and the sea water the loveliest colour and coloured persons in boats a fetching sponges and shells and every thing much as we expected. About Noon we went ashore and found the little [*missing word*] much more delightful than we had looked for: so foreign, so gay and quaint with an English touch about it too: as when one saw a thin clergyman proceeding down the street as if he were in Canterbury.

We were too late for all but the last of the market but it was too funny with those elderly old darkies & their few oranges and pieces of sugar cane and there was one old turkey stepping about with a string to him as if he were taking a little pleasure before being sold. And people carrying everything on their heads and wearing turbans and little buildings with high roofs and high walls with pretty gateways and two or three nice old church towers. Then we went to the Victoria Hotel* and ate a splendid luncheon with large shore appetites with remarks from Mr. T. B. Aldrich for extra flavoring. After that we went to drive way up the island and saw cocoanut trees and every kind of green.

if we have any more such rough weather now or if we do we shall not mind it as we did coming right out to sea.

Notes

Theodore who sailed the Norma: It seems likely that Jewett is referring to Theodore Vail (1845-1920), owner of a steam yacht, *The Norma*. Vail was president of the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company of New York. According to Roger Austen in *Genteel Pagan* (1995), Vail invited the poet Charles Warren Stoddard on a New England coastal cruise (115-6). How Jewett was acquainted with Vail and what she would have expected her sisters to know remains a mystery. According to Wikipedia, Vail was a member of the Jekyll Island Club. Perhaps Jewett met him there during her party's brief visit before their departure from Brunswick on the *Hermione*.

Victoria Hotel: The Royal Victoria Hotel was the main tourist hotel in Nassau. In her diary of the tour, Annie Fields describes dining at the hotel.

Undated Fragment -- to Mary Rice Jewett from Nassau, Bahamas.

… and lovely things growing altogether so that A. F. was pointing like a young one -- you know how she likes to see strange trees and bushes! There never was such a time in the world and we brought home large boughs of nearly everything, beside as many roses as we could carry, only a little darkey garden. (price a shillun.) You look along the little bowery roads with little thatched houses that have four sided roofs. and of down the side lanes come women with bundles on their heads and a big man on a little donkey. I keep thinking that it is something like Italy but I suppose it is more like Spain. We are going ashore every day to lunch. and we shall be here some days longer which we all like very well. Something is wrong with the ships water pipes and this morning clever ebony countenances of useful plumbers and carpenters passed by my high porthole in a crowded boat. T. B. sputters because the Alabama* and other commerce destroyers were fitted out here in war time and was so funny with his unexpectedly great anger at this late day. I must hurry and read up about Nassau for I know less I find than about almost any other island. I am arrayed in my denim dress but finding it heavy! Tell John* that I saw the Talisman* the yacht he heard about – not nearly as large as this, lying up to the wharf at Brunswick & they said she had a hard time out at sea. but so far the Hermione is all right. She is being steady.

Notes

Alabama: Presumably, Aldrich refers to the CSS *Alabama*, "a screw sloop-of-war built in 1862 for the Confederate States Navy at Birkenhead on the River Mersey opposite Liverpool, England by John Laird Sons and Company. *Alabama* served as a successful commerce raider, attacking Union merchant and naval ships over the course of her two-year career, during which she never docked at a Southern port. She was sunk in June 1864 by USS *Kearsarge* at the Battle of Cherbourg outside the port of Cherbourg, France" (Wikipedia). Whether the *Alabama* used Nassau as a port is not clear, but other Confederate navy ships apparently did, e.g. the *CSS Florida*.

John: John Tucker, a long-time Jewett employee.

Talisman: The 1896 American Yacht list includes *The Talisman*, a steam yacht owned by Capt. George E. Crawson of Newark, NJ (48).

Wednesday* 16 January -- to Sarah Wyman Whitman, from Nassau, Bahamas.

And I a writing to a friend on a pleasant summer morning and wishing that we could have a word together. Two days ago I was ready to change places with the coldest old hurdy-gurdy woman* that ever sat at the State House corner, and nobody cared whether the Gulf Stream was blue or whether it was pink, but yesterday I waked up in Nassau 23arbor and all was well and we went ashore to luncheon and life seemed to begin with flying colours. It is a charming little town along the waterside with its little square houses with four-sided thatched roofs and down the side lanes come women [carrying *corrected*] things on their heads -- firewood and large baskets 'of shapes,' and an idle man-person on a small donkey and little black darkeys, oh, very black ones! with outgrown white garments ---- I think it is a little like Italy but I suppose it is really more like Spain. And I who write you have seen cocoanuts a growing and as we drove along the bushy roads, A. F. did so squeak aloud for joy at every new bush and tree and tame flower a-growing wild. And when I found how easy it is to get here all the way by rail to Florida and across from Palm Beach (Jupiter Inlet) in a day, I wonder that more people dont come to this charming Victoria Hotel among its great silk-cotton trees instead of staying in all the dull little sandy southern towns of the Carolinas.* You would see such pictures. I love your Bermuda sketches a thousand times more than ever now -----

Things are going pretty well. I came away with a pretty heavy heart darling and I still have that sense of distance which tires ones spirits, but distance is its own cure and remedy, and all but ones swiftest thoughts at last stop flying back, and you get the habit of living where you are. -- Who was it said that you never get to a place until a day after you come, nor leave it until a day after you go?*

… The yacht is very nice and big and there is a high quarter deck where I sit and get cool in the salt breeze This is well for one who left her native Berwick at 12 below zero!

Notes

Wednesday: While Jewett dated this letter on Wednesday, it seems clear that this and the previous letter were written on succeeding days. Probably this letter is from Thursday 17 January.

hurdy-gurdy woman … State House corner … Gulf Stream: A hurdy-gurdy may be a barrel

organ or other similar instrument often carried and played in the street. State House corner in Boston faces the Boston Common. The Gulf Stream is a warm ocean current originating in the Gulf of Mexico and flowing into the North Atlantic. Nassau is the capital of the Bahamas.

dull little sandy southern towns of the Carolinas: In 1888, Jewett and Fields stayed a week or two in the areas of Aiken and Beaufort, South Carolina, after a couple weeks in St. Augustine, FL.

day after you go: Jewett uses this saying in her story "William's Wedding," section 3, *Atlantic Monthly* (106:33-40), July 1910.

Sarah Wyman Whitman's
1892 Letters about Bermuda

In *Letters of Sarah Wyman Whitman*, Whitman wrote about staying in Bermuda in the spring of 1892. To Jewett she wrote:

New York, March 24, 1892.
I am writing from New York on my way to Bermuda for two weeks. . . . I take with me the munitions of war, oil paints, pastel, and even water colours, for who shall say of what complexion the emotions of Bermuda will be?

Bermuda, April 12, 1892.
It is a little world all by itself and a world of colour, as its main attribute. Such a Sea, such a Sky! A dream of beauty different from anything else and I can see amazing pictures to be painted at every turn. . . .
The local incident; the white houses built from the coral of which the island itself is made, . . . the negroes and their picturesque methods, the acres of lilies all in fragrant bloom, these things one can only glance at in writing, but some day I will tell you a pretty chapter of geography and history made out of this strange island in the sea, so lovely and so serene.

On Easter (April 17), Whitman wrote to Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence:

I am returning from the enchanted island,... and O, what an island it is! No one can say too much of the color and fragrance of it, -- the sea, which is mixed of violet and turquoise, the sky, radiant with trailing clouds, everywhere beauty, and with it all a sort of strange romance, -- set in such loneliness, yet smiling and rosy as the dawn. It made me feel things that cannot be expressed in words.

Fields Diary

[*Friday January 17*]

Friday, Jan. 17th We were rowed ashore under a clouded sky. A rare thing except during the rainy season, but the contrast to the brilliant sunshine gave a softness to the landscape which was very restful. how grey it grew towards afternoon and thunderous! We sat upon a broad piazza high above the ground floor ^in the hotel^ and watched the beautiful sky; at length the rain fell but softly and with none of the tempestuous signs which belong to these islands. We passed all the day on shore and when the evening came drove in the dark and rain to the phosphoric lake,* where small negroes threw themselves in the water and splashed about making moonlight for our pleasure. It is a weird scene; in this world of miracles this is one of the beautiful and strange scenes. We drove out over the fine road of limestone, with living tree walls overhung with verdure on either hand, except where an opened gate or broken wall or ^ [pretty *?*]^ unimproved land gave

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glimpses into the modest but cheerful houses of the colored people. There was a gayly lighted school house where some festivities were going on and two or three churches where the voices of the singers came back into the free air, but with these exceptions we drove on through the half lighted way until in perfect darkness we reached the strangely lighted lake.

How bright and gay the Hermione always seems when we return to it with its lights and flowers and men in uniform swaying about in the clear water, the stars and the new moon above -- stars and new moon below.

[*A horizontal line divides this entry from the next*]

Note

phosphoric lake: Stark in *History and Guide to the Bahama Islands*, p. 124, describes Lake Waterloo or "the Lake of Fire," a phosphorescent lake near Nassau. While this was a popular tourist destination in the 19th century, recent tourist guides do not mention the phosphorescent qualities that drew visitors then.

From Jewett's Correspondence

Friday 17 January -- Louisa Loring Dresel from Nassau.

Last night I christened the water proof ^such a blessing!) and so today I must write the letter which I have been thinking of [ever *corrected*]

since we landed. Not that we have remained in a landed state! -- on the contrary we spend only a little time ashore living on the yacht in the harbor and rowing in to get luncheon at the nice hotel and then ^we^ take a drive out into the country in the afternoon. It is a funny life but I like it much better in harbor than I do at sea. We had a rough little voyage of two days town the Florida coast and across the Gulf Stream. Nassau is very quaint and foreign and I am always reminded of Italy but I suppose it is really more like Spain -- There are high walled gardens with orange boughs hanging over and weather beaten bananas -- yes: and cocoanut trees Loulie, which wag their heads in the wind and please a northern traveler very much. I like it very much and have a feeling that I shall like the islands better and better. We are waiting for the mail on Monday -- The first since we came, and then we are going to set sail.

You and Mamma would enjoy seeing our dear A.F.* -- she never did like anything quite so well as these summer evenings and the southern sights. But we talk often of you both and find ourselves living at home a good deal. She is reading Irving's Columbus* aloud with Mr. Pierce -- and she and Mr. Aldrich settle all great questions and hold delightful and wise conclaves on the upper deck to which I love to listen. We all get on so pleasantly and the voyage starts very fair --

I think that it will always be safest to send letters to the care of Mr. Talbot B. Aldrich 158 State St.

[*Saturday January 18*]

Saturday 18th Hermione was towed to the wharf for coal and water. The day was supremely beautiful after the rain of yesterday afternoon. We passed the morning on the upper deck watching the peacock hues of the water, with vessels & boats coming and going in the fresh breeze. Aldrich asked for the Victorian Anthology and showed me a really exquisite poem by that poor fool Oscar Wilde.* After which I sat and read the lovely poem with which that volume opens by Landor, "The Hamadryad" ^also^ "The death of Artemidora"* and others. How such indestructible creations of the human mind ally themselves to such loveliness of nature! One can never be remembered without the other. The talk of our poet is always

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amusing and oftentimes most instructive. He knows his own domain well and defers to the opinion of no one else. It is good to hear him say a poem is good and why it is good. He is one who knows.

Again after luncheon we rowed away through the bright water to the town, ~~and~~ taking a carriage there ^we^ drove along the bay-side and went into little shell shops by the edge of the sea and looked over the shells and other marine wonders. the air was bright and sweet and cool, ~~and~~ it was a joy to loiter about gathering roses and driving in the falling of the day. We came home laden with flowers and shells and fruits.

What a different world we whisper to ourselves from the one we have left. Here we must turn our spirits like the sunflower to the sun, towards the influences of the beauty which surrounds us -- there, we turn all the forces of our being into action and despite cold and fatigue -- and disinclination hold our way like ships drawing after them the disabled or reluctant craft.

The calm sweetness of the afternoon will not be forgotten. The little shell shop opening on one side to the sea, with sun-burned fishermen or "spongers"* looking in at the windows or lounging on the seats, -- color everywhere and stillness -- even the colored children who always collect like flies wherever you go, quietly looked on and

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said nothing. The wife of the shop-keeper (they were young people) [*parenthesis marks in pencil*] was learning to play the piano, slowly & painfully in the house opposite (by her false notes I was discouraged for her career) [*parenthesis marks in pencil*] while I asked prices and bought for the company. I loitered there just drinking in the air and light. I tried to buy a huge star-fish which hung like a [canope *? meaning* canopy*?*] in the centre of the shop with queer little dried fishes, sponges etc. hanging from it. The shop-keeper would not. Why not -- she asked several times, as she as she looked about her -- at length with tears in his eyes he told her that "one who is dead, my brother, made that." However he offered to make us a duplicate which he did while we drove along the shore through a kind of [incipient *?*] park with a pretty beach on one side* ~~and drove in the afternoon~~.

Coming from New England nothing can be more entrancing than the common wayside things of the green world but when we add to these roses and jessamine hibiscus and oleander pointsettia and the trumpet vines -- ah! how many others might be added to this list -- we are in a constant condition of ~~wonder~~ ^joy^ and admiration.

Notes

Victorian Anthology ... that poor fool Oscar Wilde: Fields has brought along the then new volume, *A Victorian Anthology, 1837-1895: Selections Illustrating the Editor's Critical Review of British Poetry in the Reign of Victoria* by Edmund Clarence Stedman (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, 1895). It may appear here that Aldrich provided the book, but Fields affirms in her February 23 entry that the anthology is hers.

Presumably Fields refers to Oscar Wilde (1854-1900), the Irish playwright and celebrity, as a poor fool because in May of 1895, he had been sentenced to two years hard labor for the "gross indecency" of engaging in homosexual relations. He had opened himself to trial on this charge by suing the father of his lover for libel.

Wilde's only poem in the anthology, "Ave Imperatrix," appeared on pp. 549-51.

Landor, "The Hamadryad" ... "The death of Artemidora": Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864) occupies pp. 3-17 of *A Victorian Anthology*. "The Hamadryad" appears on pp. 3-7, "The Death of Artemidora" on p. 7.

spongers: Sea sponge harvesting remains an important Bahamian industry.

park with a pretty beach on one side: It is difficult to be certain of the route this drive took. If they drove westward from the town center along what is now West Bay Street, they may have come to the area of Goodman's Bay Park. If they drove eastward on East Bay Street, they may have come to Montague Beach.

[*Sunday January 19*]

Sunday 19th Went ashore to the English church.* A quaint place enough! With a colored beadle wielding a silver-tipped can and swelling with pomposity. The inscriptions to the dead upon the marble tablets recorded strange things -- that one died of chronic dysentery, and one ^woman^ three weeks after the birth of a child -- and so on -- strange information indeed to be recorded upon the walls of a church -- in stone.

The Beach at Fort Montague

From Stark's *History and Guide to the Bahama Islands*, p. 121.

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It was a good sermon in the sense of being wise enough but as for any sense of brotherhood being approved in it or any religious fervor -- I could not find it and was glad to get out into the bright air, the sunshine and among the flowers. The Anglican governor's family attended by colored troops gave a sort of magnificence to the occasion.

How lovely the peacock color of the sea looked was as we rowed back to the ship after the service! In the afternoon we returned to land and walked about the town, finding a strange wild cut from the seashore leading toward steps called the Queen's Staircase which we mounted to find ourselves on one of the highest points of the island close by a small castle called Fincastle.* The wind was blowing strong and cool and as we walked down on the further side of the hill we found an exquisite invigoration from the health and beauty of everything about us -- Our dear old commander* and I continued our walk along the bayside to the boat. We found jessamine in blossom, and many delightful and beautiful growths and environing comfortable houses.

Notes

ashore to the English church: This page is written in pencil, making it virtually impossible to read on microfilm. However it is quite readable in the original manuscript.

The English Church in Nassau would have been Christ Church Cathedral. The church's website notes that no one is buried in the cathedral, that the inscriptions are plaques rather than markers. The Cathedral is located between Prince George Wharf and Government house, on George St

wild cut ... Queen's steps ... Fincastle: The wild cut leading to the Queen's Staircase is near the southwest corner of Shirley and Elisabeth streets, southeast of Prince George Wharf. Wikipedia says that Fort Fincastle was built on Society Hill in 1793: "[T]he fort overlooks the city of Nassau and the Queen's Staircase, and is often accessed that way by visitors on foot. This fort shaped like a paddle-steamer, Lord Dunmore called Fort Fincastle, after his second title, Viscount Fincastle."

commander: Fields usually refers to the crew captain of the *Hermione* as the captain. Pierce,

however, she calls both commodore and commander.

The wild cut and the Queen's Staircase from Stark's *History and Guide to the Bahama Islands*, p. 111.

From Jewett's Correspondence

Sunday 19 January -- to Mary Rice Jewett and Carrie Eastman, from Nassau.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Historic New England in "Sarah Orne Jewett Personal Correspondence," Box 6.3.

I have finished a breakfast of the best fishballs as if it were Sunday morning at home and it seems a good moment to begin a letter. We hoped that we should get a mail yesterday but it seems that the Florida steamer won't bring the mails until February -- and so we are waiting until tomorrow when the regular steamer comes from New York. I suppose that I shall have to post this before I hear from you. We think now that we shall set sail in the afternoon as soon as we get the mail so as to be off San Salvador* next morning. Mr. Pierce told me that he wanted to reach Jamaica by February but we have long runs all the way to get there. We have had a very nice time in Nassau and it is a great thing to really get acquainted with a little foreign town. Yesterday was the first day that we didn't go ashore to luncheon and I stayed on board until evening, most of the time reading Mr. Midshipman Easy* on the hurricane deck where there was a delightful breeze and I was always stopping to see what was going on. We have come close to the wharves to get our coal and water in. (Lilian wont be made fast because rottens* would like to step aboard on the cables!) We are right beside the schooner Nathan K. Cobb of Rockland* which put in leaking and has had to unload her cargo, and the darkies were busy all day with a tackle and fall* hoisting up sugar bags out of the hold and singing a chanty which new every time. There was such a funny shift in its few notes. I saw the Capins wife sitting on the deck looking quite lonesome. In the evening Mr. Pierce and Lilian and I went ashore and drove out to a village called Grantstown* where they have a great Saturday night market -- such poor little wares all laid out in ha'pennyworths and they are chaffering and you can see into the cabins and every body has a little fire of pitch pine twigs to show their goods. It was a lovely night. The steamy south wind had changed to a northerly one -- and it has been cool and fresh so that we could wear thicker clothes again.

One day at the hotel someone came up to me and said that she knew my friend Miss Mary Longfellow of Portland* and had seen you, Mary, at Aunt Helen, as their Miss Crain of Portland -- who has come down to spend the winter. I have seen her several times since and so has A. F. and we find her pleasant to talk to and very knowing about Nassau things. She says she knows Jane Sewell too, so you must tell Jennie that I've seen her. I must see her tomorrow when we expect to go ashore for a last send up and down Bay Street. Today we went to church at the Cathedral,* all but T. B. -- whom we pulled up by the roots toward evening and took for a walk on land. The church was quite big and grand with a lot of mural tablets and black and white pews mixed all together. There were two clergymen with Cambridge hoods who looked delicate as if they had come out for their health and there was good singing and a proper sermon. The black troops in the garrison were marched in just before us in fine uniforms of white and red. You ought to have seen Bridget going in alone an hour before we did to mass,* with the rowers and the Capin steering her! I have had a very nice time in Nassau and I hope we shall come back again.

Notes

San Salvador: San Salvador Island is a district of the Bahamas. The island would be on the

route to Jamaica, the next main stop Mr. Pierce has planned.

Mr. Midshipman Easy: Wikipedia says: "*Mr. Midshipman Easy* is an 1836 novel by Frederick Marryat, a retired captain in the Royal Navy. The novel is set during the Napoleonic Wars, in which Marryat himself served with distinction."

rottens: If the word Jewett wrote is, indeed, "rottens," it is difficult to know quite what Lilian meant by fearing they would board the yacht via the cables were they to tie up to the dock. Perhaps she feared rats, but more likely criminals.

the schooner Nathan K. Cobb of Rockland: Probably Jewett meant the *Nathan F. Cobb*, of which Wikipedia says: "The *Nathan F. Cobb* was a three-masted schooner named after the shipbuilder and founder of Cobb's Salvaging Company whose many rescues of stranded ships helped lead to the formation of the United States Life-Saving Service. Despite its namesake's history of shipwreck rescues, the *Nathan F. Cobb* capsized in heavy seas on 1 December 1896 en route from Brunswick, Georgia to New York with a cargo of timber and cross ties.... The *Nathan F. Cobb* of Rockland, Maine was a three-masted, square rigged schooner constructed in 1890...." Cobb (b. 1797) came from Eastham, Massachusetts on Cape Cod.

tackle and fall: A system of pulleys and ropes for lifting and lowering heavy objects.

Grantstown: Grants Town was a village south of Nassau.

Miss Mary Longfellow of Portland: In *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters*, Richard Cary says "Alice Mary Longfellow (1850-1928), daughter of the poet, was a friend of long standing. Jewett often visited with her in the summer at Mouse Island in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, where Miss Longfellow annually filled in the season with a vigorous regime of walking, rowing, and sailing."

Helen Gilman was Jewett's much admired great-aunt. Miss Crain of Portland has not been identified.

Jane Sewell, according to *The Placenames of South Berwick* (75), was a resident of South Berwick, ME and, therefore, a neighbor of the Jewett family.

Jennie also is unidentified, but it is possible that she *is* Jane Sewell, and that Jewett wishes to convey a greeting to her.

the Cathedral: It is uncertain what Jewett meant by noting that "black and white pews" were mixed all together. Perhaps she means that, unlike in many churches she would attend outside New England, black and white people were integrated in the congregation. If so, it also is unclear to what degree they were integrated. Was each pew occupied only by people of one color? Or were whites and people of color free to sit wherever they chose? In her 2 February letter from Mandeville, Jamaica, Jewett says that church there was much like in Yorkshire, except for "all the decent black people scattered in."

The identities of the presiding clergy are uncertain. The Right Reverend Edward Townson Churton, educated at Oxford, was Bishop at Nassau 1886-1900.

The clergy wearing Cambridge hoods, if Jewett's description is precise, could indicate that they were graduates of Cambridge university and that they wore their academic hoods with their gowns during worship.

Bridget ... mass: Bridget, presumably, was an Irish Catholic. The names of the crew of the *Hermione* also remain unknown.

Fields Diary

[*Monday January 20*]

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Monday Jan 20th We again went ashore for our last afternoon at Nassau. All went except the poet who preferred the quiet on board. We drove once more along the pretty bayside toward the shell shops bringing away still more "plunder" and then through one of the colored villages full of life and color and flowers -- and again to another village where we bought roses and then on and on through strange wild half desert half marsh lands until we came near the sea where the palmetto trees* were the most beautiful I have seen. In the silent loneliness we stopped to cut ~~the palmettos~~ ^branches^ for the ship and to look about us -- As far as we could see these graceful waving creatures, not too close to be seen in their perfect beauty stood around us, interspersed with the long swords of the "Sisel," and a fewer more delicate plants. The yellow blossoming elder* which I have never seen before which I took at first for a trumpet vine, begins to show its [chubby *?*] heads everywhere. Our drive was a very long one and we began to feel a little nervous that the rest

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of the party should be impatient -- but happily the glorious sunset as we came out again on the bayside and the beauty we had seen was enough for them also. It was not until we reached the boat and I jumped out that she

found her "code book"* had slipped out of the carriage {--} a book to which she had this very day owned her happiness of interpreting a message from home which said that all was well. Our commander too had received a message saying that a long pending law-suit in Ohio which caused them two months ago to withdraw all their cocoa trade from Ohio had been settled by the Supreme Court in their favor.* Now to lose this little book was sad indeed -- but with insistence we all were requested to return to the ship in the waiting boat while the little lady began the search all alone. Happily the people of Nassau are the kindest and the honestest almost to be found anywhere -- and we had no fear for her -- An hour later she appeared smiling book in hand. Her own search had been of little avail except to have an old one lent to her from the Post Office -- but she a little ^small^ colored girl from one of the villages we had passed through presented

herself smiling book in hand at the hotel -- delighted to find the owner. She must have run some miles to bring it -- happily it was in the cool of the evening.

Notes

palmetto trees: The tall *Sabal Palmetto* flourishes throughout the Caribbean region.

yellow blossoming elder: Probably Fields refers to Yellow Elder, native to the Caribbean region. Wikipedia notes: "Yellow trumpet bush is an attractive plant that is cultivated as an ornamental. It has sharply toothed, lance-shaped green leaves and bears large, showy, bright golden yellow trumpet-shaped flowers."

code book: An example of the many telegraphic code books available for travelers is The Anglo-American Telegraphic Code, published by the Anglo-American Code and Cypher Co.; Third Edition; New York, 1891 (1886). It is something of a mystery who has lost the code book. It seems to be neither Jewett nor Lilian Aldrich, since Fields does not name them, and yet no one else was in their party, except for Bridget, the Aldrich servant.

decided by the Supreme Court in their favor: Harry D. Nims, in *The Law of Unfair Competition and Trademarks* (1917), pp. 125-128, summarizes a series of suits filed by the Baker Chocolate Company regarding trademark infringement, usually dealing with rival manufacturers who made use of the name "Baker" on their products. It seems likely, however, that Fields refers to the case of Rose v. State in Ohio, but that case did not come before a supreme court. In Rose v. State, a retailer was arrested in March 1895 for selling Baker's cocoa mix, because it was an adulterated, impure food under an Ohio statute. The argument was that in preparing chocolate for use in making a beverage, much of the fat content of the natural chocolate had been removed. This made Baker's cocoa mix an impure food that could not be sold in the state of Ohio. The case was heard three times, the first decision supporting the interest of the Baker company, of which Pierce was the owner. However, an appellate court reversed that decision in December 1895, as described in *Ohio Nisi Prius and General Term Reports: Decisions of the Courts of Common Pleas and Probate Courts of Ohio; Also of the Superior Court of Cincinnati at General and Special Terms*, Volume 2, pp. 270-74. In January 1896, a Circuit Court of Ohio reversed the Appellate Court's ruling: Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Circuit Courts of Ohio, Volume 11, pp. 88-100.

[*Monday January 20 until Wednesday January 22*]

Monday night -- We ~~set sail~~ ^got up steam^ just after midnight leaving pleasant Nassau behind us. We [steamed *?*] all the next day, Tuesday 21th through a very rough sea all day and all night and the next day until the afternoon getting into the road stead of the island of Inagua.* A large island -- the largest ^of the group^ except Andros, but one of the least fertile. The American Consul Sargent* by name put off to welcome us. We had been too seasick to wish to [*unrecognized word*] but we lay on deck in the soft delicious air and looked about us.

Notes

island of Inagua: From Nassau on New Providence to Matthew Town on Inagua is about 370 miles. Andros Island is the largest of the inhabited islands of the Bahamas, a short distance west of New Providence.

American Consul Sargent: The American consul in the 1890s was Mr. D. (Donald?) D. Sargent.

[*Thursday 23 January*]

Thursday 23d We started in good season for the shore -- good season for a day at the North -- about 10 o'clock, but the Inn was already very

warm. Mr. Sargent was at the beach to welcome us but there is no more landing at Inagua now than there was in the days of Columbus.* All [*deleted word*] night we could hear the waves dashing up on the cliffs and up the little beach; the breakers still washed rather high although there was no storm. However we ladies were carried ashore by the Captain* except S. O. J. who watched for a chance and deftly jumped and ran.

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Mr. Sargent met us and led us a short distance to his house, a place built like nearly all houses in this part of the world of lime stone or cement or both with shingle roofs and blinds everywhere, the whole idea being to keep out heat. The floors were scrubbed to a delightful state of cleanliness but everything shows that very little money is to be had anywhere. His wife and her sister received us. The wife had not been away from the island for years! She was born at Nassau and thinks the climate at Inagua even finer than that, nevertheless I could see that the solitude was something terrible. She has had two or three children but as there is no physician at Inagua she has been obliged to go each time to Nassau, a frightful voyage of three or four hundred miles in a sailing vessel! I saw that the time was coming again when she must either go somewhere or have a physician come to her which she cannot afford. Altogether we pitied these two women! [*Deleted word*] Mr. Pierce kindly asked the whole company to dine with us the same evening, an invitation which was accepted like hungry children; but when the moment arrived the party came without Mrs Sargent! He seemed to us a very self-satisfied sanguine, rather pushing man, though not devoid of good qualities; evidently his energy stands them all in good stead. Her sister, however, poor little thing who came to Inagua after the

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death of their parents, evidently feels a power moving within her to support herself and to do something. Inagua is dull and weighs upon [her *?*] spirit, yet there seems nothing for her to do except to stay just where she is. However we had a cheerful dinner together gave them books and papers and sent them on their way much more cheerful. The same evening we weighed anchor and left the island of Inagua with its little lonely colony, its flamingoes its wild wastes the blasting sun and the shining sea far behinds us.

Notes

days of Columbus: Columbus may have visited Inagua during his first voyage of 1492.

the Captain: Information about the captain and crew of the Hermione on this trip has not yet been located.

Part 3 -- January 24 - 30

Haiti

Jamaica

[*Friday 24 through Monday 27 January*]*

^Friday^ ~~Sunday ^Saturday 25~~ 24th found us at Cape Nicholas Mole, on the Island of Haiti* ^we ran down here Friday night ~~it was a road stead back in harbor~~. The shores were covered with the ruins of fortifications built by the French* garlanded with the lovely tropical growths of this region. Pelicans* were fishing all about the cliffs~~. And The Captain shot one and brought it ashore~~. I had no idea before of the size or beauty of these dove colored creatures -- Seven feet I believe this one measured from tip to tip; ~~and~~ it was pleasure enough to lie the long afternoon watching them fish in the clear lovely water. In the night again we steamed away for Port au Prince, Haiti.* Here we passed Saturday morning -- a more strangely barbarian place probably does not exist on the face of the earth! Strangely barbarian -- because it is not ~~exactly~~ the wild and native barbarian ^one sees just^ as he may be found in the wilds of Africa, but after years of occupation by Spanish, English and

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I have entirely omitted in this brief account of Inagua to describe our drive. We started in the carriage at about eleven o'clock to visit the old disused salt works.* After driving in the hot sun a long distance we came upon level stretches of ~~salt marsh~~ ^sand separated by low dikes^ where the water had been shut in and left to evaporate in the scorching heat. The whole scheme was a failure, but the wild wide stretches of ~~beach~~ ^sand^ and ~~marsh~~ ^shallow water^ were very sad and impressive. As we gazed far out over these dazzling sands we saw a cloud of ^rose red^ ~~pink~~ flamingoes,* ^looking^ ~~probably~~ as tall as men standing still ^in long rows^ reflected like pink sunset clouds in the wet surface beneath. The scene has left an ineffaceable memory. The intolerable heat, the wild shore, the endless sands and these birds, glowing, innumerable untameable, -- have furnished a new chamber of memory for the imagination to wander in.

Page 44 [*Resumes the narrative from p. 42*]

French* -- here it is ^the place^* at last abandoned to the colored people who have multiplied like the ant, and without government

or schools or churches to influence them outside of themselves they ^continue to^ multiply with the fertility of unchecked animal creation, while drink and unthrift coupled with their love of music and color and the shows of things produces a [*deleted letter*] condition ~~of things~~ happily not to be seen elsewhere -- They tried to get certain dues from the Captain but were unsuccessful, while Mr. Pierce invited a Mr. Keitel of the banking house,* a German who seemed an intelligent man to dine with us. Mr. Keitel accepted, we made ready -- the table prettily garnished and all of us dressed -- but no Keitel appeared -- and no excuse. The whole thing's seemed in keeping -- therefore as soon as dinner was over and we had passed a lovely hour on the captain's deck in the moonlight and soft air, we steamed away from Haiti towards Jamaica. The sea was smooth all night because we were embayed and it was a half formed scheme to rest over Sunday (27th) off the Cape Dame Marie* but the Captain saw no reason for such delay Therefore we kept on across the open sea to Jamaica. All day Sunday

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the good ship kept steadily on, but some of us were very sea-sick. It was warm, and blowing, and rainy, -- towards night -- but there was no pleasure ~~for some of us~~ while ^the ship^ we rolled. The sea between the islands seems to be forever rolling heavily; a bad kind of rolling too ~~for those who are not very steady at sea~~. However before bed time we came into the safe and pretty harbor of Port Antonio.* A call was given for a pilot because the Captain had never been here before but he was scarcely needed -- the light-house with its rays of two colors and the secure harbor, deep enough to allow us to anchor at the wharf on Monday morning, were beautiful to look upon.

The rain of yesterday washed the air as well as the streets and a cool breeze was blowing as we drove along the shore before noon. Here at last were the tropics indeed. We kept close to the sea, but as we drove through the little town, which is really much larger than one would suppose looking at it from the ship -- we found well paved streets white and clean with no sidewalks and little shops like booths open, chiefly towards the street. There are comparatively no white people, a small society of a dozen families, but there are colored men & women of every nationality

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It is a strange contrast to the African race that of the Coolies!* The East Indian has been found the better workman{;} therefore he is invited to come here, with his family, on certain wages indentured for five years, at the end of this time he is allowed to return and his passage paid, or he may remain under certain conditions. Seventy five per cent return to their native land when the time is up; but it is interesting to consider what effect the remainder will eventually have ^upon this land^. They wear a noble resolved self-respecting air, and one passes them in the road with a new sense of importance. Few things have impressed me more than the aspect of these men. With the opportunity which will by and by ^be^ theirs in a land which is pretty sure to be an independent republic, I fancy before many years; with the increase of shipping, bringing opportunity ^also^ for education nearer we are likely to see -- I should say -- the world may see -- not ourselves -- a strong noble race, with the African people -- as their servants and allies. They seem to have in them the spirit of dominance, they certainly have the power of self control and the result may be foreseen if not experienced by us.

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The Africans do not fraternize with them; indeed they are said to be inimical but there is no outward expression of ill-feeling except [that *written over* their *?*] ~~living~~ ^they prefer to live^ apart. How indeed can they live together with such varying [*deleted word*] ^views^ of religion and life if the African can be said to possess any independent views save those he has borrowed or inherited from his white masters. Port au Prince discouraged one from believing in any reserved self-motive power in the race so far as he has one. It is however too early to be definite upon this subject. Toussaint L'Ouverture* seems to have possessed original power, but he stands almost "a sport" among the black races as we know them.

How sunny and yet cool was our morning drive! The sun itself was excessively hot, but ~~the~~ ^we^ were sheltered and the breeze was delicious. We saw the Bread-fruit Tree in its perfect beauty also the Mango with its bronze-lined leaves and a fine sort of water-laurel or rhododendron* which we did not know, and flowers flowers everywhere. O how beautiful it was. A white heron rose near the shore as we drove and a native was wading in the crystal water regardless of the sun upon his head, which would probably have slain us. The brilliant red of the Hisbiscus [Hibiscus *?*] and the Pointsettia [*deleted word*] ^among^ their dark leaves was always a pleasure to make us cry out, much to the amusement of

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our colored driver who was a serious faced intelligent boy who know [*intended* knows *or*

knew *?*] the names of a good many plants and could answer some of the questions we put to him. We returned to the beautiful Hermione to luncheon, laden with roses and "false hops" a lovely shrub, ^~~with~~^ spotted leaves which remind me of "the spotted Japonica" and Coleus (to the latter family I think the plant belongs) but which are called Croton here.* The red varieties are especially beautiful. The ship is decorated with palms tied to the posts of the upper deck and looks exceedingly festal.

In the [afternoon *corrected*] we again went ashore. By the kindness of the gentlemen who have the charge of the American Fruit Packing Company here we have carriages, and every friendly attention. One of them is the Consul, Mr. Davis, who is sending Boston beans* over to the ship, and offering us every kindness. A Captain Baker seems to be at the head of the company, and a Mr. Jones one of the chief administrators and owners. Mr. Pierce kindly invited them all to dinner in the evening. The latter came with his wife and Captain Baker.

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The afternoon drive was not a repetition of the morning. We were carried back among the hills where we had wonderful views. (T. B. said like the pictures in ^the back of^ Mitchell's Geography come true!)* of the mountains and where the vast forests of bananas, as one may call these orchards, were spread out before us. Words fail of course to give a hint of the tropical beauty spread before our eyes, but the bamboos waving their gemlike plumes against the sky* were utterly new and surprising. They are as delicate in form as any plume and yet they must possess wonderful strength to stand high against the sky waving in every breeze. The climate here is different from any we have ever seen. There is rain all the time, no rainy season, and this afternoon all the green loveliness was softened and deepened by a gray sky with dashes of soft rain and the sun sending occasional shafts of light ~~only~~ down the valleys. We drove as far as the borders of a great stream called Rio Grande;* a wild spot ~~running~~ the water was running swift and deep as a man's armpits, nevertheless the people were crossing and re-crossing with

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heavy loads of goods and bananas upon their heads and backs. I have never seen a wilder sight. A group of women were sitting upon one side, breaking stones for the roads which were under the British government are kept in wonderful order. The British government and the American trade together seem to produce a^n^ [*deleted word*] effect ^for good^ when we contrast this place with any other we have yet seen.

But to return to our riverside! The great scene will never fade out of remembrance. The rush of waters, the green hills beyond, the gray sky, the [*deleted letters*] figures struggling across the stream -- are not to be forgotten. One was a woman with a heavy basket on her head; she had deftly wound her skirts up to her breast, but as she swayed with the stream she held them sometimes higher sometimes lowers -- always so she should preserve her modesty if the waves did not cover her completely. The dignity of her movement was beautiful -- There was one man whom I could distinguish on the opposite shore by his movement only -- He was like some insects we know -- except by the colors of the surrounding landscape. His skin was like the earth -- his green bananas like other growing

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things -- and there were bananas in a net at his back and others on his head -- How nature repeats herself through all her forms! There is the grand scheme & the infinite variety.

We came "home" ^to the^ Hermione in the dark to dinner without invited guests. The refinement of an elegant dinner-table and pleasant friendly talk were like fountains of water to the poor American lady stranded here --

Notes

27 January: Fields does not begin a new paragraph for this date. This journal entry continues in the same paragraph and line from the previous.

Cape Nicholas Mole, on the Island of Haiti: Môle-Saint-Nicolas is in the harbor, at the northwestern tip of Haiti. It is about 80 miles from Matthew Town on Inagua. Wikipedia says: "Christopher Columbus' first voyage to the Americas landed at the site of what is now Môle-Saint-Nicolas on December 6, 1492. The town received its present name after France gained control of the western part of Hispaniola in 1697." Wikipedia notes that the French began to occupy the area beginning in 1625. In her letter of 25 January, Jewett offers a circumstantial account of the *Hermione's* arrival.

The harbor of Port-au-Prince
from
Santo Domingo, past and present, with a glance at Hayti.
Samuel Hazard (1834-1876)
New York: Harper Brothers, 1873

the ruins of fortifications built by the French: After the French gained control of Haiti, they undertook to fortify this area, beginning in 1767. See Barry Proctor, Môle Saint-Nicolas: The French Fortifications.

pelicans: Wikipedia says: "Modern pelicans are found on all continents except Antarctica. They primarily inhabit warm regions, although breeding ranges extend to latitudes of 45° South (Australian pelicans in Tasmania) and 60° North (American white pelicans in western Canada)."

Port au Prince ... years of occupation: The straight line distance from Môle-Saint-Nicolas to Port-au-Prince is about 110 miles. Wikipedia says: "Port-au-Prince ... is the capital and largest city of the Caribbean country of Haiti.... It was first incorporated under the colonial rule of the French, in 1749. The city's layout is similar to that of an amphitheater; commercial districts are near the water, while residential neighborhoods are located on the hills above. Its population is difficult to ascertain due to the rapid growth of slums in the hillsides above the city; however, recent estimates place the metropolitan area's population at around 3.7 million, nearly half of the country's national population."

Spanish occupation of Haiti (then Hispanola) stretched from 1492, when Columbus landed at Môle Saint-Nicolas on 5 December 1492, until 1625. The French obtained what is now Haiti in 1625, ruling until the slave revolt that ended with independence in 1804. Fields, then, refers to more than 300 years of colonial domination. The French imported Africans as slaves to work sugar cane plantations. By the time of the slave revolt, slaves outnumbered white colonists by about 10 to 1.

The strongly negative impression Fields takes in Port-au-Prince becomes a repeated theme through the journal, the town becoming a standard for the loss of civilized culture against which she measures other island cultures. Jewett wrote to Louisa Dresel on January 30, 1896: "Then we went to Hayti, which was oh, so funny with its pomp of darkeys. Port au Prince was quite an awful scene of thriftlessness and silly pretense -- but one or two little Haytian harbours and the high green coast were most lovely" (See full text below).

Harbor of Port Antonio
from Stark, p. 148

Page 43: This page seems to have been inserted here, breaking the continuity between 42 and 44.

disused salt works: Though the production of sea salt on Inagua had failed by 1896, the Morton Salt Company now provides Inagua's main industry, with a large solar salt operation.

flamingoes: Wikipedia says of Inagua: "There is a large bird sanctuary in the centre of the island with a population of more than 80,000 West Indian flamingoes and many other bird species...."

the place: This insertion is in pencil. Though a number of changes in pencil appear in the manuscript after those parts that were revised into Fields's post-1898 document, I have decided not to mark them here. It seems unlikely that future scholars will be interested in this manuscript at that level of detail. Should that belief prove mistaken, a future scholar would need to return to the manuscript to examine the revisions.

Mr. Keitel of the banking house: G. Keitel & Company, a banking firm established in Hamburg, Germany, opened business in Port-au-Prince in 1867. The company also was

involved in import and export, transatlantic shipping, and in Haitian railroads.

off the Cape Dame Marie: Cape Dame Marie is at the west end of the southern peninsula of Haiti. Straight line distance from Port-au-Prince to Cape Dame Marie is about 110 miles. Fields several times has difficulty keeping days and dates straight. January 27th actually was a Monday.

harbor of Port Antonio: From Cape Dame Marie, Haiti, to Port Antonio, Jamaica is about 135 miles. From Port Antonio to Kingston is about 60 miles, though clearly this is much longer by sea.

the Coolies: While Americans easily assume the term "coolie" to apply to Chinese immigrant workers, Fields specifies that the "coolies" she observes are East Indians. There *were* Chinese immigrant workers in Jamaica. Wikipedia offers a summary account of Chinese Jamaicans: "The two earliest ships of Chinese migrant workers to Jamaica arrived in 1854, the first directly from China, the second composed of onward migrants from Panama; they were contracted for plantation work. A further 200 would arrive in the years up until 1870, mostly from other Caribbean islands. Later, in 1884, a third wave of 680 Chinese migrants would arrive...." The National Library of Jamaica provides a more detailed account of 19th-century Chinese migrant workers.

Fields describes the imported workers of Port Antonio as East Indian, which seems ambiguous, but her physical descriptions of clothing seem to fit better the second illustration below, showing workers likely to have come from southern Asia.

Chinese workers in Jamaica

Courtesy of The National Library of Jamaica

Toussaint L'Ouverture: Wikipedia says: François-Dominique Toussaint Louverture ...(20 May 1743 – 7 April 1803), .. nicknamed the "Napoléon Noir" (Black Napoleon), was the leader of the Haitian Revolution. His military genius and political acumen transformed an entire society of slaves into the independent state of Haiti. The success of the Haitian Revolution shook the institution of slavery throughout the New World." Fields returns several later times in her diary to her reflections about whether and when Africans in the colonial islands will be capable of self-rule, taking note of the seeming contrast between such leading figures as Louverture and what she sees as the degraded masses of the Black populations.

Foreign workers identified as
"Newly Arrived Coolies"
Stark, p. 191.

Bread-fruit Tree ... the Mango ... water-[laurel ?] rhododendron: According to Wikipedia: "Breadfruit (*Artocarpus altilis*) is a species of flowering tree in the mulberry family (*Moraceae*) originating in the South Pacific and that was eventually spread to the rest of Oceania. British and French navigators introduced a few Polynesian seedless varieties to Caribbean islands during the late 18th century and today it is grown in some 90 countries throughout South and Southeast Asia, the Pacific Ocean, the Caribbean, Central America and Africa." It is valuable as a source of food as well as of latex.

Wikipedia says that the Mango tree originated in South Asia, but is now cultivated everywhere that frost does not occur for its sweet red and golden fruit.

What Fields refers to apparently as a sort of "water-laurel rhododendron" is quite uncertain. I have found no other reference to such a plant. David G. Leach in the *Journal of the American Rhododendron Society* (1957) indicates that tree Rhododendrons are not native to Jamaica. He reports his surprise at finding on a Jamaican mountain a scarlet blooming "*R. arboreum*, native to the great arc of the Himalayas from Kashmir to Bhutan, and with an outlying representative in Ceylon

"false hops" a lovely shrub, ^with^ spotted leaves which remind me of "the spotted Japonica" and Coleus (to the latter family I think the plant belongs) but which are called Croton: Unpacking this description seems very complicated. Wikipedia's description of *Justicia brandegeeana*, commonly called "false hops," seems to fit Fields's image. Exactly how she relates the other plants except by similar appearance seems obscure.

Wikipedia says: "*Aucuba japonica*, commonly called spotted laurel, Japanese laurel, Japanese aucuba or gold dust plant (U.S.), is a shrub (1 - 5 m, 3.3 - 16.4 ft) native to rich forest soils of moist valleys, thickets, by streams and near shaded moist rocks in China, Korea, and Japan. This is the species of Aucuba commonly seen in gardens -- often in variegated form."

"Plectranthus scutellarioides (coleus) is a species of flowering plant in the family *Lamiaceae*, native to south east Asia and Malaysia. Growing to 60–75 cm (24–30 in) tall and wide, it is a bushy, woody-based evergreen perennial, widely grown for its highly decorative variegated leaves"

If she is using "Croton" as the name of a family of plants, it is not clear that any of the other three plants belongs to this family. On the other hand garden croton, *Codiaeum variegatum*, does resemble the other plants, with its colorful leaves.

American Fruit Packing Company ... A Captain Baker seems to be at the head of the company, and a Mr. Jones one of the chief administrators: Fields refers to the Boston Fruit Company (1887), of which Wikipedia says: "Lorenzo Dow Baker served as president of the company and manager of the tropical division. By 1895, 'the corporation own[ed] nearly 40,000 acres, included in 35 plantations, and deep-water frontage [in Jamaica] in the harbors of Port Antonio and Port Morant. They owned their own lines of steamships, which they operated between those ports and Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Besides carrying their own fruits, they carried some outside freight, and afforded passenger accommodations for many tourists visiting the West-India Islands.'"

Stark's Jamaica Guide: Containing a Description of Everything Relating to Jamaica (1902), p. 146, by James Henry Stark, notes that Mr. J. A. Jones was an assistant manager of the United Fruit Company, formed in 1899, when Boston Fruit merged with another company. *The Manual of Statistics: Stock Exchange Hand-book* (1905), Volumes 26-30; Volume 38, Charles M. Goodsell, Henry E. Wallace, p. 744, reports on the United Fruit Company, listing James A. Jones as one of the directors. This description is especially useful in indicating the power of the company, which in 1904 had massive assets, $15 million in issued stock and annual net earnings in excess of $2 million.

the Consul, Mr. Davis, ... Boston beans: The American Consul at Port Antonio in 1896 has not been identified.

Presumably, Mr. Davis sends the *Hermione* some Boston baked beans, or perhaps dried beans to be used in making this dish.

pictures in ^the back of^ Mitchell's Geography come true: Wikipedia says: "Samuel Augustus Mitchell (1790-1868) was an American geographer.... He became involved in geography after teaching and realizing that there were so many poor quality geographical resources available to teachers." Which of Mitchell's several geographies Aldrich refers to is not clear. Those currently available as Google Books do not collect illustrations "at the back," but several contain drawings related to the West Indies. See for example: Mitchell's School Geography (1860), p. 188.

tree-bamboos waving their gemlike plumes against the sky: Probably, Fields was viewing *Bambusa vulgaris*, which grows on the Caribbean islands.

Rio Grande: Stark's Guide to Jamaica says the Rio Grande is the second largest river in Jamaica, and it flows through the Golden Vale, a rich banana growing area owned by the Boston Fruit Company (pp. 149-50.

Women carrying bananas at Port Morant
From Stark, p. 98

From Jewett's Correspondence

Saturday 25 January -- to Mary Rice Jewett and Carrie Eastman from Port au Prince, Haiti.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Historic New England in "Sarah Orne Jewett Personal Correspondence," Box 6.3.

I was sorry that I sent such a poor letter from Inagua but there seemed to be scant time to do that and take it ashore but found out afterward that I need not have hurried. You will now get further particulars with a one legged pen of A. F.'s and hear that we were much interested with poor Inagua which seemed to have neither 'taters nor poor rabbit either! There had been a great enterprise of salt-making two or three square miles of flats all dyked and put in working order with salt houses and wheels and dams & channels and after they had made good salt a while like Turk's Island there came a great cloudburst and all the mud, red and sticky-looking worked up through, and the whole thing was left to go to ruin. The Consul's father was one of the men but died long ago and he and his old mother and the children have lived on but the little town went to pieces like the salt works because every body went away, and there lies Inagua in the hot sun low and hungry looking. All the little scrub oaks and things were quite forlorn looking beside after Nassau which was as bushy as Ireland. We had a nice long drive (though pretty hot and glaring) across the great salt plain where we saw snipe feeding, and best of all, the most splendid flock of flamingos off on the flats, as bright as geranium flowers at that distance and the Consul said that they were tall enough to touch the top of his head with their beaks. I wish that Stubby could have seen & shot one. I tried to see if I could get an egg to bring him for his collection, but I couldn't. There must have been two or three hundred of them. We had the Consul & his mother & sister to dinner, and in the night we set sail over a rough piece of sea. From Inagua we could just see the mountains of Cuba, but I suppose that is all we are likely to see, and we turned south toward Haity and got into the most lovely bay among the mountains, at sunrise -- with a queer little town like a geography picture -- high mountains behind and a long row of cocoa palms. The Republic of Hayti presently came off in a boat -- a number of persons who were dignitaries of that port the chief among them being an old black person like Charles Tash* with a silk hat much too large for him so that it went down over his shoulders like a cape. Mr. Pierce and I were on the upper deck and I hopped up to see the boat load thinking that they wanted to sell conch shells & things and my eye met this scene of splendor & I got Mr. Pierce and I thought he never would stop laughing: dont you know how Uncle William* would laugh sometimes until he cried? It had its affecting side too, but of all the majesty I ever saw! and that great hat! We stayed there all day but didn't go ashore. The Captain went off in a little boat and shot a pelican, and brought him aboard to our great interest. We saw them flying and fishing all down the shore and it was a great pleasure, nice picture-book pelicans, Carrie and Mary!

Your sister tried to draw a little one but could not stop.... There was another big yacht in the bay & we left it there. We had our dinner and then went up on the Captain's bridge and stayed until bedtime. It was a lovely night perfectly quiet and still, and we sailed at nine o'clock and got here at seven this morning. The mountains are beautiful and the harbor full of shipping. There is a big steamer unloading pelters* that kick and swing in the air. Mary would know them all again and some behave so well poor things.
A. F. who has been rather upset and poorly of late, is nicely this morning and in great feather. Mr. Pierce says we shall go ashore a week in Jamaica & go up among the mountains & stay perhaps. Lillian who is much sicker than anybody is also well again. And I have not been very badly off except that first day. Now we are away from that great Atlantic swell that knocks us about we shall be more comfortable.

Notes

Charles Tash: The identify of Charles Tash is unknown.

Uncle William: Jewett's Uncle William Jewett died in 1887.
Stubby is a nickname for Jewett's nephew, Theodore.

pelters: This word occurs several times in Jewett's writings, and its meanings often are elusive. She seems here to refer to animals with pelts, but it is hard to imagine a ship-load of live, fur-bearing animals arriving in a Caribbean port. Could she refer to sheep or horses?

Fields Diary

[*Tuesday 28 January*]

January 28th ^Rainy^ everywhere ^Today^ we steamed away from Port Antonio to Port Morant *-- four hours only ^in the afternoon^ -- but the sea was pretty rough the wind high and warm and I kept as still as possible but nobody was really sick. We came into harbor just at sunset, a quiet beautiful bay, with lovely mountain sides clothed with cocoa-palms and bamboo. What a lovely sunset it was! but short as sunsets must be at in winter on Jamaica; by half past six, if the moon were not in the sky it would be dark. But now it is never dark with us; save [unless / when *?*] it was raining at Port Antonio. We have now

left the clouds on the northern side of the island, behind the mountains where they lie troubled with soft pink by the setting sun and the moon [coming *?*]

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up above them. The colors are all soft and pallid but tender --; This is winter in the tropics!

Note

from Port Antonio to Port Morant: By sea, the distance between these ports in Jamaica would be something in excess of 70 miles.

[*Wednesday 29 January*]

Wednesday 29th at Port Morant.* [*deleted word*] ^A^ place [*deleted word*] to remind [*deleted word*] ^one^ of [*deleted letters*] the Garden of Eden.* Horses were waiting for us early by the kindness again of Captain Baker of the Fruit Company. We drove nearly all day taking luncheon at Miss Duffy's lodgings* in a little hamlet called Bath.* The valleys through which we travelled, over smooth roads were thickly inhabited by colored people and coolies -- The latter deeply interesting and picturesque as usual. [*Deleted word*] The whole way seemed to be decorated by the hand of taste! How the red Hibiscus shown! ~~and the dark~~ [*Deleted word*] ! How splendid the star apple tree* with its bronze foliage! ~~But the splendor soon outshone the power of taste!~~ We suddenly saw a tree ^as large as a [*Deleted word*] fine oak^ making a glory in the sky with a sea of red -- almost vermilion blossoms. Later we found it is called Spathodia.*

Returning to our boat we steamed on through a smooth sea to Kingston. It was beautiful sailing the whole distance. At sundown we anchored off Port Royal.

Notes

Port Morant: On the southeastern coast of Jamaica, Port Morant has a history as a main port in the banana and rum trades.

the Garden of Eden: In Genesis, the original home of Adam and Eve, is a paradise that meets all human material needs.

Miss Duffy's lodgings: Stark reports that Bath was at one time the main spa in Jamaica, with its Bath of St. Thomas the Apostle. Stark's description of the road from Port Morant closely parallels that of Fields (pp. 99-100).

In *A Glimpse of the Tropics; Or, Four Months Cruising in the West Indies* (1900), Edward Aubrey Hastings Jay describes staying at Miss Duffy's:

> From Morant Bay we drove by the coast road to Fisherman's Bay, and then turned inland, following the course of a lovely valley to Bath. This last bit of road is indeed scarcely rivalled in Jamaica for its exquisite beauty. We followed the course of a deep ravine, the vegetation becoming richer at every turn of the road, masses and masses of feathery bamboos covering the mountain sides, and ferns, mosses, and creepers growing in a wild tangle along the banks.
>
> We drove at length into the little sylvan town of Bath, nestling in a garden of strange tropical trees, amongst which were specimens imported from every quarter of the globe. Miss Duffy's lodging, with its picturesque balcony overlooking this vision of beauty, and its shady little yard overshadowed by the spreading leaves of a magnificent bread-fruit tree, tempted us to spend the rest of our days in Bath. We found that the inside of her charming little house in no way belied its cosy appearance.
>
> Tired and stiff after driving nearly forty miles cramped up in a buggy, we were glad to stretch our limbs on the shady balcony. Close to the wall was a calabash tree, with its huge green fruit hanging like cannon-balls from the branches.... In a meadow opposite were big forest trees with gorgeous blossoms, some red and some orange. The names of all the varieties here it would be impossible for any one but an expert to grasp, still less to remember. Among the most striking was the Otaheite Apple, a tall, majestic tree, with luxuriant foliage and bright scarlet blossoms. Another was the Guango (*Pithecolobium saman*), a near relation of the wild tamarind. This tree is often as much as six feet in diameter, with spreading branches, and covered with blossoms of a mauve tint and delicate texture. There were also several specimens of the akce, naturalised from West Africa -- a bushy tree with leaves like those of an ash, and bearing on its branches a beautiful scarlet fruit, which splits open when ripe, and displays a row of black seeds enclosed in a white pulp. The akee has a delicious scent and flavour, and is not unlike a nectarine. Here, too, we saw a gigantic silk-cotton tree, with its trunk covered to a height of about forty or fifty feet with the aerial roots of a wild fig, which was slowly crushing the life out of it.
>
> Miss Duffy gave us an excellent little dinner, well cooked and nicely served, and we strolled out afterwards to explore and to enjoy the cool night air. (249-51)

For another contemporary description of Lucretia Duffy's lodgings and the baths, see *Side Trips in Jamaica* (1900), by Mary F. Bradford (p. 38). Bradford also notes the good Jamaican cooking at Duffy's.

star apple tree: Wikipedia says that *Chrysophyllum cainito*, also known as Star Apple, "is a tropical tree of the family *Sapotaceae*. It is native to the Greater Antilles and the West Indies. It has spread to the lowlands of Central America and is now is grown throughout the tropics, including Southeast Asia. It grows rapidly and reaches 20 m in height."

Spathodia: *Spathodea*, says Wikipedia, is: "The ... *Spathodea campanulata* ... commonly known as the fountain tree, African tulip tree, pichkari or Nandi flame. The tree grows between 7–25 m (23–82 ft) tall and is native to tropical dry forests of Africa. It has been nominated as among 100 of the 'World's Worst' invaders."

Kingston… Port Royal: Port Morant to Kingston is about 70 miles. Port Royal is at the entrance to Kingston Harbor.

[*Thursday 30 January*]

Thursday 30th We awakened as if we were still continuing the dream of beauty in which we floated the night before, when the moon rose full at sunset and there was no darkness.

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English men of war* are in Kingston harbor and their 'music' filled the evening air. We lay on deck and drank in the lovely scene as we rested. Thursday morning the moon was still shining brilliantly when we arose because the sun sets early and rises late [*one and one half lines and insertions deleted. Readable deleted words seem to be:* we are cheating ^us^ with the idea that it is summer.] The hours remain as they are at home, but the heat is that of summer. The cook* passed up ^~~the gangway~~^ today with a basket of fresh fish which he stopped to show us. Bonita, hard and yellow -- [*Deleted word*] red snapper* and little [lilac *?*] bodies veined with yellow. They are brilliant and beautiful as the flowers. This city of Kingston was white and dusty and hot; we were amused as usual by the colored people but it was too scorching to stay long from the boat especially as there is little to attract one in the town itself. The five thousand white ~~people~~ ^persons^ who live here with about 50,000 ^of the^ colored people, have made homes for themselves on the mountain sides above the town and some of these places we hope to see.*

It is lovely to watch the light ~~from~~ ^looking from our boat in^ the harbor glowing upon the mountain sides. High up we can just discover like a rift [*intended* drift *?*] of

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snow in an upland valley the home of all the white soldiers of Jamaica. The place is called Newcastle* and is delightfully cool. Blankets are always needed there ~~by~~ ^at^ night.

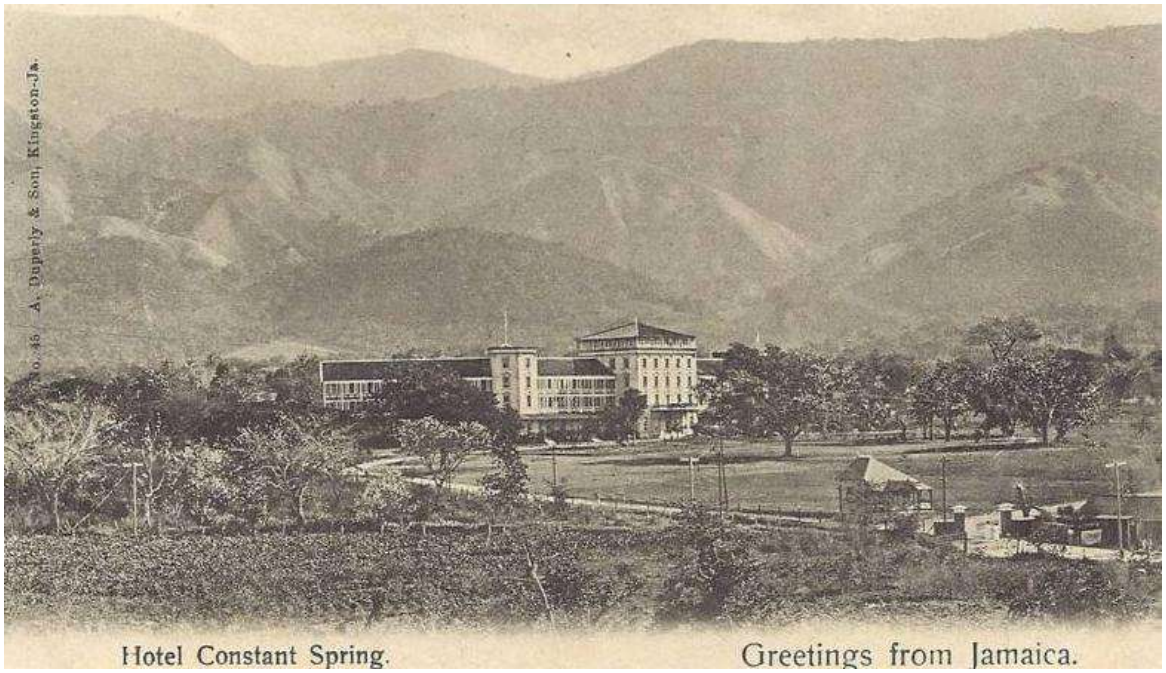
Notes

Image of a Royal Marine Band on the HMS *Commonwealth* (1909)
from Henry Eaves
which offers this citation: RM Museum in Southsea, *UK*.

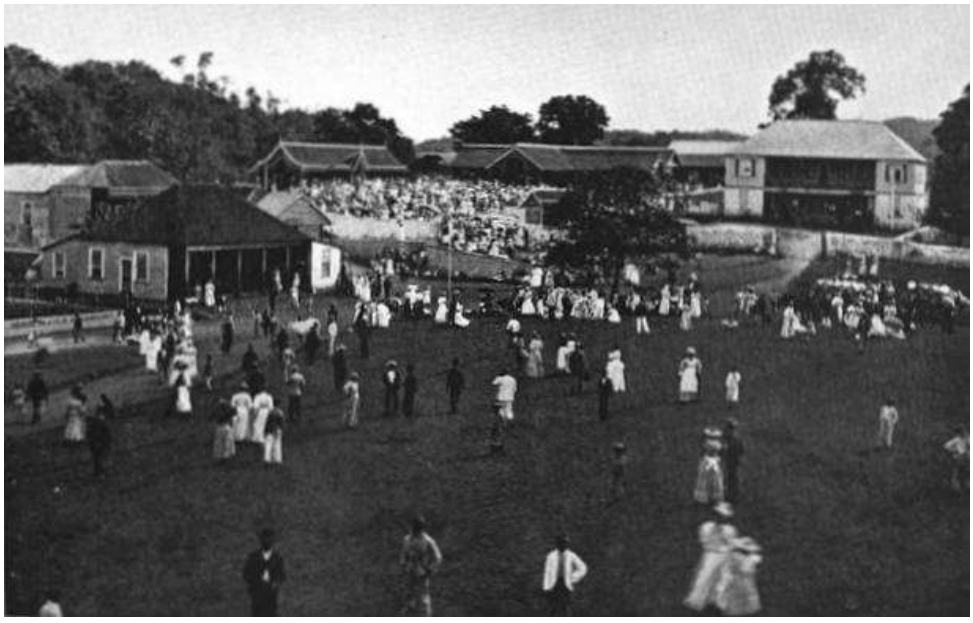
English men of war: In *The Royal Navy: a History from the Earliest Times to the Death of Queen Victoria* (1903), the authors include an image of the "Spithead review 1897 Chevalier de Martino" (p. 400). This photo of a naval review celebrating Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee should give some impression of how British warships may have appeared in the Kingston harbor in 1896. It is not clear that Fields means the term "men of war" technically; she seems rather to apply it to navy vessels generally.

On some Royal Navy ships, there were bands, and in 1896, the Royal Navy was beginning the process of setting up the Royal Marines Bands, which came into being in 1903.

Newcastle: In his description of the Newcastle area in Chapter 9 (pp. 77-80), Stark indicates that the camp was northeast of Kingston, beyond Gordon Town, several miles up the Hope River, which flows into the sea at Harbor View.



1905 postcard image of the Constant Spring Hotel near Kingston (Pinterest).



Mandeville Market from *Stark's Jamaica Guide*, p. 114

From Jewett's Correspondence

Thursday 30 January -- to Louisa Loring Dresel from Kingston, Jamaica.

From Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*.

I was so glad to get your letter today, and so was Mrs. Fields. We are having a very much better time as we go on, for A. F. is better and I, too, and I find Jamaica a most enchantingly beautiful country. My fellow travellers say that Ceylon is not a bit more beautiful. We have been a week in Nassau, where I wrote you, and then came down through the Bahamas, stopping only at Inagua, a strange lonely island which I must tell you about some day, with its wild marshes and a huge flock of flamingos, like all your best red paints spilt on the shining mud. There had once been square miles of salt works which were ruined by a tornado, and now the flamingos blow about there like flames. Then we went to Hayti, which was oh, so funny with its pomp of darkeys. Port au Prince was quite an awful scene of thriftlessness and silly pretense -- but one or two little Haytian harbours and the high green coast were most lovely. And then Jamaica, with all its new trees and flowers, and its coolies, Loulie! with their bangles and turbans and strange eyes. You would like Jamaica immensely….

…The roads are so fine here, winding and looping along the sides of the hills as they do in Switzerland, -- fine English-made roads, -- and you look up to the great mountains, and down to the blue sea.

…

You will find this an old date, dear Loulie, but the letter was overlooked when our last mail was sent ashore and there hasn't been one since, this being the 19th of February! We are on our way to Nassau now expecting to reach there in a few days. We got into a port way down in Porto Rico, and after they had collected all the fees they told us if we went on to St. Thomas (where all our letters were!) or to any of the Windward Islands upon which our hearts were set, we should have to go through a long quarantine! so we turned meekly around & came back all our long way, but we have seen a good many islands & many rough seas and I feel more resigned now than I did at first. We are sure to be at home in two or three weeks now if all goes well. I think this is a more important postscript than letter!

Jamaica

[*Friday 31 January through Sunday 2 February.*]

Friday Jan. 31st Kingston Harbor. Again a night of glory! The moon on the mountains and the sea! There was no martial music from the Royal Ships but there was stillness everywhere. Even an occasional boat would pass us silently as if the quiet was too sacred to be broken. This morning there are soft shadows and a few clouds around the mountains, but a white mist has settled upon the plain where Kingston lies. Why could not English eyes have seen these poisonous mists before sacrificing thousands of brave men here.* At last they have learned the lesson and their troops lie high up on the mountains where in hours they can be called to the field. [*Deleted word*]

The Hermione is to be thoroughly cleaned here and we shall stay several days -- long enough to find ourselves ^somewhat^ acquainted with the place ^island^. [*Deleted word*]

We left soon after breakfast for a visit of exploration ~~over the island~~ driving first over a level dusty road six miles to Constant Spring Hotel* a place much frequented during the summer by Kingston people. The hotel which is a

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large one, built of limestone and cement with wide piazzas and a roof of wood, was built by an American company but it was a wild and fruitless scheme and the English ~~syndicate~~ ^government^ which sold them the land was obliged to take the whole thing upon their ^its^ hands in order to get ~~their~~ ^its^ money back. The house stands rather high 500 feet I believe, above the sea and there is a fine spring of clear cool water -- enough for ^a large^ ^swimming^ bath, but [*Several deleted words*] ^the vicinity is a naked^ wilderness; ~~in the vicinity as it seemed~~ ^at least such it appeared^ to us. I dare say it was really more attractive than we thought it however because there were English people with bicycles who found the country beautiful. It was a great drawback to us tro to hear that the [grass *written over another word*] was full of "ticks" and that we must not [stroll *written over another word*] away from the house. ~~It was a drawback to the imagination rather than a reality we faced ---~~ The sun was intensely hot and after a pleasant luncheon with Star apples, mangoes, pineapples and delicious oranges beside other more substantial things, we found ourselves so glad to be perfectly still once more that I believe we hardly moved anyone of us

from our shaded balcony rooms until evening -- when we joined our companions and walked about the endless piazzas until dinner. How good it was to read and write in peace during the afternoon! I read the Bonnie Briar Bush by Ian Maclaren and cried and cried over the doctors story, one of the most exquisite things in all literature putting the writer by the side of our beloved Dr. John Brown* which I thought no man

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could ever make me say! We slept that night "indifferent well" in our new lodgings -- nevertheless we waked refreshed. It was so much cooler than our late weather that the change gave a sense of restlessness.

We left Constant Spring in the cool of the morning the moon in the sky, for a long drive westward into the mountains to Castleton Gardens* which we reached before ten o'clock. All the way up we could look into deep valleys ~~of~~ ^filled with^ cane and tobacco planted upon slopes leading to a fine river called "Wag Water".* The land was not only fertile from cultivation -- the noble trees were a fresh delight on every hand and were dancing over every stone wall. There is, however much more cultivation of the soil than we give these poor "brown men" credit for. It is their own land (there are 700,000 inhabitants* in this island 49 miles wide and 149 miles long. The percentage of whites is very small -- there are about 50,000 I believe altogether) and in spite of its natural fertility it is surely no discredit to the colored people especially when they are led by the example if not by the direct master-ship of the white people. At Castleton there was a little group of cottages belonging to the fruit company and a restaurant. They stand overlooking the garden. It must be a pretty residence and escape from Kingston which is hotter and dustier and more impossible for a residence than any place I ever saw except Port au Prince yet I will admit there is a long distance between ^them^

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in favor of Kingston, which has a good government and a respectable white population who live in its vicinity. Part of our beautiful drive to Castleton was through the gardens of the King's House* ^more precisely the Governor's house^ and we could [confess *?*] nothing lovelier. The road itself before we reach the gates and after we part with the Kingston dust is damp and cool and flower fringed but as we approach the gates the mountains rise and fill the distance with their blue slopes while the foreground is filled as it were to the base of the mountains by an avenue of the most brilliant flowers. We have seen no garden to compare with it! Perhaps there is nothing in the world more beautiful. The avenue and garden lead finally to the house of course and not into the mountain, but the effect is enchanting. The soldiers allowed us to drive through without challenge{;} indeed the general at the house advanced as if to welcome us but we only bowed and drove on. We left Castleton again after an early luncheon returning to Kingston where we took the train to Porus, a small station, whence we took course again to Mandeville* for Sunday, a place recommended for the beautiful mountain air. It must have been 8 o'clock Saturday evening Feby 1st when we came to Mandeville driving 8 or 10 miles in the dusk and dark -- but the horses in our carriage, though not in the one behind were excellent and we trotted along over the

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fine English road drinking in the air after our hot day with immense satisfaction -- We came at last to a strange looking little inn called the Brooks ^~~or Waverly~~^ House* I believe kept by a native white woman evidently of Jewish extraction and her young brother.* The colored servants came quickly to our assistance and "Topsy"* who was head waitress was very efficient. Topsy wore a small white cap on the very top of [*deleted word*] her black wool, but the others wore handkerchiefs or turbans. We were very tired with our long day and glad to go to bed after such a ~~long travel~~ journey but it was all strange enough ^to be interesting [enough to tired eyes *?*]:^ the rooms being built like a piazza{,} the partitions not always running to the top of the rooms and we were made acquainted more or less all night with the movements of our fellows -- but it was cool and decent and we slept well finding ourselves Sunday Feby 2d 2300 feet above the sea on an open hilly plain with an scattered English settlement around us, a race-ground a little market and a large old English church.* It is showery and soft, flowers were blossoming in the garden, geraniums, roses and lilies. The red earth and the limestone making a pleasant combination for the eyes, overhung by green everywhere. Topsy and company began to come to our rooms at half past six, first with tea then with hot water, then for shoes, then for the vessels, all in slow succession, until I locked my door in desperation and began to

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bathe in my washbowl and without a [rag *?*] after the fashion of such places. It could not be called the height of comfort but it was good enough which is saying a ~~good~~ ^great^ deal for the

landlady under the circumstances. [*deleted words*] An equally remote place in New England would not have been better perhaps. The table was rich in oranges the very best we have seen. The finest I have ever seen. Mandeville is famous for them. They are cheap {.} We brought away a large basket {of} three dozen at the cost of two shillings.

We walked over to the church. Many races and every shade of brown man and woman were to be seen -- but how beautiful it is to join together in worship with such a company. We enjoyed it to the full and had a good sermon from the English preacher. The singing too was by the people apparently, led by a selected company who sat in the chancel and was full of spirit -- sometimes a sense of wildness from the voices of the "brown people" rising in the old chants best known to them. The rain came spattering down on the time stained roof and stones as we sat there, but the sun was shining again when we came out into the warm but inspiring air. The grass was greener the earth was redder the mountains more elusive the flowers more brilliant than ever. The roads deep cut between flowery banks reminded one of Devonshire.*

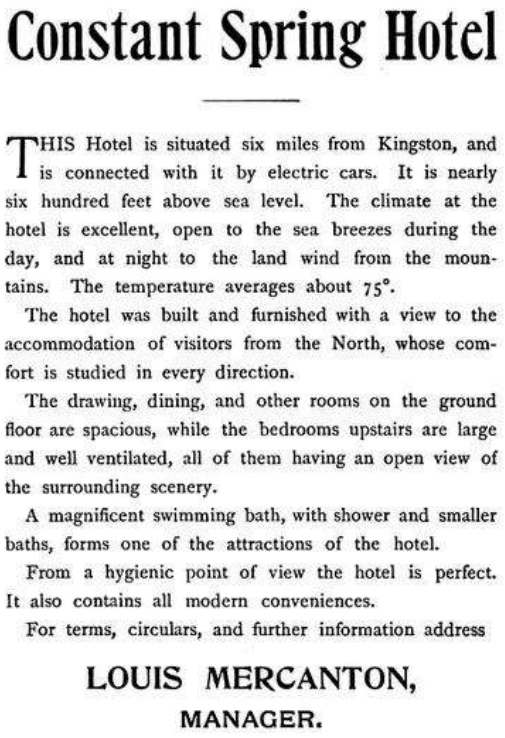
Notes

brave men here: Wikipedia says: "Newcastle [Jamaica] became a military centre in the 1840s when Major General Sir William Maynard Gomm, Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica (and Britain's longest serving soldier), observed that yellow fever, a major cause of death among the British troops stationed in Jamaica, was far less prevalent in the mountains. After unsuccessful attempts to persuade the government to pay for the construction of a military barracks up in the hills, Gomm went ahead with construction of the barracks at the Newcastle coffee plantation on his own initiative.... The death toll among the troops posted to the West Indies garrison, formerly regarded as virtually a death sentence, declined dramatically." Until the early 20th century, it was widely believed that low-lying mists were a direct cause of several tropical diseases, including Yellow Fever.

beloved Dr. John Brown: Wikipedia says: Ian Maclaren (pseudonym of Rev. John Watson; 3 November 1850 – 6 May 1907) was a Scottish author and theologian." *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* (1894), contains stories of rural Scottish life. A 2007 ad for this title describes it: "Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* is one of the most notorious works of Scottish literature. First published in 1894, the book was an instant best-seller. Millions of readers across the world rushed to devour these nostalgic tales of Scottish life in a bygone age. Based on the author's experiences as a Free Church minister in rural Perthshire, the book captured the contemporary taste with its blend of humour and pathos and its racy Scots dialogue."

Wikipedia also says: "John Brown (22 September 1810 – 11 May 1882) was a Scottish physician and essayist. He is best known for his 3-volume collection *Horae Subsecivae*—"Leisure Hours" (1858), including essays and papers on art, medical history and biography. Among the former, his dog story, *Rab and his Friends* (1859), and his essays *Pet Marjorie* (1863)—on Marjorie Fleming, the ten-year-old prodigy and "pet" of Walter Scott, *Our Dogs, Minchmoor, and The Enterkine* are especially notable."

Constant Spring Hotel:



Constant Spring Hotel

THIS Hotel is situated six miles from Kingston, and is connected with it by electric cars. It is nearly six hundred feet above sea level. The climate at the hotel is excellent, open to the sea breezes during the day, and at night to the land wind from the mountains. The temperature averages about 75°.

The hotel was built and furnished with a view to the accommodation of visitors from the North, whose comfort is studied in every direction.

The drawing, dining, and other rooms on the ground floor are spacious, while the bedrooms upstairs are large and well ventilated, all of them having an open view of the surrounding scenery.

A magnificent swimming bath, with shower and smaller baths, forms one of the attractions of the hotel.

From a hygienic point of view the hotel is perfect. It also contains all modern conveniences.

For terms, circulars, and further information address

LOUIS MERCANTON,
MANAGER.

Ad for the Constant Spring Hotel
Stark's Jamaica Guide (1902) p. 224.

Castleton Gardens: Fields seems to have her directions mixed up, not surprising when traveling through mountainous terrain. From Constant Spring to Castleton is almost due north. Castleton is on the Wag Water River, which flows into Annotto Bay on the north side of the island, about 24 miles from Kingston. According to Stark, by the 1890s, the Wag Water had become an important part of Kingston's water supply.

Wikipedia says: "In the 19th century, the British established a number of botanical gardens. These included the Castleton Botanical Garden, developed in 1862 to replace the Bath Garden (created in 1779) which was subject to flooding. Bath Garden was the site for planting breadfruit, brought to Jamaica from the Pacific by Captain William Bligh. It became a staple in island diets."

700,000 inhabitants: The source of Field's numbers is not known. *Stark's Jamaica Guide* says that in the 1891 census, there were about 640K inhabitants, of whom 14K identified themselves as white, though Stark believes a significant portion of these was of mixed heritage. He gives the Chinese population as only 481 and the East Indian as about 10K (pp. 186-7).

gardens of the King's House: Chapter 8 of *Stark's Jamaica Guide* describes the five-mile drive from Kingston to King's House, the governor's residence. The residence is north of the village of Halfway Tree. Henry Arthur Blake was governor of Jamaica, 1888-1897.

"KING'S HOUSE," GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, KINGSTON.

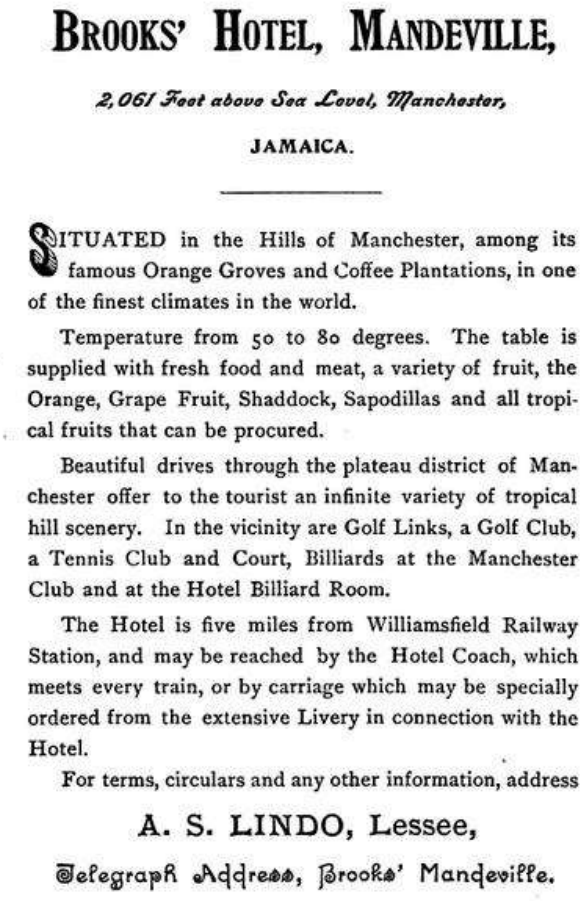
Porus ... Mandeville: Porus, according to *Stark's Jamaica Guide*, p. 111, is named for a companion of Columbus. Kingston to Porus is about 50 miles; Porus to Mandeville is about 10 miles. According to Wikipedia, "Mandeville is the capital and largest town in the parish of Manchester in the county of Middlesex, Jamaica." Stark also provides a fairly detailed description of Mandeville as an English village in a tropical setting (pp. 112-6).

*the Brooks ^or Waverly^* House: Notes on an 1895 photograph of this hotel on Flickr include this information: "The British established one of their earliest 'hill stations' here and in 1875, the buildings formerly used as officers' Quarters and Mess (left of the Court House and central town square) became The Waverly Hotel. Owned by A. A. Lindo, the 17-room hotel was operated by Jane Brooks and the name was later changed to the Brooks Hotel and then finally to the Mandeville Hotel." For other images see: The Mandeville Hotel.

"Topsy": It is not clear that Topsy is the actual name of the Brooks Hotel employee Fields describes, especially as the name appears in quotation marks. Almost certainly Fields associates this woman with an abused slave girl in Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852), popularly known for her talents for mischief, though, in the novel, she grows under loving Christian guidance into an exemplary woman.

old English church: Stark describes the market and race-ground in his account of Mandeville (p. 112).

Devonshire: A county of southwest England, previously visited by Fields and Jewett, and used by Jewett for a setting in her novel, *The Tory Lover* (1901).



BROOKS' HOTEL, MANDEVILLE,

2,061 Feet above Sea Level, Manchester,

JAMAICA.

SITUATED in the Hills of Manchester, among its famous Orange Groves and Coffee Plantations, in one of the finest climates in the world.

Temperature from 50 to 80 degrees. The table is supplied with fresh food and meat, a variety of fruit, the Orange, Grape Fruit, Shaddock, Sapodillas and all tropical fruits that can be procured.

Beautiful drives through the plateau district of Manchester offer to the tourist an infinite variety of tropical hill scenery. In the vicinity are Golf Links, a Golf Club, a Tennis Club and Court, Billiards at the Manchester Club and at the Hotel Billiard Room.

The Hotel is five miles from Williamsfield Railway Station, and may be reached by the Hotel Coach, which meets every train, or by carriage which may be specially ordered from the extensive Livery in connection with the Hotel.

For terms, circulars and any other information, address

A. S. LINDO, Lessee,

Telegraph Address, Brooks' Mandeville.

Notice for Brooks Hotel in *Stark's Jamaica Guide*, p. 225

St. Mark's Church
Jamaica National Heritage Trust

St. Mark's Anglican Church of Mandeville is included in the Jamaica National Heritage Trust. The Gleaner -- Jamaica says "St Mark's Anglican Church, located in Mandeville, was completed and consecrated in 1820. The chancel and timber clerestory were added and the tower erected in the 19th century. The church's organ loft was used as a jail during the slave rebellion of 1832."

It is possible, but not certain, that Fields heard the preaching of Charles Frederick Douet during her visit to St. Mark's. Douet was appointed rector in 1892. This biographical sketch appears in *Bishops of the Day...* (1897) by Frederic Sawry Lowndes:

> Douet, The Right Rev. and Ven. Charles Frederick, assistant Bishop of Jamaica; Mandeville, Jamaica, West Indies, He is the son of the Rev. C. J. P. Douet, rector of Metcalfe, Jamaica, and was born in 1840. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1862 and M.A. in 1875, Ordained deacon in 1863 and priest in 1864. He was island curate of Bath from 1866 to 1867; curate of Birman Wood from 1867 to 1870; rector of Vere from 1870 to 1876; acting archdeacon of Middlesex from 1879 to 1884; rector of the Cathedral of St. Jago de la Vega, Spanish Town, from 1876 to 1891; and principal of the Government training college for schoolmasters from 1876 to 1890 -- all in Jamaica. He was appointed archdeacon of Surrey, Jamaica, in 1884, and was consecrated assistant Bishop of Jamaica on November 30, 1888, in Westminster Abbey. He received the Lambeth degree of D.D. from the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1889. In 1892 he was appointed rector of Mandeville, Jamaica. The Bishop married, in 1882, Ellen M., daughter of the Hon. Louis F. Mackinnon, of The Whim, Jamaica. (p. 87)

[*Monday 3 February*]

Monday Feb. 3d ~~Drove away from~~ ^Left^ Mandeville very early breathing the mountain air with delight as we drove

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again past the fields of tobacco and cane [*deleted word*] on the verge of a mountain valley all the way where little streams came down on one side and the river rolled at the bottom on the other; the many hundred feet of flowering slopes covered with mango trees in blossom, wild fig trees, Ceiba trees,* and myriads of others. The yam* is seen in every garden, the vine growing upon beanpoles. It takes about nine months for the yams to ripen we are told. Therefore the potato is the vegetable for [*deleted word*] ^our climate^ which asks for only three or four.

We took the train for Spanish Town* where it was excessively warm again. The mountain breezes were behind us! It was only about ten o'clock when we arrived, but the town was already blazing with white light. However we had no walking to do and soon found ourselves upon the wide piazzas of the Rio Cobre hotel.* There was a huge palm called the cabbage palm, curious and beautiful, with a kind of second growth of something like cones at the roots of the branches which caused T. B. A. to say "that tree seems to feel that it cannot do enough." It stands in the middle of the little green square in front of the house, most shapely and ornamental. over the porch is a "Dutchman's pipe [" *?*] vine with its splendid leaves and ripe seed vessels lovely in form, and ^a^ noble Hibiscus at one side lends color to the whole. The Lignum Vitae trees are also in full bloom now, spreading a mist of cool blue flowers in the air. This tree is not tall and does not stand against the blue of the sky

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but overshadowed usually with other trees of larger growth so that its lovely blue blossoms are felt to be a cool flood of beauty among the more showy growths around it --

We enjoyed Spanish Town! The age of it (Columbus came to this island of Jamaica in 1494) which antedates Kingston, and the remains of brick walls and steps -- the old church where there were stones of buried

English people in 1620 ~~and~~ [*deleted word*] ~~were~~ ^was^ well worth seeing. We were sorry not to be there longer and if we return to Jamaica we should like to stay there{;} it is so much more beautiful than any other place to ~~stay~~ ^dwell^ in ~~we have seen~~ except Mandeville which is too remote and not quite comfortable ~~for our party~~. ~~On one side~~ ^At Spanish town^ the hotel looks into a deep valley ^on one side^ and up to the hills, on the other with gardens and towards the town. The former King's House,* now the Queen's House, is seldom lived in ~~now~~, although Sir Henry & Lady Blake* passed a few days here with their family last month -- but it must be a labor to make it habitable. The old kitchen was as large as the old Oxford Halls. The fine statue of Rodney* is beautifully placed here in a kind of arcade -- a charming site and ~~good~~ in a [*unrecognized word*] arrangement for a fine statue it struck me -- one that would suit our climate too much better than a

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the fashion of leaving them wholly exposed. But the old church was the most interesting place of all. Here the celebrated men and women who have been struck down in the new land by war and by disease have had statues and written memorials proving the sorrow and esteem for [of *was intended?*] the survivors, which out vie most of the memorials in Westminster Abbey.* One couldn't read them without tears. One of the loveliest figures is one by Bacon in memory of Lord and Lady Effingham.* (I <u>think</u> this is the name. She was of the family Bruces and Kincaids of Scotland and he of the Elgins if I remember well) The inscription written by the Assembly of Jamaica* was most touching{.}* ^No place could be^ more beautiful to live in than Spanish Town if it were not the very heart of disease and death {--} alas! This appears to be the truth.^ From ~~King~~ Spanish Town to Kingston where it was hotter than ever. The Hermione had been brought to the dock and there was very little air. We sat on the upper deck during the evening watching the phosphorescent sea and the huge fish (probably sharks* which abound here) turning over making a white light as they moved.

Notes

wild fig trees, Ceiba trees: Fig trees, though widely cultivated, grow wild in many species. Native to the Caribbean is *Ficus maxima.*

Earlier in the diary (Part 2), Fields refers to the Ceiba as the silk-cotton tree. Wikipedia says: "*Ceiba* is the name of a genus of many species of large trees found in tropical areas, including Mexico, Central America, South America, the Caribbean, West Africa, and Southeast Asia. Some species can grow to 70 m (230 ft) tall or more, with a straight, largely branchless trunk that culminates in a huge, spreading canopy, and buttress roots that can be taller than a grown person. The best-known, and most widely cultivated, species is Kapok, Ceiba pentandra, one of several trees called kapok.

yam: Though sweet potatoes in the United States commonly are called yams, in fact, yams constitute a different unrelated species from sweet potatoes: *Dioscorea cayennensis subsp. rotundata.*

Spanish Town: Wikipedia says: "Spanish Town is the capital and the largest town in the parish of St. Catherine in the county of Middlesex, Jamaica. It was the former Spanish and English capital of Jamaica from the 16th to the 19th century. The town is home to numerous memorials, the national archives, a small population, and one of the oldest Anglican churches outside England." Spanish Town is about 13 miles west of Kingston.

Rio Cobre hotel: Several palms are commonly called cabbage palm. Native to the Caribbean are *Roystonea oleracea* and *Sabal palmetto.* Fields's description and Aldrich's comments suggest that they are viewing a *Sabal palmetto*, but a period photo of the hotel, suggests they are observing *Roystonea oleracea* or perhaps another species altogether.

Rio Cobre (Copper River) hotel from *Stark's Jamaica Guide*, p. 108.
With "Cabbage palm" in front, and Dutchman's Pipe vine over the porch.

Dutchman's pipe: Dutchman's Pipe is a common name for the climbing vine Aristolochia. Wikipedia says: "Lignum vitae is a trade wood, also called *guayacan* or *guaiacum* ... from trees of the genus *Guaiacum*. The trees are

indigenous to the Caribbean and the northern coast of South America and have been an important export crop to Europe since the beginning of the 16th century. The wood was once very important for applications requiring a material with its extraordinary combination of strength, toughness, and density. It is also the national tree of the Bahamas and the Jamaican national flower." Wikipedia also points out that the species are listed as endangered, though demand for them has decreased as they have been replaced with artificial materials.

The former King's House: Probably Fields exaggerates in suggesting the size of the King's House kitchen as comparable with a dining hall at an Oxford college, such as Merton College.

Jamaica Travel and Culture says: "Kings House was constructed in 1762 to be the official residence of the Governor of Jamaica. This was the first of the four great historic buildings to be completed around the Park. It served this purpose up until the transfer of the capital to Kingston in 1872.... The building ... was mostly destroyed by a fire in 1925. The façade of the original structure remains..."

Sir Henry … Lady Blake: Probably Fields refers to Henry Arthur Blake (1840-1918), an Irish born British administrator who served as Governor General of Hong Kong (1898-1903). Appointed Governor General of Jamaica in 1888, he held that position until 1897. His wife was "Lady Edith Blake (1846 - 1926) ... an Irish botanical illustrator and writer, noted for her work on the flora and fauna of countries such as Sri Lanka, The Bahamas, and Jamaica."

The fine statue of Rodney: See photo above for the "arcade" housing the statue of Admiral George Brydges Rodney, 1st Baron Rodney (1718-1792). Wikipedia says Rodney "is best known for his commands in the American War of Independence, particularly his victory over the French at the Battle of the Saintes in 1782." "The Battle of the Saintes (known to the French as the Bataille de la Dominique), or Battle of Dominica was an important naval battle that took place over 4 days, 9 April 1782 – 12 April 1782, during the American War of Independence, and was a victory of a British fleet under Admiral Sir George Rodney over a French fleet under the Comte de Grasse forcing the French and Spanish to abandon a planned invasion of Jamaica."

Westminster Abbey: Jamaica National Heritage Trust says: "The Spanish Town Cathedral, also known as the St. Catherine Parish Church, was built in the second half of the seventeenth century. After the conquest of Jamaica by the British in 1655, the British destroyed the original Catholic Church and replaced it with the Anglican Church, which is now the St. Catherine Parish Church or the Spanish Town Cathedral. In 1712 the church was destroyed by a hurricane, but rebuilt in 1714."

Westminster Abby in London, Great Britain, is known for its numerous monuments to British notables.

Lord and Lady Effingham: Stark's *Jamaica Guide* describes the cathedral and several of its monuments (pp. 106-7). John Bacon the Elder sculpted the Effingham monument that appears in St. Catherine's in Spanish Town.

Wikipedia says that Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Howard, 3rd Earl of Effingham (1746 - 1791) was a British nobleman and Army officer who died a few weeks after his wife, while he was serving as governor of Jamaica. Wikipedia notes: "He is best known for resigning his commission in protest against the war against the American colonies." This would explain in part Fields calling attention to his monument. His career is summarized at Boston Castle: Rotherham. His wife was Catherine [or Katherine] Howard (Proctor), Countess of Effingham (1746-1791). It seems likely Fields is confused about their ancestry Though I have found no evidence to the contrary, I have not been able to confirm her information. Stark reports, for example another monument at St. Catherine's for Elizabeth Cumming-Bruce, Countess of Elgin, the first wife of James Bruce, 8th Earl of Elgin (1811-1863); she died in 1843, while Bruce was serving as governor of Jamaica (1842-1847). James Bruce and his first wife both are associated with the Bruce family name.

The inscription written by the Assembly of Jamaica: The Boston Castle article says: "A monument in statuary marble with a group of figures surrounding an urn, the work of John Bacon R.A., was raised over their joint tomb in the Cathedral of Spanish Town, paid for by the islanders at a cost of £8,000." The inscription on the tablet reads:

Image of St. Catherine Parish Church
courtesy of Jamaica National Heritage Trust

Effingham Monument, St. Catherine's
from "Sculpture in Jamaica" by Frank Cundall
Art Journal 69 (1907), p. 69.

To perpetuate the remembrance
Of so illustrious a pattern of conjugal affection;
To manifest the public sense
Of the many public and private virtues of their respected Governor
And to record, for the benefit of posterity
The clearness of that sagacity
The extent of that knowledge
And the purity and firmness of that integrity
Which rendered his administration
The boast and security of a grateful people

THE ASSEMBLY OF JAMAICA
Having caused the remains of this noble and Lamented Pair to be interred with funeral honours At the public expense, the whole House
Attending each procession as Mourners as a farther testimony of merited esteem inscribed this Monument.

According to Boston Castle Rotherham, this inscription is adapted from an epitaph poem by Bryan Edwards "To the Memory of Thomas, Earl of Effingham, Baron Howard," which appeared in *The Scots Magazine and Edinburgh Literary Miscellany*, Volume 7, pp. 444-5. The texts vary in these two sources; I have used the Boston Castle text, but corrected one line on the authority of the *Scots Magazine* text.

sharks: While there are numbers of sharks in Jamaica waters, it is not clear that they were observed often in Kingston harbor in the 1890s.

From Jewett's Correspondence

Sunday 2 February -- to Mary Rice Jewett and Carrie Eastman, from Mandeville, JA.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Historic New England in "Sarah Orne Jewett Personal Correspondence," Box 6.3.

We came up to this pretty old fashioned English village high enough among the mountains to be cool -- to spend Sunday and you can't think how nice it is! We miss some of the luxuries of the yacht to be sure but I cant say I regret them so much as to make me suffer though I never did sleep in a bed that felt more like plain wicker work than this one last night. We went to a hotel six miles from Kingston and spent Friday night for they were going to paint the hurricane deck and do some other jobs and mending of the Hermione, and the harbor of Kingston is neither the coolest nor the most fragrant. So we spent the night at the Constant Spring Hotel where there is a view of both mountains & sea and found it a great

rambling dull barrack in itself but pretty comfortable.* Yesterday we drove to Castleton gardens (one of the Government Botanical gardens)* and started at seven for the 13 miles which we enjoyed going up) [*sic*] very much, it was so shady and cool. The gardens don't interest me half as much as those at Bath though I did see a mahogany tree and send you some leaves. It isn't half as handsome as it ought to be! when we think of its dignity. We drove back to Kingston after lunch and meant to go to Spanish Town* where the old Spanish & other government buildings are, to spend last night and then come on up here, but we found it was low & hot like Kingston, so we made a bold wish and a sudden change and come on fifty miles by rail, in a first class English "carriage" and drove up the mountains ten miles more which made us 147 miles drive in all and wicker beds didn't matter! The air is delicious -- so cool and lovely & fresh. A. F. & Mr. Pierce & I went to church this morning and you would certainly have thought you were in some old church in Yorkshire, if it had not been for all the decent black people scattered in. The Church tower is square & low with a clock and a funny bell, it ought to be a little peal and you would say it was certainly England with its church-yard & rector and two or three clergymen.

One thing we have had new here is bread fruit. It is very good and, now I believe I have had every thing the Swiss Family Robinson did but the cassowary. Wasn't that the nutritious bird they shot? After church we could see the people going home through the fields in little companies to eat their Sunday dinners. I don't know what they have but always yams. I have almost never tasted such sweet oranges as grow here. I believe they are quite famous.

We mean to sleep on board tomorrow night, then we sail next night for San Domingo which will take us two days nearly. There are some things to see in Kingston yet. We drove through the grounds of King's House where the governor lives and oh such flowers! all the coloured leaved things are splendid, here coleus & crotons. But oh my dear sisters imagine my feelings at finding] the Browell growing by the roadside in Jamaica!! I was penetrated with feelings at beholding it and I longed to have you both near -- It is a small blue flower that we have had in Maine. I trust you will feel an interest. I saw such pretty oxalis will and this is the home of the storied Wandering Jew! and lots of others little garden things. It is so funny to see them and makes me think of meeting a gov's seal those warm May days that we generally choose. But those delights don't grow as they do in Switzerland. The Consul has paid us every kind attention and I can't think I shall like any place better than Jamaica.

Fields Diary

[*Tuesday 4 February*]

Tuesday 4th Went ashore for shopping in Kingston. It was less dusty than usual and appeared to better advantage. A little dépot [*intended* dépôt *?*] called "Self Help" established by Lady Musgrave "Jeanie Field"* attracted us and we saw that a beginning had been made

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to stop the beggary and dependence of the people. We also found a little shop where good intelligent women put up preserves etc: we tried them at dinner and found them excellent. We were to have put to sea this afternoon but a gale of wind detained us until

[*Next entry gives the date of* Wed. Feb. 5th]

Note

"Jeanie Field": The Handbook of Jamaica (1908), pp. 432-3, describes the Lady Musgrave Women's Self-Help Society of Kingston, which provided local women with work making items that could be sold in their store at 8 Church St. Jeanie Lucinda Field (1833-1920) was the second wife of British colonial administrator Anthony Musgrave (1828-1888), governor of Jamaica (1877-1883). Spelling of her first name varies from source to source. Geni provides this biographical sketch: "American-born Jeannie Lucinda Field was the daughter of American lawyer and law reformer David Dudley Field II of New York. She married Sir Anthony in San Francisco in 1864 and was his second wife, succeeding Christiana Elizabeth Byam (daughter of Sir William Byam of Antigua), whom he had married in 1853, and who had died in 1858. Sir Anthony died in 1888 and Lady Musgrave died on the 12th August, 1920 in England."

Part 5 -- February 5 - 9

Haiti

[*Wednesday 5 February*]

Wed. Feb. 5th A lovely day -- at nine o-clock we are to steam away for San Domingo* and the far South. The Coolies continue to interest us everywhere. On the road to Mandeville, we~~re~~ saw one poor woman who was threatened by a colored brute who had a hammer. Her young daughter disarmed him. She said -- "I will not let her marry a nigger"! She was in great distress.

It was the only overt expression of ^the^ dislike which ^[really ?]^ exists that we have seen -- but that was enough.

Note

San Domingo: Wikipedia says: "Santo Domingo ... known officially as Santo Domingo de Guzmán, is the capital and largest city in the Dominican Republic and the largest city in the Caribbean by population." From Kingston, Jamaica to Santo Domingo is about 450 miles.

[*Thursday 6 - Saturday 8 February*]

Thurs. Feb. 6th ~~Port Morant or~~ Morant Bay.* We came in here about two o'clock. We had been butting the trade-winds all the way and almost everybody was sick. Unhappily ----------

Thurs. Feb. 6th Steamed to Port Morant -- a favoring wind had been most lovely on our way here, but now the trade winds were against us and the sea was rough. Whereupon our poor "lord-high-admiral"* Lilian Aldrich was sea-sick{.} we came to anchor where it was hot and purposeless until ^X X X^* when we started in the afternoon again for San Domingo -- unluckily the night was very stormy -- everyone was sea-sick T.B.A.

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reduced to the last point of misery and

Friday 7th we came to anchor off Haiti. Here a council was called{,} Lilian wishing to be carried home. Mr. Pierce suffering keen disappointment because of his plans overturned. S.O.J. although sick still "game"! and wishing to go on. I asked from my berth in the morning of [*two deleted words*] Bridget who waits on us "How long before we reach San Domingo Bridget?" {"}O we're not going, {"}she said, with a cheerful air, {"}we've turned round and are going home"! Then my desire to do anything quite deserted me! How dreary it seemed to make any effort if we were not going after all to see these interesting islands. By and by, I crept up and found disappointment everywhere. Mr. Pierce does not know what to do. As the day went on however he decided that if the sea was smooth we could take a northern passage perhaps to St. Thomas.* We made a brief anchorage in the afternoon where we were not allowed to stay much to the Commander's joy as we discovered afterward and this morning Saturday Feb. 8th finds us north [north *is written over something*] of Haiti in delightful seaway cruising quickly along. L. A. however refuses to be comforted. She wishes to return and I fear we shall not be able to prevail against this idea -- I am reading Stevenson's letters from Vailima* with delight. The sea is perfectly beautiful with forest clad mountains sloping down directly into it on one side on the other the cool air from the north

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and the open sea -- nothing could be more relaxing.

Notes

Morant Bay: Morant Bay is on the southeast coast of Jamaica, less than 40 miles from Kingston.

"lord-high-admiral": Giving this title to Lilian Aldrich only on this page of the journal raises complex questions about Fields's tone. It seems likely that the February 6-8 entries were written at the same time, probably on February 8. If this is correct, then Fields gives Lilian the title in the knowledge that this bout of sea-sickness will become so extreme as to break Lilian, so that she demands that they return to the continent immediately. The title is then almost certainly ironic, pointing to Lilian's usurpation of command of the cruise. On the other hand, it is possible that Lilian, like T. B. A., (the Commodore) was regularly given a naval title, by this generally good-humored and high-spirited group, with its long history of using nicknames for their intimate friends.

In a letter of 28 March 1896, Fields probably seeks to mend a stressed relationship when she wrote to the Aldriches:

> I am sending back the little trunk with a heartfelt thanks not only for this but for all you have both done to make us happy during the Cruise -- "Everybody loves you", or could would and should who shared the fortunes of the "Hermione."

Fields goes on to note that Jewett remained quite ill after the cruise, a reason why it was a good idea to curtail the trip despite everyone's disappointment. In *Sarah Orne Jewett*, Paula Blanchard reports that Jewett lost nearly 10 pounds during their weeks at sea (p. 301).

Jewett, on the other hand, seemed to find it easier to reflect upon the cruise's hardships with good humor. On 9 April 1896, she wrote to Thomas Wentworth Higginson:

> I am truly sorry that you have had such a siege of illness, and I hope that the month since you wrote your letter has done much for you. I think it may seem unsympathetic to suggest that my own diet in the regions of the Caribbean sea on the other side of the

republic of Haiti and in the Navassa passage makes yours of the winter sound like a banquet! Trade winds taken the wrong way can make a monstrous sea: but when half a dozen of the crew are in the last agonies no wonder that a reflective passenger goes below and reads the letters of Madame de Sévigné and declines a summons to luncheon.

XXX: Fields appears to have tried proper nouns here, both beginning with H. She deleted the first and inserted the second, then deleted the second. Her final decision was to insert XXX.

St. Thomas: St. Thomas in the United States Virgin Islands is almost due east of Jamaica. Presumably by a "northern passage," Pierce means to sail along the northern coasts of Haiti and the Dominican Republic en route to St. Thomas, substituting these islands for the southerly Windward Islands they had originally planned to visit. The journey to St. Thomas would be in excess of 700 miles.

Stevenson's letters from Vailima: R. L. Stevenson's *Vailima Letters*: *Being Correspondence Addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin. November 1890 October 1894* (1895). Wikipedia says: "Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson (13 November 1850 - 3 December 1894) was a Scottish novelist, poet, essayist, and travel writer. His most famous works are *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*." The *Vailima Letters* were written from Vailima in the Samoan Islands, where Stevenson spent the last years of his life.

From Jewett's Correspondence

Thursday 6 February too Harriet Jackson Lee Morse from Port Morant, Jamaica

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743.1 (123) Box 4, II. Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett.

We have had pretty rough seas but always a fresh breeze by day and the most lovely colours of sea and sky and of these magnificent Jamaica mountains which seem to rise straight up out of that sea itself with all shades of violet and gray -- We have found Jamaica a most exquisite place -- or I ought to say little country for it is a world by itself --The first ports we made were really tropical: our friends who were in Ceylon* last year insist that "the garden of the world" was not a bit more beautiful -- At Kingston we left the yacht for a few days & went up into the mountains to a village called Mandeville which is almost like a bit of Yorkshire with its old gray square towered parish church and quiet church yard. Such an old fashioned little English place all together -- and with the most delightful fresh air. There and at some other places we had all the fruits and vegetables of my beloved Swiss Family Robinson* and it was a constant amusement to investigate one's luncheon or dinner to see what new thing would happen to appear. At Nassau where we spent a week it was much less tropical but very quaint and pleasant. We had nice drives there and made the acquaintance of cocoanut trees and mango trees and especially the great ceiba or silk cotton tree which is the hugest most noble great tree in the world (at least in my world!) like a great forest in itself. I do so wish that I could show you one. The colored people have most luckily -- a superstition about cutting the ceiba down or doing them any harm so that you see them all about the country -- and on most islands -- Our only trouble is in the rough seas which Mrs. Aldrich minds very much. We are seriously thinking today of giving up our expedition to the islands farther South which will be such a disappointment to her and to all of us. When we have made our next turn across to Hayti we shall decide -- but it was a rough day when we made the passage before. When I get back I shall have so many things to tell you -- and you will hear me scold about Port au Prince which was such a funny hot dusty sandy metropolis of our coloured brethren.

-- I am sitting on deck writing to you and the trade wind is rolling the yacht a little so that you mustn't mind if my writing is hard to read.

Notes

Ceylon: Jewett refers to the Aldriches.

Swiss Family Robinson: An 1812 novel by Swiss author, Johann David Wyss (1743-1818). In the book, a Swiss immigrant family survives a shipwreck in tropical East India and successfully builds a life on a deserted island.

Fields Diary

[*Saturday 8 February*]

Saturday 8th After having steamed in a rough sea as far on the south coast of Haiti as Cape Esavois* we turned and went on without stopping until the afternoon to a little place called Cape Haytien on the north coast. It was cooler at Cape Haytien and we were thankful for the rest after the long long tossing on the restless seas, because no one, it appears, has said enough of the endless disquiet of these waters; the breeze called "the doctor," (or the wind, I should say) is a great boon to those who

do not go down to the sea in ships,* but for those of us who do, let us prepare for a most sickening and endless motion. We stopped rather early in the day, although it seemed late enough to us who were wearied with tossing and faint for food, but after a period of rest we went ashore. There we found stillness like enchantment. It was the afternoon, which is enough to say in these tropical countries. There were no carriages, since there seem to be no roads and nowhere to go with them except up the mountain-sides if there were! The hot white dust lay unstirred. Some colored persons were lounging about the wharf shed who watched us land as the Lucayans of old might have watched Columbus* and his men!* Apparently they did not take us for a man-of-war as they did later at Mayaguez* where we fired a small cannon on arrival

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as is the custom with a yacht, but the wonder was no less. We asked for the Consul* who was summoned by telephone. He was a Frenchman, born possibly in some of the French colonies who had lived at Cape Haytien 20 years and had married. He had a daughter of 18 years who has gone to France to be educated -- poor colonists! There are only about one hundred white persons here and of course, no schools, no roads, and few ^or no^ good buildings, everything having gone to pieces in an earthquake* in ^about^ 1848 and never since restored. Who is there now to restore{?} What will come in the future? are questions difficult to answer. Just now everything seems to be drifting towards the condition of death ^which reigns^ at Port au Prince, but the possibility of industrial life is to be seen in the distance a [*intended* and] what the American Fruit Comp. and the English government & society have done for Jamaica (especially The Fruit Coy) gives some promise for the future of all the islands. Cuba is at present striking for home government.* If the people is not much better fitted for such government than the people of Haiti, the future is a bad one, but it is not yet absolutely sure, I think, that Africans may not be taught and directed -- ^that^ they will require leadership for many years before they get to it at Haiti is clearly to be seen. They are at present as low as Africa itself and worse because they have retro-

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graded upon a foundation of French civilization. The Consul carried us to the Club room of Cape Haytien{.}* Pretty rooms, overlooking the charming bay, the entrance through a garden shaded at the gate by a large india-rubber tree,* the largest we have seen. Inside were coleas (crotons) of every variety{,} roses, and other flowering shrubs. But off the large club room was a pleasant veranda and inside small green tables for gaming. No books so far as I could see! between the veranda and the sea was a wild open bit of land with a wild flower like a variegated and drummond flox {phlox}* covering the whole space and a cow feeding there; nothing could have been lovelier! It was nature's own good will too; for the people do nothing as consistently as possible. We walked in the broiling heat up the narrow ways with walls on either hand crumbling away and covered with vines and flowers, as far as the municipal square, where stood the Cathedral{,} the Bishop's home* and the throne -- ~~all new~~ ^now the buildings are all new built^ buildings or since the earthquake. We were hot and tired enough when we reached the Club again where L. A. had stopped to rest while we took this slight tour -- then we all went back to the yacht tired, hot, and dusty, and after taking some refreshment, went to sea again.

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Saty night was rough again with little sleep and all day Sunday we kept slowly on our way.

Notes

Cape Haytien on the north coast: Though Fields appears to have written "Esavois," there is no such location in Haiti. It seems likely that she actually meant something like Les Irois, which names a small bay and town at the southwest tip of Haiti, between Dame Marie and Les Anglais. Cape Haytien/Cap-Haïtien, on the north coast, is almost due north of Port-au-Prince.

sea in ships: See Psalm 107 in the *Bible*.

Lucayans ... Columbus: Wikipedia says: "The Lucayans ...were the original inhabitants of the Bahamas before the arrival of Europeans. They were a branch of the Taínos who inhabited most of the Caribbean islands at the time. The Lucayans were the first inhabitants of the Americas encountered by Christopher Columbus. The Spanish started seizing Lucayans as slaves within a few years of Columbus's arrival, and they had all been removed from the Bahamas by 1520."

Mayaguez: A city in the center of the west coast of Puerto Rico. See first map, above, of the area of the cruise.

the Consul: Though the Consul is a Frenchman, with a daughter studying in France, it seems unlikely that they would request to see the French Consul. Presumably this person was the

American Consul at Cape Haitien (Cap-Haïtien). When they arrive in Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, they meet an American Consul who's mother is French, suggesting that at this time American Consulates in the Caribbean Islands were at least sometimes headed by foreign nationals.

earthquake … 1848: The University of the West Indies Seismic Research Center documents an 1843 Caribbean Plate earthquake: "Considerable destruction in all islands from Saba to Dominica. Nearly 2,000 deaths, mainly in Guadeloupe. Considerable economic disruption in all islands." UWISRC provides a link to eyewitness accounts, placing the quake in February of 1843. However most sources say that the earthquake of 1840s that devastated Hispaniola took place on 7 May 1842.

Cuba is at present striking for home government: Wikipedia summarizes the history of Cuban independence activities in the middle 1890s:

An exiled dissident named José Martí founded the Cuban Revolutionary Party in New York in 1892. The aim of the party was to achieve Cuban independence from Spain. In January 1895 Martí traveled to Montecristi and Santo Domingo to join the efforts of Máximo Gómez.... Fighting against the Spanish army began in Cuba on 24 February 1895, but Martí was unable to reach Cuba until 11 April 1895. Martí was killed in the battle of Dos Rios on 19 May 1895. His death immortalized him as Cuba's national hero.

Around 200,000 Spanish troops outnumbered the much smaller rebel army, which relied mostly on guerrilla and sabotage tactics. The Spaniards began a campaign of suppression. General Valeriano Weyler, military governor of Cuba, herded the rural population into what he called reconcentrados, described by international observers as "fortified towns." These are often considered the prototype for 20th-century concentration camps. Between 200,000 and 400,000 Cuban civilians died from starvation and disease in the camps, numbers verified by the Red Cross and United States Senator Redfield Proctor, a former Secretary of War. American and European protests against Spanish conduct on the island followed.

The U.S. battleship *Maine* was sent to protect U.S. interests, but soon after arrival, she exploded in Havana harbor and sank quickly, killing nearly three quarters of her crew. The cause and responsibility for her sinking remained unclear after a board of inquiry. Popular opinion in the U.S., fueled by an active press, concluded that the Spanish were to blame and demanded action. Spain and the United States declared war on each other in late April 1898.

Club room of Cape Haytien: I have been able to locate little information about the Club room of Cape Haytien, but it seems probable that Fields refers to the Union Club. Reuben Briggs Davenport, in "Hayti in War-Time" (or perhaps "In Hayti in War-Time") in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* 48 (June 1899) pp. 187-204, presents quite a negative portrait of Haiti during the Spanish American War, confirming the fairly common belief among American political commentators that Haiti, in part because of its uncivilized Black population further degraded by the continuing influence of French culture, was incapable of self-government. This article refers to the Club at Cape Haytien: "The only modern establishments in Cape Haytien are the Club and the Savonnerie, the latter an industrial enterprise based partly on American and partly upon West Indian capital, which illustrates the rare possibility of making a financial success of concessions obtained from the jealous, narrow, and childish Port au Prince government" (p. 190).

Later in the piece, he presents a telling anecdote about the Club in Port au Prince:

> News, or what passes for news, in Port au Prince is chiefly aired on the public streets, and in two or three principal cafes and bar-rooms. The local journalism is wholly ridiculous. The club, which, like that at Cape Haytien, is of mixed membership, is not largely frequented, but it is a good place in which to study the manners of the native "gentleman." In most things he is imitative. In all that appears on a cursory examination, you see in him but a dark replica of the ordinary middle-class Frenchman of the provinces. The stamp of the oppressors of colonial Hayti remains distinct, indelible. This is a most curious phase of social evolution. Though the Haytians have so great a traditional hatred of the whites, they esteem anything that is French most highly. Nearly all their contracts for public works which cannot be filled in their own country go to France. On the metallic frames of public buildings, such as churches of recent date and the custom house and market sheds erected under Hyppolite [*the current president*], you may see the mark in raised letters of a Havre ironfounder. No doubt, if a fair opportunity were given them, American concerns could have furnished this material at a less cost than any in Europe.
>
> The educated Haytian does not mind so much being swindled, provided it is done by the compatriots, perhaps even the

descendants of his former masters. His manners in public are superficially excellent, but they have more than the Gallic insincerity. And the underlying barbarism crops out at odd moments. Once, at the Port au Prince club, a large, fine bat flew into the billiard-room and was caught just outside in the court-yard by the steward. A mulatto Haytian seized it and, with a hammer and some small nails, fastened it up on the outer wooden wall of the club house. Instinctively all the other Haytians of the place (it was about the middle of the afternoon) crowded about him and the victim. His eyes a-gleam with cruel expectancy, he hastened to relight his cigarette, and with the ardent end began to torture the bat, first blinding it and then applying the fire to its other very sensitive points. The poor creature squealed in agony, and the Haytians laughed and gloated over the entertainment. "It is fine fun!" cried one of them. My informant, an American, would have stopped their sport by means of a powerful muscular argument, but that he was a guest of the club, admitted by card, and bound to regard them as his hosts. He left the place at once in angry disgust and never set foot in it again. (p. 196)

The Union Club at Cap-Haïtien
from *Haiti, her history and her detractors*
(1907) by Jacques Nicolas Léger, facing p. 78.

india-rubber tree: According to Thomas D. Fennell, M.D., the serious cultivation of rubber, *Hevea brasiliensis*, in Haiti began in 1903. It seems likely Fields refers to *"Castilla elastica*, the Panama Rubber Tree, ... a tree native to the tropical areas of Mexico, Central America, and northern South America. It was the principal source of latex among the Mesoamerican peoples in pre-Columbian times. The latex gathered from *Castilla elastica* was converted into usable rubber by mixing the latex with the juice of the morning glory species *Ipomoea alba* which, conveniently, is typically found in the wild as a vine climbing *Castilla elastica*" (Wikipedia).

coleas (crotons) ... a wild flower like a variegated and drummond flox {phlox}: It is unclear to what plant Fields may refer as numerous within either the garden or the club room itself. Did she see coleus or croton or something else? *Phlox drummondii* is native to the southern United States. Likewise, determining which phlox-like wild flower, with a cow, Fields may have observed from club room window is difficult without local help.

the Cathedral{,} *the Bishop's home*: The original Cathédrale Notre-Dame of Cap-Haïtien was built in 1784, then destroyed in the 1842 earthquake. In 1878, a new cathedral was completed, following the design of an American architect, according to *Historic Architecture in the Caribbean Islands* by Edward E. Crain (University Press of Florida, 1994, p. 209).

The Bishop's House, Cap-Haïtien
from *Haiti, her history and her detractors*
(1907) by Jacques Nicolas Léger, p. 270.

Part 6

February 10 - 15

Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic

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[*Monday 10 February*]

Monday 10th found us tired and sick at Mayaguez on the island of Puerto Rico -- our first Spanish colony. We went ashore to find a cool rather clean Spanish Town, looking like a scene in a theatre. The houses are not unlike in Pompeii,* it seems to us; brick or brick covered with cement which is colored every gay color ^hue^ imaginable. The hills are very pretty behind the town and we hear that there are some pretty houses also upon their sides; they do not look volcanic like the mountains at Cape Haytien but soft and with scattered foliage. At

C.H. we saw the first real volcanic peaks. We enjoyed this new glimpse of human life. The naked Children, the powdered Spanish women, the sweet fresh air, ^the shops where we found some pottery in quaint style^ and came back somewhat invigorated to the "Hermione" where we were still further restored by an excellent dinner. In the evening the American consul came aboard bringing his mother.* Such a yacht had never been seen in these waters and the good woman who is a Parisienne but who has been here for three years was eager for the little pleasure of coming here -- so we showed them everything to their vast entertainment and she told me in turn of the difficulty they found in maintaining life here. The colored people do not work -- there are only 200 whites and there is neither good beef nor mutton nor vegetables{.}

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Of course this is a complaint which can be made of poor half settled places everywhere, and I offered her the poor consolation of suggesting that she should try to do as the natives do, live on their food, but prepared after the fashion she prefers. Also the conserving of June apples, etc. -- of which she seems never to have thought.* In spite of all she misses she has made herself a lovely rose-garden here which gives her great pleasure and she has dogs and cats and chickens and is evidently very busy among them all. As she spoke no English, the rest of the company was not much edified by the presence of the poor woman and they stayed until our host nearly dropped with fatigue. However we were stimulated to fresh conversational exertions continually by their evident enjoyment and when they dropped into their boat over the shipside with the dark we had a sense of having given a little pleasure to rather hungry fellow creatures.

Notes

Puerto Rico -- our first Spanish colony: Claimed by Christopher Columbus (1450-1506) as a Spanish colony in 1493, Puerto Rico remained under Spanish rule until the Treaty of Paris ended the Spanish American War in 1898, ceding Puerto Rico to the United States.

Pompeii: Precisely what Fields means by comparing the houses of Mayagüez, Puerto Rico, to those of Pompeii in Italy is somewhat puzzling, as the houses of Pompeii could be seen mainly as ruins, excavated after being buried in ash in the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. She seems to refer mainly to their construction. Perhaps this particular association arises from her thinking about the volcanic mountains at Cape Haytien.

American consul came aboard bringing his mother: The identity of the American consul at Mayagüez in 1896 has not been discovered.

conserving of June apples: The term "June apples" usually refers to early season apples that flourish in temperate climates. However, there are some varieties of apples cultivated in tropical climates. Whether Fields's suggestion really is practical is unclear.

[*Tuesday 11 February*]

Tuesday 10th* A cool lovely day in the bay of Mayaguez. We thought of going ashore but the Captain who went early to market declared there was not a living thing of fresh interest beyond what we saw yesterday{.} Also a huge pelican has been fishing close beside us. The climate here is most lovely -- the skies are more or less clouded throwing shadows on the lovely hillsides and making the streets cool. For eight

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months in the year there is little change. ~~often there~~ ^But^ in July, the rain descends and for three or four months they must live in a hot steam. It is said, on the whole, to be a most healthy climate which I can well believe if one could get away from the months of rain. There appears to be social life in Mayaguez. They have lately introduced electric lights which make the little place look like a beautiful [*unrecognized word,* Coronet *?*] resting on a mirror after nightfall{.} They also make artificial ice.

Tuesday 11th [11 *appears to be written over* 10] We steam away for San Juan our last station before reaching St. Thomas where we expect to find some letters.

Notes

10th: Fields has mistaken the date for this entry. She apparently corrects this in her second entry for the day.

electric lights: The Puerto Rico Electric Power Authority says that electric lighting was introduced to the island in 1893.

artificial ice: Dr. John Gorrie (1803 -1855) patented the first ice-making machine in the United States in 1851. For a detailed history of ice-making in the nineteenth century, see J. F. Nickerson, "The Development of Refrigeration in the United States," especially, pp. 170-1, in *Ice*

and Refrigeration, Volume 49, Nickerson & Collins Company, 1915.

San Juan: San Juan is the capital and the largest city in Puerto Rico. From Mayagüez to San Juan by sea is roughly 125 miles.

From Jewett's Correspondence

Tuesday 11 February -- to Mary Rice Jewett and Carrie Eastman, from Mayaguez, Puerto Rico

Here we are in a new little island country -- Spanish this time and as foreign as it can possibly be. We had an awful voyage from Jamaica rough and tumbling day and night nearly all the way until I didn't care whether I ever saw another island or not! We meant to go to San Domingo city along the south coast of Hayti but we got into the great blow & current of trade winds and turned about so that the course was changed and we stopped first at a little town called Boury and then came 'north about' to anotherdirty dilapidated darkey town called Cape Haytien where there was a pretty harbor with old Spanish forts, but we made a very short look of the town answer, and then came on our way here. The air is quite different, very cool and fresh and delicious and the hills ashore look charming not so tropical but plenty of trees scattered about and a grassy look which we have seldom seen down here. All the town (the houses I mean) looks one story high and lovely Spanish damsels made eyes at T. B. as we drove along. There is a good big cathedral with two yellow towers and a square in front with a fine statue of Columbus. It is very interesting because it is A.F's & my first look at Spain. We are going ashore again this morning to see the market and mean to sail this afternoon for San Juan on the north shore 80 miles and then go on from there to St. Thomas where I hope there will be a good big mail. How far we shall get "down the islands I can't say: it will depend upon the blowing of the winds and the height of the waves, but the trade wind which keeps the air so fresh makes a great surf and you find very few harbors but only roads for the most part, as if we anchored half a mile or a mile out of Wells in front of Sam's -- Inagua was like that and this roadstead is not much better. I have wished so many times that I hadn't left my last letter from Auntie before I left home in which she said the name of the place where Mrs. Lind lived. I have tried & tried to think of it. I asked the consul last night if he knew anything of the family but he had only been here a few years. He came off to call quite handsomely with a little old French mother from Bordeaux with whom A. F. held a great French conversation and made her have a beautiful time. There are electric lights in Mayaguez and what always pleases us -- an artificial ice machine so that we stock up and have ice water to drink. Your sister who writes you is rather low this morning owing to a steady roll but she hopes to be the better of going up on the hurricane deck and reading a lively tale where the wind is blowing. The captain has just been trying to shoot a shark which has distracted my mind.

Notes

Cathedral ... statue of Columbus: Wikipedia says: "Plaza Colón is the main plaza in the city of Mayagüez, Puerto Rico. This plaza and its fountain commemorate the explorer Christopher Columbus, whose name in Spanish was Cristóbal Colón. The plaza presents the traditional urban relationship in Puerto Rico with the church, now Nuestra Señora de la Candelaria Cathedral on one end of the plaza and the "Alcaldia" or Mayagüez town hall in the other." A statue of Columbus stands in the center of the plaza.

from Auntie ... Mrs. Lind: Usually, when Jewett refers to "Auntie," she means her great aunt, Helen Gilman. The identity of Mrs. Lind is unknown.

electric lights in Mayaguez ... artificial ice machine: The Puerto Rico Electric Power Authority says that electric lighting was introduced to the island in 1893. Dr. John Gorrie (1803 -1855) patented the first ice-making machine in the United States in 1851. For a detailed history of ice-making in the nineteenth century, see J. F. Nickerson, "The Development of Refrigeration in the United States," especially, pp. 170-1, in *Ice and Refrigeration*, Volume 49, Nickerson & Collins Company, 1915.

Fields Diary

[*Wednesday 12 February*]

Wednesday Feb. 12. Our prospect changed suddenly. The consul came on board to say that the whole island of Puerto Rico was considered "an infected [port *?*]" because of one case of ~~scarlet~~ ^yellow^ fever on San Juan* and we could not get a clean bill of health for St. Thomas but must go into quarantine there for ten days! This news threw our commander into a sad frame of mind; to be brought cheek by jowl in narrow quarantine [ground *?*] with other ships crowded perhaps with sick persons and not to be able to move during that time was not to be thought of for a moment. Every consul on the

island, as far as he could be reached was summoned to advise us, either personally or by telegraph and the result was

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it was considered impossible to proceed. Then and there it was established that we must return. No want of spirit in ourselves was the cause; yellow fever quarantine was not to be encountered [*partly written over some letters*]. We had no very friendly feelings towards Mayaguez when we sailed away! We thought we might have been warned of this sad result of merely touching on the coast. The Dr. surely might have told us -- ! We held a long consultation among ourselves prescribing good cheer in spite of this last disappointment and turned the ship's prow soon after sunset back to San Domingo whose skirts we have been coasting as if she were a magnet we could not get away from. We had a horrid night of sea-sickness -- The severe rolling never giving over until noon Wedy when we suddenly found ourselves as Columbus did! Safe in this quietest of harbors [at *?*] the city of Santo Domingo.*

As soon as the rolling stopped and we could look about us, we saw the ship going up a ~~beautiful~~ ^noble^ river* with the most beautiful views imaginable upon its banks; not as grand say our travelled friends as Benares which it resembles, because the river there is a mile and a half wide and here not half a mile, but it has a beauty and a strangeness like no other and is unsurpassed in historical interest.* The cathedral of 1510,* with its [*unrecognized word,* Marble *?*], and remains of Moorish titles and altars that are almost Byzantine in their suggestions.

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Earthquakes seem to be have spared ^the city of^ San Domingo {.} Therefore we still see the ruins of the palace built by the son of Columbus, the fort said to have been built by himself* and [*deleted word*] ^so [*deleted word*]^ of the earliest fortifications [*written over other words*]. It is on the whole the most considerable place we have seen. Grimke is our consul here and goes about with the party.*

Notes

^yellow^ fever on San Juan": Fields seems clearly to write "on San Juan," as if she were speaking of an island rather than the city of San Juan, Puerto Rico, their current location. Yellow fever, according to Wikipedia, "is an acute viral disease. In most cases, symptoms include fever, chills, loss of appetite, nausea, muscle pains particularly in the back, and headaches. Symptoms typically improve within five days. In some people within a day of improving, the fever comes back, abdominal pain occurs, and liver damage begins causing yellow skin.... The disease is caused by the yellow fever virus and is spread by the bite of the female mosquito."

The one reported case of yellow fever Fields refers to almost certainly was the death on 17 January 1896 of General Gami y Maladen, who was governor-general of the province. John D. Hall, United States Consul at San Juan, reported this death and added that there had been several others in the city -- see *Public Health Reports*, Volume 11 (1897), Issues 1-52, p. 194. Fields and her party apparently feel they are being treated unfairly and, for this reason, minimize the seriousness of the outbreak. The rough fatality rate for the disease is 15%. A few deaths indicates about 6-7 times more infections, which may warrant imposing a quarantine. Though experts were aware in 1896 that mosquitoes probably carried the disease, it was not until 1900 that this knowledge was fully established in the medical community.

It appears that the *Hermione*, by leaving Puerto Rico and sailing to the Dominican Republic to evade a quarantine at St. Thomas, risks spreading the fever, though the disease was not unusual in the Dominican Republic.

city of Santo Domingo: Wikipedia says: "Santo Domingo ... known officially as Santo Domingo de Guzmán, is the capital and largest city in the Dominican Republic and the largest city in the Caribbean by population." From San Juan to Santo Domingo is about 250 miles.

^noble^ river: Wikipedia also says: "Founded by Bartholomew Columbus in 1496, on the east bank of the Ozama River and then moved by Nicolás de Ovando in 1502 to the west bank of the river, the city is the oldest continuously inhabited European settlement in the Americas, and was the first seat of the Spanish colonial rule in the New World."

Aldrich published "Santo Domingo," his poem about arriving at this port later in the year: *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine*, 53 (November 1896), p. 32:

SANTO DOMINGO

AFTER long days of angry sea and sky,
The magic isle rose up from out the blue
Like a mirage, vague, dimly seen at first,
At first seen dimly through the mist, and then --
Groves of acacia; slender, leaning stems
Of palm-trees weighted with their starry fronds;
Airs that, at dawn, had from their slumber risen
In bowers of spices; between shelving banks,

A river through whose limpid crystal
gleamed,
Four fathoms down, the silvery, rippled sand;
Upon the bluff a square red tower, and roofs
Of cocoa fiber lost among the boughs;
Hard by, a fort with crumbled parapet.
These took the fancy captive ere we reached
The longed-for shores; then swiftly in our
thought
We left behind us the New World, and trod
The Old, and in a sudden vision saw
Columbus wandering from court to court,
A mendicant, with kingdoms in his hands.

Benares which it resembles: Benares (Varanasi), India, stands at the mouth of the Ganges River. The Aldriches had traveled in India in 1895. Thomas Aldrich summarizes this part of their extended trip in a letter to his twin sons of February 8, 1895 (See *Thomas Bailey Aldrich,* pp. 186-7).

The cathedral of 1510: Wikipedia says that the Catedral Santa María La Menor was the first cathedral built in the Americas, begun in 1512 and completed in 1540. It is not clear why she dates the church to 1510. Also, the main construction material of the exterior is limestone, rather than marble.

ruins of the palace built by the son of Columbus, the fort said to have been built by himself: Wikipedia says "The Alcázar de Colón, or Columbus Alcazar ... is the oldest Viceregal residence in America, and forms part of the Colonial Zone of Santo Domingo World Heritage Site. The building houses the Museo Alcázar de Diego Colón... It was built under Diego Colón, the son of Christopher Columbus; when he became Viceroy of La Española and the Indies in 1509, he ordered the construction of a family home and governor's mansion between 1510 and 1512." When Fields saw the building in 1896, it was a ruin, but it was restored in the 1950s.

Wikipedia says: "The Fortaleza Ozama is a sixteenth-century castle built by the Spanish at the entrance to Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, and overlooking the Ozama River. [It] is the oldest formal military construction of European origin in America."

Grimke is our consul here: In the second 13 February entry below, Fields reveals that the consul is a nephew of the Grimké sisters, Sarah (1792-1873) and Angelina (1805-1879). Wikipedia says they "were 19th-century Southern American writers, orators, educators, and Quakers who were the first American women advocates of abolition and women's rights. Throughout their lives, they traveled to the North, lecturing about their firsthand experiences with slavery on their family's plantation. Among the first American women to act publicly in social reform movements, they were ridiculed for their abolitionist activity."

Archibald Henry Grimké (1849-1930), according to Wikipedia, "was an American lawyer, intellectual, journalist, diplomat and community leader in the 19th and early 20th centuries. A graduate of freedmen's schools, Lincoln University and Harvard Law School, he later was appointed as American Consul to the Dominican Republic from 1894 to 1898.... Grimké was born into slavery near Charleston, South Carolina in 1849. He was the eldest of three sons of Nancy Weston, an enslaved woman of European and African descent, and her master Henry W. Grimké, a widower. They lived in a common-law relationship, and Grimke recognized his sons."

[*Thursday 13 February*]

Thursday Feb. 13th We were awakened by the market cries close at hand on the river bank; the morning making every ^thing^ beautiful once more. The Captain passed my door bringing with him a red-snapper fish,* shining with color -- silver and pink; the colored people in their dug-outs (like giant wooden shoes) are moored at the bank bringing sugar-cane, wood, tufts of green fodder and a little fruit now a{nd} then -- to market. In exchange they seem to bring bags of potatoes, or yams and demijohns or bottles suggestive of native rum. I feel inwardly grateful that the project of annexation was never carried out and rejoice that Sumner carried the day;* -- a most difficult matter, standing almost alone -- his foes being those of his own household. Dr. Howe, A. D. White & Frederick Douglass being the committee chosen by Grant to who reported against him -- not to speak of nearly every republican in the house. Our party went ashore to be presented to the President (~~Hourau~~ ^Heurepeux^ ᵛcalled Houro ᵛ seems like his name -- a ~~negro~~ ^brown man^, but a man of some power who has held his place for 15 years)* -- The seeing of Santo Domingo is a great compensation to our disappointed party and every little corner of the small place will be enjoyed before we leave{.}

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It is an endless shifting scene of interest put before one on the shore{.} The green tufts of fodder, chiefly it seems to me{,} the leaves of the sugar cane giving a fresh vivid green as inviting to my eyes as to the palate of the horses or cattle -- The sky is softly clouded -- the air cool

and soft, and I could find it in my heart to regret not having gone ashore with the rest, if repose were not so dear to this stone-tired mariner!

When the party returned they gave a glowing description of the reception at the palace of the President. He is not an African. The people here being descendants of the ancient race originally inhabiting this island -- they were called the books say, Lucayans. He has restored a square containing, when he took it the ruins of Spanish buildings and has made an imposing home and garden -- the latter containing 200 [*deleted word*] dollars worth of plants (hardly more than one hundred ~~of our~~ dollars ~~by the way~~ of our money) in order to bring variety and new beauty into this climate where everything grows with so great ease. There seems to be very little if any imported labor here. So far as any labor is done the people do it. ~~His~~ ^[~~Past~~ *?*] Heurault's^ pastoral dignity and his manner of using our language delighted the party. He was most courteous as well as kind -- and accepted an invitation to dine the next day upon the yacht, which was however deferred until Friday -- He has evidently the true power of governing and devotes himself body and soul to the development of his

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race. They brought flowers back to the ship and a sense of having visited a new world while seeing this man. They also saw the glass box containing the bones of Columbus.*

Notes

Sumner carried the day … Dr. Howe, A. D. White & Frederick Douglass ... Grant: Fields refers to President Ulysses S. Grant's failed attempt to annex the Dominican Republic in 1869, with the promise of eventual statehood. His stated purposes included securing an independent but weak nation from occupation by a European power. Senator Charles Sumner was among the leading opponents of the proposal, arguing that the treaty would have the effect of enriching American business at the expense of propping up a corrupt local government. Further, he feared that this was a preliminary to annexing neighboring Haiti, "a Black republic." Wikipedia says that after the initial failure of the treaty, "President Grant was able to get Congress to allow an investigation commission to be sent and make an objective assessment as to whether annexation would be beneficial to both the United States and the Dominican Republic. The Commission, sent in 1871, included [as secretary] civil rights activist Frederick Douglass and reported favorably on the annexation of the Dominican Republic to the United States. The Commission, however, failed to generate enough enthusiasm in the Senate to overcome opposition to Dominican Republic annexation. The whole affair never took into account the wishes of the Dominican people who desired to remain independent." See *Dominican Republic: Report of the Commission of Inquiry to Santo Domingo* by Benjamin Franklin Wade (President), Andrew Dickson White, Samuel Gridley Howe.

Heurepeux: Wikipedia says: "Ulises Hilarión Heureaux Leibert (1845 - 1899) was president of the Dominican Republic from 1 September 1882 to 1 September 1884, from 6 January to 27 February 1887 and again from 30 April 1889 until his assassination, maintaining power between his terms." The self he presents to the *Hermione* party proves questionable throughout their interactions. Though he claims primary descent from Lucayans, who inhabited the Bahamas when Europeans arrived, Wikipedia says that his ancestors are known to be of French and African slave ancestry. While it is possible that he believed that one or more of his ancestors were Lucayan, this has not yet been documented.

Of his government, Encyclopedia Britannica says:

> Heureaux imposed order on the Dominican Republic by executing anyone who opposed him. Relative peace during his regime encouraged agriculture and trade and especially the growing of sugar, which became the country's chief export. Under Heureaux, the economy improved, the infrastructure was modernized, and political order was established -- but at the price of dictatorship and corruption. His improvident dealings with the San Domingo Improvement Company of New York -- which floated loans, built railways, and took over the collection of customs -- left the country bankrupt and led to interference in the country's affairs by the United States after Heureaux was assassinated by political enemies.

See also Wikipedia, History of the Dominican Republic.

An interesting comparison with Fields's account of Heureaux is Frances L. Wills, "Heureaux and his Island Republic," in *The National Magazine* vol. 10, 1899, pp. 565-71. Wills characterizes Heureaux as a ruler who assumed absolute power: "Strong, handsome as a typical black man can be, without the ordinary vices of drinking and smoking; but preserving one or more seraglios in various parts of his little empire, ... ready to slay without mercy, and still, in a way, honest in his beliefs and generous to

strangers...." (564). She says he often repeats his idea that "It is impossible to govern these people as you govern in the United States. The black man can only be ruled by fear and the half-breed is even more treacherous" (564). He was averse to foreign travel, saying, "Here I am general, president, everything -- in your New York or Boston I would only be a Negro" (565).

It seems clear that, while white observers see him as African of mixed ancestry and he acknowledges that this would be the case were he to visit the United States, still he presents himself to the *Hermione* party as significantly different from "the black man" and "the half-breed."

Fields's rendering of his name illustrates her somewhat frequent guessing about spellings of unfamiliar words.

restored a square: Among the significant 19th-century buildings in Santo Domingo is the "Residence of Ulysses Heureaux (Residencia de Ulises Heureaux). Located at 204 Las Mercedes Street. Modified Colonial. Lower doorways and windows of equal dimensions, descending to the floor. Vertical straight lines with rosettes in their centers. Simply framed upper doorways and windows. Continuous ironwork balconies on wood beams"; (the source of this quotation has been removed from the internet).

"San Nicolas de Bari Hospital (Hospital San Nicolás de Bari). Construction finished in 1522. The Dictator Ulysses Heureaux turned it into his private pasture. Corner of Hostos and Luperón Streets."

Heureaux's palace is now Casa de las Academias ... or Casa de Lilis at the Universidad Nacional Pedro Henríquez Ureña: "Seat of the Academies of History, the Language and the Medicine.... This house was constructed in 2 different centuries{;} thus the different styles. It was occupied by President Ulises Hereaux (Lilis). Later remodeled by Manuel Maria Gautier to add the balcony and the iron railings in the French tradition. It has also been the home of Receptoria de Aduana / customs receiving, Banco Central / Central bank, Logia Masónic/ a Masonic lodge among others."

the bones of Columbus: According to Bess Lovejoy's "The Scattered Bones of Columbus," in Lapham's Quarterly (October 15, 2013), the bones of Christopher Columbus were believed to have been discovered during renovation of the Santo Domingo cathedral in 1877.

[*Thursday 13 February 2nd entry for this day*]

Thursday Feb. 13. Took an exquisite drive through the city out to a ruined fort and the bathing place [Guiba *?*] -- called [Wiva *?*].* nothing could be more picturesque -- the fort is nearly as old as the earliest occupation by Columbus -- The waves were beating up to its feet as it has been doing for centuries, but it is now draped with [*deleted letter*] vines, and the little "tourelles" are crumbling.* They were sentry-boxes and Mr. Grimke our consul (the nephew of the celebrated ladies connected with the Antislavery times who came to New England to live)* said that one day returning to one of these places and shutting himself in for a moment after the gay party he was with, had departed, he discovered a bit of candle laid up above the window which the last sentry had put there. He carried it to a student of archaeology who said the candle was at least two hundred years old [*written over another word*]. On our return we stopped at a little restaurant as we say, back a little from the road under cocoa-palms and drank some cocoa-nut water -- from the freshly gathered nut. It was, to us, very pleasant and refreshing. A.F. & S.O.J. Mr. Pardo, the German agent of the Clyde Line of steamships* dined with us and told us of the bravery and character of the President. He is endeavoring to pass a law now by which ~~the President~~ ^he^ ^[*Two unreadable words may be inserted below the line.*]^ may

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be re-elected as often as the people wish instead of going out after a term of years as the plan is with us* -- He is so important a person here where it is quite unlikely his equal can be found to succeed him that the welfare of his people appears to demand his continuance in office. Mr. Pardo is one of the useful men of this world{,} knowing his work and his place thoroughly. Mr. Pierce expressed sincere admiration for him and said he had usually found the German officials remarkably well fitted to be useful in the situations they attempt to fil {fill}. Unhappily we cannot say this always of our people. Grimke does not speak the Spanish of the country although he has been here 15 months.

Notes

ruined fort: Fortaleza Ozama in the old colonial section of Santo Domingo.

[Guiba ?] -- called [Wiva ?]: It seems likely that Fields is reporting what she heard rather than read about these locations. Playa de Guibia and Playa Viva Dominicus are beaches on the western side of Santo Domingo.

Pardo : Fields's spelling of this name seems to vary between "Pardo" and "Prado." In 1903, a Mr. L. Pardo, German agent of the Clyde

Steamship line in Santo Domingo, was involved in discussions about unloading the cargo of a Clyde steamship during an insurrection. See *PapersRelating to the Foreign Relations of the United States* (1904), p. 396 ff.

Ulises Hilarión Heureaux Leibert
from Wills, p. 567

re-elected as often as the people wish: According to *Encyclopedia Britannica* (see above), Heureaux succeeded in making this change, which allowed him to rule without interruption until he was assassinated. At this time in the United States, a President could be reelected repeatedly, but none had yet served more than 2 successive 4-year terms.

[*Friday 14 February*]

Friday 14th St. Valentine's days! And we did not know until night that the President was our Valentine. We went shopping in the morning -- The heat was great before we returned, but we bought Madras handkerchiefs such as the women wear on their heads, to carry home our other useful things.* In the afternoon, Mr. Prado [*intended Pardo?*] accompanied us to the great sugar factory.* It was very hot, and dusty with coal on the Hermione and we were glad enough to be pushed off out towards the sea to the point opposite the fortification whence we could feel the refreshing air and could see the whole city below and opposite. As we stood there a dark rider came up the hill with Sword and Spurs and jumping from his horse saluted us all in a charming manner and showed us over a part of the establishment until meeting the engineer he introduced him to us and vanished as suddenly as he appeared.* He was a

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French officer who had been here only about two years but he was very dark and might be now easily mistaken for a handsome Lucayan. Returning to the ship we found everything in a high state of preparation for receiving the President to dinner. He was to come about six o'clock and the boat was sent for him punctually. At the same moment our boat touched the wharf we saw a stately figure accompanied by Mr. Grimke* walking up the pier and another boat white full of dark men draw up. It was the President's boat into which he stepped and in a few moments was received at the Hermione, first by Mr. Pierce and Mr. Aldrich at the ~~land~~ side of the ship and afterward by the ladies in the forward cabin. He was in full dress with a straw hat of finest and most exquisite ~~palm-leaf~~ ^manilla or palmetto^ such as used to be considered the finest thing (they have always been the most expensive) which gentlemen could wear in the [summer *?*].* His diamonds were magnificent and his shirt embroidered. His manners a little stiff at first, and I did not discovered until we came to the table, that one arm was utterly disabled the elbow joint being stiff.* Anything more interesting than his conversation however would be impossible to find -- He ended just before we left the table by speaking of Cuba. He is inclined to believe that the day of Spain is over. The people are already conquerors in the interior and are approaching Havana. Spain will soon be compelled to retire to her coast defenses and she is sure to be driven thence in two years or sooner.* Of course if the [she *has been changed to* the] ^Cubans^ are recognized

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by the great powers they will triumph all the sooner.

"Do these island republics take the part of Cuba?" some one asked.

"I will tell you a little tale of a camel,{'} he said, "if you will allow me -- a camel greatly overladen who lamented his sad fate. {'}I am bent to the earth,{'} he said, {'}everything is heaped upon me and I feel as if I could never rise again under such a load. {'} Upon his pack was seated a flea who heard the lament of the camel. Immediately the flea jumped to the ground. {'}See! {'} he said, {'}now rise, I have relieved you of my own weight. {'}" --

"Thank you, Mr. Elephant," said the camel, ^as he glanced at the flea hopping away.^ The recognition of these islands would help Cuba about as much," he ~~answered~~ ^added^ laughingly.

The President is a very abstemious man, eating little meat at any time and drinking no champagne, no coffee and using for himself no delicacies. His luxury is his garden of which he is fond and says he is his own gardener -- at least to the extent of cutting his own flowers when and how he wished, as our company discovered when they visited him. His house too was a pattern of cleanliness in strange contrast to everything else although San Domingo is certainly much cleaner than Port au Prince and quite different in the spirit of its people.

The President is the son of a Haytien soldier

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and he had seen wonderful changes he said even during his own life. As a little boy at school they had only one lesson book out of which the children copied what they had to learn until his father bought another book for him for which he paid four dollars. It would seem that his parents must have owned some property because he spoke with great sorrow of the man who had tried to make money out of his poor island, as indeed from the moment of the Spanish occupation seems to have {been?} the only idea of its governors. He said when the day he took his seat as President they were so poor that he was obliged to take fifty dollars from his ^own^ pocket to buy pens, ink{,} paper books to make the proper furnishing of the desk so that records could be made. Also he has given a large tract of land on the Samana bay to an American Fruit Co<u>y</u> for the cultivation of the same including a plantation of 200,000 Bananas of his own which they cultivate and send him the returns.

The wonder is as one talks with him, how this man has learned to be the finished gentleman, the scholar, the statesman, that he is, without ever having left his own soil. He has never seen any other place. "I might perhaps be somewhat discouraged he said, if I should see

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your rich and beautiful land. as it is I do what I can to educate and develop my people{.}" I told him I had observed a carpenter's school for the children here -- Yes he said it is carried on, on the apprentice system and those boys are excused from serving in the army unless there should be some occasion for national defense. How many troops have you we asked. Five thousand he replied -- The Haytiens have have [*repeated word*] thirty thousand, -- but in the long future I trust by careful markings of our boundaries to settle all quarrels between us until eventually we may become one people and there will be no danger of wars between us." His English all this time was most carefully selected, his speech being rather slow but never dragging -- [*deleted word*] slow from the selection of phrases which was going on in his mind -- "I translate all the time I speak with you he said" of course he has few opportunities to speak English -- not enough to learn to think in it, as some Frenchman said was the test of knowing a language!

It appears that when he learns of any uprising or dissatisfaction at any quarter of the island that he goes to the place at once, learns

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the true cause of the [*deleted word*] trouble, nips it in the bud and thus far has always succeeded in preventing further [*written over greater?*] spread of it. <u>He</u> is indeed the government. There is a congress but one which works according to his suggestions Mr. Pardo said, in order to satisfy the people{,} if any serious questions come up he would send for five members to come to see him and would represent to them the point he wished to carry. If he succeeded in making sure that these men would vote on his side, he would then send for three others who were likely to be disaffected and feeling pretty sure of them the question could then be argued in Council and yet he would carry the vote.

After dinner he did not smoke but again examined parts of the yacht which interested him. He had never seen the electric fan before and probably many other things were new to him of which he did not speak. While he was taking this tour with Mr. Pierce, Mr. Aldrich took up his cane and discovered a long sharp sword in the sheath. It appears that he goes always heavily armed. Very soon after his return to us he took his leave. His black boatmen in a long boat covered with white sail inside upon which their bare feet rested -- the light high in the prow, the fine figure of the President, as he stepped into it and rowed away, has left a picture in our

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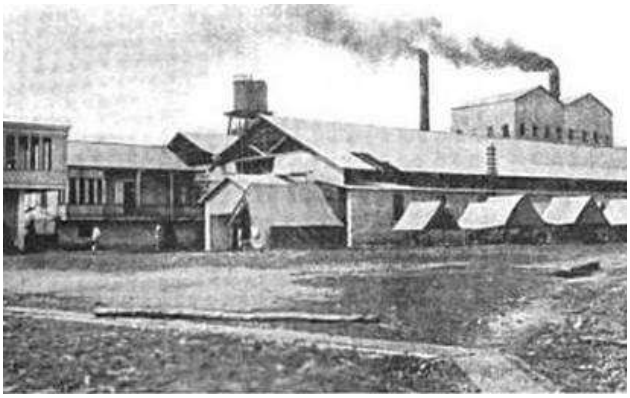
minds which will remain there. His grace, including toasts at dinner, ^which took^ [~~taking~~ *?*] the form of short addresses, was delightful{.}

Notes

Madras handkerchiefs: Madras is a light cotton cloth, often with colorful patterned or plaid designs, used for summer clothing.

the great sugar factory: Richard Haggerty describes the early development of the sugar industry in the Dominican Republic:

> Columbus introduced sugarcane to Hispaniola, but sugar plantations did not flourish in the Dominican Republic until the 1870s, much later than on most Caribbean islands. Investment by United States sugar companies, such as the United States South Porto Rico Company and the Cuban-Dominican Sugar Company, rapidly transformed the Dominican economy. These companies had established themselves by the 1890s, and between 1896 and 1905 sugar output tripled. During the United States occupation (1916- 24), the sugar industry expanded further, acquiring control of major banking and transportation enterprises.



Sugar mill, possibly in Santo Domingo
Image from Shorey, p. 36

A. C. Shorey, "Resources of the Future in the Dominican Republic," p. 36 in *The Americas*, v. 3, National City Bank of New York (1916), indicates that in 1916, there were three major sugar operations with mills in Santo Domingo: Italia, San Isidro, and San Luis. The San Luis mill was on the west side of the Ozama, as was the Fortaleza Ozama, and therefore, not the mill the *Hermione* party visited at this time, though it may be the one they visited the next day. I have not been able to determine whether one of remaining two is the factory the party tours on 14 February. Ownership and names of sugar companies changed often before the turn of the century

Sword and Spurs: Though it seems odd that the dark rider actually carries a sword, this is confirmed when either he appears again or his twin does in the February 15 entry. Capitalizing Sword and Spurs evokes the ceremony of investing a candidate for knighthood, which typically included presenting him spurs and sword. Fields implies, then, that the rider seems like a knight.

straw hat: The hat probably is made from Manila hemp, which is also the color of manila envelopes.

one arm was utterly disabled the elbow joint being stiff: In *Ulises Heureaux* (1996), Fernand Lanore indicates that in his military career, Heureaux received a number of wounds, including one that disabled his right hand (p. 8).

The people are already conquerors in the interior and are approaching Havana: Heureaux's description of the Cuban situation is accurate, though his prophecy is not. Wikipedia says: "In a successful cavalry campaign .... the revolutionaries invaded every province [of Cuba]. Surrounding all larger cities and well-fortified towns, they arrived at the westernmost tip of the island on January 22, 1896...."

camel and the flea: The President offers a revised version of the Aesopian fable of "The Camel and the Flea":

> A Flea, chancing to sit on the back of a Camel who was going along weighed down with heavy burdens, was quite delighted with himself, as he appeared to be so much higher. After they had made a long journey, they came together in the evening to the stable. The Flea immediately exclaimed, skipping lightly to the ground: " See, I have got down directly, that I may not weary you any longer, so galled as you are." The Camel replied: " I thank you; but neither when you were on me did I find myself oppressed by your weight, nor do I feel myself at all lightened now you have dismounted."
>
> He who, while he is of no standing, boasts to be of a lofty one, falls under contempt when he comes to be known.
>
> From Terence. *The Comedies of Terence and the Fables of Phaedrus*. 1887. Reprint. London: Forgotten Books, 2013. 469-70.

son of a Haytien soldier: While the information about Heureaux in notes above confirms that his father was Haitian, it has not been confirmed that he was a soldier. Lanore says that little is known of his parents, of whom he was a "natural" child. Furthermore, during most of his childhood, he did not live with them (pp. 9-10).

a large tract of land: Samaná Bay, in the eastern Dominican Republic, is north of Santo Domingo. The Samaná Bay Fruit Company formed in the 1870s under the leadership of Julius H. Preston (1829-1899), who became its president, according to *American Biography: A*

New Cyclopedia, Volume 10, edited by William Richard Cutter, (Section 29). Lanore says that Heureaux's banana concessions of 1896 to this company and to Romana Bay Fruit, like most of his business dealings, were means of funding his extravagant spending and helped bring about his assassination within a few years (pp. 49-50).

[*Saturday 15 February*]

Sat. Feb. 15 -- before breakfast this morning two young messengers, colored of course, from the President, speaking English perfectly came on board bringing us gifts from their Chief -- One brought a live mongoose* in a cage and one a silver tray covered with the most magnificent flowers. I took the leaves and flowers out, almost one by one, to examine their strange and wonderful beauty, leaving on the centre of the table, for dinner, a sea of roses.

We went ashore later and bought Madras handkerchiefs ^again^ and saw the shops, and in the afternoon when it was cooler climbed the hill near by to see the sugar works.* We were glad enough to get out of the ship where they were coaling -- coal having been sold to us by the Clyde line of steamers under the auspices of two Jews for more than twice the price it costs at home. Our commander is not a mean man nor does he haggle at trifles, but he simply mentioned this as an instance of the injustice which men inflict upon others sometimes when they have them at disadvantage.

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We could not go without the coal and the Clyde Line of steamers had it to sell with the permission of the President upon which they threw the ordering of the transaction but Mr. Pierce was wise enough to see that it was extremely unlikely that the President had anything to do with the price of the coal. The disagreeable Jews who had the matter in hand were enough to account for the detail.*

On the hill of the sugar factory which was on one of the outmost points of the harbor we could look across to the opposite point where the old fort stands and see all the vine-covered cliff-side with its most picturesque buildings sloping down into the city. The air was cool and the scene a lovely one. A French gentleman, dark now as the native people showed us over the sugar factory. He was in working costume with white jacket a{nd} trousers, sword and spurs; but he was manly and interested us much -- soon however he introduced us to the engineer and took his leave. We should like to see him again; he seems like a gentleman doing manfully a stiff bit of work laid out for him here - /

Went to sea at night, coasting again ~~toward~~ westward; a bad night; very heavy seas breaking over the vessel, but no storm thank god! The seas were bad enough without

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the excitement of a storm. There was very little sleep and when a wave slopped down into our state-rooms we were rather uncomfortable as to our surroundings. The men in the fo'castle were wet through and some of them are sick in consequence with cold and fever beside sea-sickness.

Notes

mongoose: Wikipedia says "Mongoose is the popular English name for 29 of 34 species in the 14 genera of the family *Herpestidae*, which are small carnivores that are native to southern Eurasia and mainland Africa." They are an introduced species in the Caribbean. In a letter of February 18, Jewett says: "The President gave us a mongoose in a cage at San Domingo & we had great fun with it at first but it drooped under sea faring so today the chief engineer & a 'boy' rowed ashore and let him out. Bridget is quite bereft."

sugar works: See notes for 14 February. The remarkable similarity of the two accounts Fields gives on February 14 and 15 for touring a sugar factory creates some confusion. Does she describe two different tours on subsequent days? Or does she describe the same tour twice?

disagreeable Jews: This incident is mysterious in several ways. Was the price of coal artificially high in Santo Domingo in February of 1896? Did the *Hermione* have to pay more than the current local rate for its coal? To what extent were the two "disagreeable Jews" responsible for the price? Why does Pierce believe that, even though the President exercises some control over the sale of coal, he could not be responsible for what they are charged? As they have an agent of the Clyde company at hand in Mr. Pardo, why is he not part of this discussion?

The final question is not answerable, but it sheds light upon the others, because the *Hermione* party apparently did not pursue it, indicating that they were satisfied with their own conclusion that the agreeable President Heureaux hardly could have allowed his guests to have to pay more than twice the price they would be charged at home. Therefore, the "disagreeable Jews" must be responsible for price-gouging.

Authoritative numbers are difficult to obtain, but various sources available on-line provide some reasonably reliable facts about coal transactions at the turn of the 20th century.
- While the 320 ton *Hermione's* coal capacity is not known, a fair guess is that she could carry about 50 tons, based on the *Sunbeam*, a contemporary 532 ton yacht, which carried 80 tons of coal.
- Coal exported from the United States to the West Indies in 1896 earned the sellers about $3.50/ton.
- At about the same time, coal for home heating in New York sold at retail for about $4.50 / ton.
- *Commercial Relations of the United States with Foreign Countries during the years 1896 and 1897* v. 1, p. 762, says that hard and soft coal imported to the Dominican Republic from England and the United States sold for $12-13 / ton.
- *The Report of the Isthmian Canal Commission*, 1899-1901, says that imported British coal was selling elsewhere in the world in the range of $5.83 to $6.85 / ton in 1900.

If these facts are accurate, it is clear that the price of coal in the Dominican Republic was artificially high. However, if it is literally the case that Pierce paid close to twice as much in Santo Domingo than he paid at home in Boston, his fuel would have cost him close to $9 / ton, which is less than 75% of the local current rate of $12-13 / ton. If he purchased a full 50 tons, he would pay $225 in New York, up to $343 for English coal at other world ports, $450 at twice the home price in Santo Domingo, and $650 at the maximum price given in the *Commercial Relations* document.

It seems reasonably likely that Pierce and his party failed to understand the coal market in Santo Domingo and that, in fact, they should have understood it better. Clearly, it was a monopoly. Only the Clyde shipping line was authorized to sell coal to retail customers. Only the President had the authority to establish and maintain this monopoly. Though Pierce did not understand or appreciate the magnificent corruption of the Heureaux regime, it should have been plain that the government's arrangement with the Clyde line stood to benefit Heureaux and the company. Assuming that the "disagreeable Jews" were employees rather than owners of the Clyde line, their personal benefit from the transactions would likely be minimal.

Since Pardo was also a Clyde line agent, he might well have been less than frank had he been asked about the coal market, but he may also have been able to point out what seems to be the case in this transaction, which is that the President may have personally approved a *discount* from the current retail price for the party that had treated him so graciously at dinner.

President Heureaux's charm seems to have immunized Pierce and his party against the racial stereotypes that might easily have led them to *accept* the coal merchants' claims that the President was responsible for the Clyde line taking advantage of their need to purchase coal at this time. They could blame the duplicity and greed of a typical American Black man who has been "given an inch," or of the habitually corrupt Black islanders, but instead they turn to the Shylock stereotype of the Jew who enjoys exacting all that the market will bear when given an advantage, even if this brings him no personal gain. Fields, Jewett and Thomas Bailey Aldrich were generally above this petty sort of thinking, but during a tense time of their cruise and when they believe they are being misused, the anti-Semitic stereotype takes its bow.

Part 7

Sunday 16 February - Friday 21 February

Haiti

[*Sunday 16 February*]

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Sunday 16th Kept on all day through strong seas hardly able to raise our heads.

[*Monday 17 February*]

Mon. Feb. 17th Came at 3 o'clock back to the quiet harbor of St. Nicholas ^mole^ -- The first point of the island touched by Columbus upon his return from the discovery of Cuba.* Fortifications in view cover the cliffs on each side of the harbor and give it an interest which the ~~bare~~ comparatively bare hills would not possess otherwise, in spite of Columbus's visit! Log wood is the export here. In both our visits we have found ships [*deleted word*] lading with it and the growth on the hills looks like log wood every way we turn; there are a few cocoa-palms but they are the exceptions and after the fertility we have seen the place looks rather bare. There is a town not far away however reached by the people by a road over which they carry their goods on their backs ~~which~~ ^it^ seems to be their garden -- there were fruits and vegetables. The Captain found one little garden here with

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two water-melons which the poor woman was delighted to sell.

Note

St. Nicholas mole: In Haiti, near the northwestern tip of the island's coast. Taking a westward route from Santo Domingo, the yacht would need to travel about 500 miles to reach Môle-Saint-Nicolas.

Wikipedia says: "Christopher Columbus' first voyage to the Americas landed at the site of what is now Môle-Saint-Nicolas on December 6, 1492.... Vestiges of colonial forts can be found in several locations: Batteries de Vallières, Fort Georges, Saint-Charles, La Poudrière, Le Fort Allemand, Les Ramparts. Ruine Poudrière is an old magazine built sometime in the 1750s."

[*Tuesday - Thursday 18-20 February*]

Tuesday Feb 18th A Norther is blowing which will prevent us from going to sea again today. When we do start we shall hope to make a steady run through to Nassau. Unless sea-sickness prevents, we shall do this.

Wedy Feb 19th The weather distinctly cooler -- like a northeaster in summer. We went ashore yesterday to find this "city" of St. Nicholas Mole a tiny place now of 550 inhabitants -- all that is left of what must have been once quite a different place: ^Upon^ both sides of the bay are to be seen the ruins of fortifications (Spanish I fancy) while the centre of the town was a wide parade ground. The church seems to be a repaired ruin* -- it is likely the roof was gone many years, because there is little to be discovered of ancient monuments or inscriptions inside only the usual simple though not tawdry symbols of peasant worship. It was Mardi gras* and a little procession of a dozen boys ^and girls^ or perhaps they were all boys dressed as women, and a few children ^all^ in the simplest disguises danced fantastically to tom-toms up and down the open ways between the huts -- when their noise stopped ~~a perfectly~~ ^the^ silence of the wilderness settled down. The gaily dressed figures stood out against the dark mountain-sides, clothed with green to the summit and black with cloud and vapor which lie

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behind and make a background to the place. We were landed on the open beach springing from the boat to avoid the waves and we walked through a low growth of cactus and mimosa to the telegraph office where we found an intelligent Frenchman who has the care of the Cable here{.}* He is serving the French company for three years half of which time was passed at Port au Prince{.} I told him quite frankly our opinion of the place in which he perfectly coincided but says there are villas and handsome residences in the hills behind the town which we did not see and where the President, Mr. Hippolyte lives. Nevertheless the standard is so low that no villas can redeem the place. He said there [were *written over* was] about fifteen thousand people there to which I responded that perhaps twelve thousand would have to be put into the sea before the city could be cleansed. In spite of his long residence there he agreed with this briefly formed opinion. Surely only by sending them down as the swine were sent into Jordan would it seem possible to begin to reform the place.* I am thankful for M. Heureaux that he has not so sad a problem to solve at San Domingo. I trust that a beneficial earthquake will swallow up the present population ^of Haiti^ before the island is laid under one government.

No words can express the grey beauty of St. Nicholas in the afternoon light, as we strolled up to the

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old parade ground, crossing the remains of buildings of pavements and of roads. Everywhere the voice and color of the sea, everywhere the back [*broken between lines with no hyphen*] ground of the vast mountains, looking as if they were hiding the secrets of the ages. A few monuments with inscriptions to missionaries and army men were the only signs left of the crowds who must have passed over this strange little place. The solemnity of it all was increased if possible by the fantastic figures with red masks solemnly dancing in the distance to the sound of the tom tom up and down between the huts.

The storm today continues -- not much rain but a steel blue sea and misty hills. The ship was swinging all night. We shall not be sorry to get away, although I am conscious that a few days should pass in cooler weather before we return to the North and our enforced stay here is as well as anything we can do. T. B. A. is very amusing and free with his wit. He is greatly distanced by the temperament of the President of Harvard. I always feel a cold wind blowing when I am in the room with him before I find out what the matter is. He is so cold that I expect someday in a warm room that one leg will drip down into his shoe like part of an iceberg and disappear{.}* T. B. A. is a keen student of English

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and he is always [making *blotted*] a merry hunt after our mistakes. To use the word "people" for

persons as everybody does is a sign of great weakness in English to his eye -- He has even caught Washington Irving tripping in his plural verb!*

A little boat comes ^along^ aside to bring provisions. The colored man ^in it^ who speaks English well says the storm is not likely to abate for two days!! he and our Captain mean to go shooting today. Meanwhile the Captain talks of changing our anchorage{.} We swing about too much here.

A strong North East storm reminding us of ^Thunderbolt Hill^ ~~Manchester~~* in summer blew all day. A steamer came in telling of rough seas and it began to look as if we might be detained many more days here. There was a drizzling rain from time to time which made it inexpedient to go ashore since there appeared to be nothing there now for to compensate us for the trouble of getting wet. The Captain went shooting, walked four miles in the wet brush and brought home two tiny birds -- one a kind of wild pigeon, however, the other a little larger with the gayest plumage imaginable{.} I think he called it a wood-pecker but it was quite unlike ours -- nearly the size of a tanager -- a red head and variegated plumage. *

Our hostess grew slowly better -- The Commodore had become anxious about it because she did not recover immediately after her repeated attacks of sea-sickness. We tried to assure him that discomfort of this kind was not dangerous

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but he answered gloomily, "if a cheque of any size would carry this vessel over dry land to Nassau he would gladly pay it{.}" Then he went away, but coming back after a time we engaged in conversation which interested him and before night all was cheerful once more except Miss Jewet{t} who had a headache and was otherwise "out of sorts" -- However he talked as ^while^ he smoked after dinner, most cheerfully, underrating Longfellow, praising Tennyson's poetry, but with a feeling of bitterness toward the man whom he never knew{,} having gazed at his abode "through the grill of his closed gate{"} with Boughton his neighbor who said that "he was rude sometimes to persons who went to see him!" Well, well, I thought this is a dearly loved poet, let me hold my love and my patience, and so presently I went away by myself to read and write a letter before going to bed.*

Thursday Feb. 20th The wind has changed the skies are clearing -- we are likely to steam away tonight -- I hear the men singing cheerily as they wash the decks. It has after all been a pleasanter waiting [for / far *?*] than in most hotels -- We are reading Irving's Columbus with great delight -- This is his ground, the very waters on ^upon^ which the tragedies of that great life were acted --

Notes

The church seems to be a repaired ruin: Barry Proctor's web page, "Postcards from Haiti" on Môle-Saint-Nicolas, includes photographs of the new Catholic Church of St. Nicolas and of the ruin of the old church.

Mardi gras: Mardi Gras would have been on Tuesday 18 February in 1896.

cactus and mimosa ... the Cable here: A number of kinds of cactus grow on the island of Hispaniola. The mimosa Fields sees is likely to be *Vachellia farnesiana*, a relatively small, blooming tree or bush with abundant thorns.

By 1888, an undersea telegraph cable connected Cap Haitien directly with New York City, and a network of other undersea cables connected key points in Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic.

swine were sent into Jordan: In the gospels of Matthew (8:28-34), Mark (5:1-20) and Luke (8:26-39) appears the story of the "Exorcism of the Gerasene demoniac." In Mark, Jesus accomplishes this by permitting the demons who possess an unfortunate man to enter into a herd of swine. The swine then rush into a lake, where they drown. None of the versions shows the swine being "sent into Jordan."

Fields's animosity toward Port-au-Prince seems uncharacteristically extreme and violent in this view of the natives as demonic and in her statement that it would be fortunate if the "present population of Haiti" were swallowed up in an earthquake, for then the whole island could be unified into a single nation and governed by such a benevolent ruler as President Heureaux of the Dominican Republic.

I always feel ... and disappear: Probably, Fields is quoting Aldrich in this sentence.

Washington Irving: Wikipedia says: "Washington Irving (April 3, 1783 – November 28, 1859) was an American author, essayist, biographer, historian, and diplomat of the early 19th century. He is best known for his short stories "Rip Van Winkle" (1819) and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" (1820)...."

Thunderbolt Hill Manchester: Thunderbolt Hill was Annie Fields's summer home in Manchester-by-the-Sea, east of Boston, MA.

a kind of wild pigeon ... the other a little larger with the gayest plumage imaginable: Wikipedia lists eleven species of pigeons and doves as native to Haiti. The other bird could be a Hispaniolan woodpecker or, possibly, a Yellow-bellied sapsucker.

Longfellow, ...Tennyson's poetry ... Boughton his neighbor: The American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) and his family were long-time friends of Fields and of Jewett. In *Sarah Orne Jewett*, Paula Blanchard notes that the British Poet, Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) as early as 1882 hardly ever received visitors, though Annie Fields was an old and close friend (pp. 141-2). Aldrich apparently is upset that he was not received by Tennyson, despite his position as a reasonably well-known American poet and editor. The Aldriches were frequently in England, and I have not yet discovered the occasion when TBA apparently was snubbed by Tennyson

Though Aldrich is hard on two people whom Fields holds dear, she bites her tongue, and by the next journal entry, she has forgiven him.

The identity of Tennyson's neighbor, Boughton, has not been discovered. It is conceivable but not especially likely that Aldrich refers to George Henry Boughton (1833 - 1905), an Anglo-American painter and writer, who illustrated some editions of Tennyson.

Irving's Columbus: Washington Irving published *A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* in 1828.

From Jewett's Correspondence

Tuesday 18 February -- to Mary Rice Jewett and Carrie Eastman, Cape St. Nicholas Mole Haiti.

This is the third letter I haven't been able to mail! At San Domingo we thought we were pretty sure of catching a steamer but when caught we found that letters sent by it wouldn't get to New York before the fifth or sixth of March. So we came along letters in and all, but at Nassau they will have to look out an extra mail bag. Today we are left here in this nice snug harbor by a Norther which is raining a great rain and blowing up the sea outside. We are making our way as fast as we can to Nassau but it is a long stretch and oh so rough all the way along the South coast of San Domingo & Haiti! We had two quite awful nights when the minute you got to sleep a great roll would bang you awake again. Your poor sister has often thought of her nice room and the fire in the fireplace those nights before she came away! but everything good costs something as we have heard, and I shall be glad to have seen these lovely places. I was dreadfully disappointed about "the islands," but now we are getting near Nassau again and I hope again for letters and so those woes are put by.

There is a schooner from Tenants Harbor anchored close by us loading with logwood, or from St. George which is the same thing.* Isn't it funny? We have seen a Rockland schooner several times.

Thursday

We have had to lie here two days more until the Norther blew itself out and now tonight we are going on, I suppose to be rolled about more, but it is only two days to Nassau and then I shall feel quite near to you all, and I hope to find some letters. The last one I had from you was at Kingston the 30th of Jan and dated the 24th so it is almost a month. I have thought of telegraphing but I knew you would get all the news there was from Lilian's despatches, and at a dollar & eighty-seven cents a word your ideas seem to fly away! We have been reading the life of Columbus* all of us and ^getting^ so interested because he was right here in these little harbors that we have learned to know so well and even named them all. It has been cold these last few days so that I took heart to get out my worsted work and have been much stayed with the pleasure of doing it though I haven't got the black sprigs all filled in yet.

We went ashore day before yesterday and saw the funniest little mardi gras procession with masks and red things over their heads dancing in the streets with pipe & drum. Coloured children & some bigger ones who danced ahead and twirled and then went back again. It was so wild looking somehow. There was a huge old fort here which has all crumbled down and this poor village seems to be cobbled up out of the ruins. The President gave us a mongoose in a cage at San Domingo & we had great fun with it at first but it drooped under sea faring so today the chief engineer & a 'boy' rowed ashore and let him out. Bridget is quite bereft. I shall leave this envelope open to add a word later as we hope now to get to Nassau Sunday morning & I think the mail doesn't go until Monday.

Notes

Cape St. Nicholas Mole Haiti: Jewett began a sketch entitled "The Cape St. Nicholas Mole \ Hayti Story." See Appendix 3.

Tenants Harbor ... or from St. George which is the same thing ... a Rockland schooner: Jewett and Fields had spent part of the summer of 1895 at Tenants Harbor, ME, the village which bears

some resemblance to Dunnet's Landing in *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896), which was appearing in serial while Jewett was sailing with the *Hermione.* St. George and Rockland ME are on the peninsula north of Tenants Harbor, St. George about 5 miles, Rockland about 14 miles.

the life of Columbus ... he was right here in these little harbors ... and even named them all: Jewett, Fields, and perhaps their fellow voyagers, as well, were reading Washington Irving's *A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* (1828).

Fields Diary

[*Friday 21 February*]

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Friday -- Feb 21st Still at St. Nicholas Mole! We were to have left yesterday but the seas continued to be rough so we have deferred until today (Moon changes -- seas are smooth) -- Wonderful cloud scenery yesterday afternoon and evening -- The pelican fishing at sunset casting a flitting shade on the rock coast as he rose and sank. The rain clouds behind the mountains were black with storm while lights were breaking and playing through the ~~light~~ slight films which dressed rather than covered the nearer heavens. Presently the moon rose and the stars came out while we sat on deck and watched the divine pageant. [T. B. A.'s wit and pleasant company never fail -- he is so natural, finding fault at times, without being a fault finder, and being crusty like another human creature when out of sorts -- but on the whole a most refreshing companion, coming up from below every morning with a shining countenance, his hair curling like a boy's, and ready for a new days. He said yesterday that he should like to live 450 years -- shouldn't you -- "No," I said, "I am on tip-toe for the flight." "Ah" -- he said with a visible shudder, "we know nothing about it! Oddly enough I have strange impressions of having lived before -- over in London especially -- not at St. Paul's or Pall Mall or in any of the great places where I might have been deceived by previous imaginations -- not at all -- but away {in} some old streets where I had never been before and where I had no associations. ---- He would

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have gone on in this vein and would have drawn me into giving some reasons for my faith which would have been none to him, but fortunately we were interrupted. He is full of quips and [cranks *corrected*] in talk -- is a worshipper of the English language and a good student of Murray's grammar, in which he faithfully believes.* His own training in it he values as much as anything which ever came to him. He picks up the unfortunate of which I am chief, who say "people" meaning "persons" who say "at length" for "at last" and who use foolish redundancies, but I cannot seem to record his fun. He began to joke Bridget early in the voyage about the necessity of being tattooed when she arrived at the Windward Islands, like the rest of the crew! Fancying that he saw a sort of half idea that he was in earnest he kept it up and told her that the butter-mark of Ponkapog* should be the device! The matter had nearly blown over when yesterday he wanted her suddenly and called, "Bridget," at the gangway rather sharply. "Here, sir," said the dear creature running quickly to mount the stairs -- "The tattoo-man is here," said T. B. with all seriousness -- Bridget paused a moment, wavered, looked again, and then came on laughing to do what he really wanted. "That man will be the death of me -- so he will," said B. as she went away on her errand. She is his slave; gets his clothes and waits upon him every moment, but his fun and sweetness with her "desennuie de service," and more, changes it into pleasantness. *

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T. B. A. is a most careful reader and a true reporter upon the few good books of which he is cognizant. He has read Froude's history twice though and Queen Mary's reign three times* -- He has read a vast number of novels, hundreds and hundreds -- French and English but his knowledge of French seems to stop there. He also once knew Spanish but that seems to have dropped -- he never, I think, could speak much of any language save his own -- Being a master then [*two deleted words*] ^is^ so much more than [*deleted word*] ^some^ of the rest of us achieve [*deleted word*] that we feel he has won [*deleted marks*] his laurels.

The sea is smooth this morning and there is talk of sailing! This experience has been a strange pause in our busy lives; but I can see that it is not without purpose; I do not feel as if we were drifting on a rudderless sea, but as if we were here, also, in the Divine Hand. "Let not your heart be troubled" brought to me today a strange peace* -- But it is a curious change for busy minds and hearts such as Sarah's and mine and we have to hold on hard not to be impatient. We have been reading Irving's History of Columbus with the greatest joy -- The inspiration of his greatness still breathes upon us from that book and as I stood in the sunset yesterday watching

the birds in the harbor I thought it might have been yesterday that Columbus with his comrades dropped his anchors by our side -- Men fade and pass but the eter^n^al hills and the vast restless waters remain -- They are not altogether speechless witnesses after reading such a book -- It was Mr. Pierces idea to bring the book and it has proved more valuable and

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interesting than anything else we have had with us{.}

Notes

Mark M. A. DeWolfe Howe quotes the account of Aldrich in the above entry in his edition of *Memories of a Hostess* (1922). Probably the parts added to this passage, clearly by another hand, were inserted by Howe. See notes below for details.

not at St. Paul's or Pall Mall: Wikipedia says: "St Paul's Cathedral, London, is an Anglican cathedral, the seat of the Bishop of London and the mother church church of the Diocese of London. It sits on Ludgate Hill at the highest point of the City of London. Its dedication to Paul the Apostle dates back to the original church on this site, founded in AD 604. The present church, dating from the late 17th century, was designed in the English Baroque style by Sir Christopher Wren." "Pall Mall is a street in the City of Westminster, London, and parallel to The Mall, from St. James's Street across Waterloo Place to the Haymarket; while Pall Mall East continues into Trafalgar Square. The street is a major thoroughfare in the St James's area of London... The name of the street is derived from "pall-mall," a ball game that was played there during the 17th century."

[: Very likely this bracket was inserted by Howe. It marks the beginning of a passage he quotes in *Memories of a Hostess*.

Murray's grammar: Wikipedia says: "Lindley Murray (27 March 1745 – 16 March 1826), was an American Quaker who moved to England and became a writer and grammarian." He wrote several books on English grammar and usage. Aldrich probably refers to *English Grammar Adapted to the Different Classes of Learners. With an Appendix, Containing Rules and Observations, for Assisting the More Advanced Students to Write with Perspicuity and Accuracy*. 1795.

Fancying that he saw a sort of half idea ... the butter-mark of Ponkapog: It seems likely that Fields meant to write "Fancying that *she* saw..." "Ponkapog" appears a second time inserted above the original, almost certainly in a different hand and intended to clarify Fields's handwriting. Probably this was added by Howe.

Wikipedia says: Ponkapoag ... is the name of a Native American "praying town" settled in the western Blue Hills area of eastern Massachusetts during the colonization of the Atlantic seaboard of the United States by settlers from Britain in the 17th century. It is the name given to the winter residence (and subsequently to the tribe) of the group of Massachusett who lived at the mouth of the Neponset River in summer. Ponkapoag is now contained almost entirely by the town of Canton, Massachusetts....

"The name is derived from a nearby pond 1 mile (1.6 km) south of Great Blue Hill; Ponkapoag means "shallow pond" or "a spring that bubbles from red soil."

Henry Pierce and Thomas B. and Lilian Aldrich were neighbors in this area, south of Boston. The Aldriches called their rural residence "Ponkapog." Apparently butter was churned on the property and placed in a butter mold until cool and firm. Soft butter could be stamped with a distinctive mark to identify it as coming from the Ponkapog dairy.

desennuie de service: Jeannine Hammond, Emeritus Professor of French at Coe College, says that this fairly obscure phrase comes out of the French romantic tradition. It is an opposite to ennui as understood within that tradition, the opposite of a physical and spiritual lassitude and fatigue in a social world without challenge or stimulation.

It is a masculine noun, as are most nouns derived from verbs. Fields has chosen (perhaps in error, perhaps in playfulness) to add an "e" to the correct spelling, rendering it feminine, presumably because it applies to Bridget, whose eagerness to be of service may seem to Fields both affectionate and feminine in character.

This story about Bridget and T. B. Aldrich appears in Howe's *Memories of a Hostress* (1922). It seems clear that Howe has added marks to this passage in the manuscript, changing punctuation and printing some words above Fields's lines that he may have thought unclear in her handwriting. The result is the following version:

> The matter had nearly blown over when yesterday he wanted her suddenly and called, "Bridget," at the gangway rather sharply. "Here, sir," said the dear creature running quickly to mount the stairs. "The tattoo-man is here," said T. B. With all seriousness Bridget paused a moment, wavered, looked again, and then came on laughing to do what he really wanted. "That

man will be the death of me -- so he will," said B. as she went away on her errand. She is his slave; gets his clothes and waits upon him every moment; but his fun and sweetness with her "désennuie de service," and more, charges it with pleasantness.

Note that Howe very likely added the accented é to *désennuie de service*, placing the accent in Fields's text and then, above her text, printing the word out again, with the accent.

Froude's history ... Queen Mary's reign: James Anthony Froude (1818 - 1894) "was an English historian, novelist, biographer, and editor of *Fraser's Magazine*," according to Wikipedia. His *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth* (1856–1870) included twelve volumes. "Queen Mary I (1516 -1558) was the Queen of England and Ireland from July 1553 until her death...." She was the only child of Henry VIII and his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, to live into adulthood. Froude's *The Reign of Mary Tudor* is volume 6 of the *History of England....*

"Let not your heart be troubled": John 14:1-3 reads: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if [it were] not [so], I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, [there] ye may be also."

Part 8

The Bahamas

Saturday 22 February - Sunday 1 March

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[*Saturday 22 February*]

Saturday 22d Yesterday we reached Inagua* and rested there overnight -- sending ashore for water and finding good welcome and water, but Mr. Sargent (our consul) had broken ~~his~~ ^one^ wrist and maimed the other. There was fever and ague on the island (probably brought there as they say it is not common there,{)} and altogether [poor *?*] Inagua sounded more forlorn than ever. We started for Nassau again in the morning of Saty but the seas were frightfully rough again from the North East & our crew are labored with waves breaking over us all day. It was with great difficulty, by putting up our sails and close watching of the engine that we got to "Crooked Island Harbor"* about ten o'clock and there although we were swinging and were at times as uncomfortable as we could have been in a moderate sea -- we weighed anchor [dropped anchor *is intended?*]. This tried S.O.J.'s patience and mine sadly. It had been a hard day and unless the wind greatly abates we must have one more before we reach Nassau: however, it is only one more and two nights if all is well.*

[*Sunday 23 - Monday 24 February*]

Sunday Feby 23 At harbor before Crooked Island. Brown men in small boats are surrounding us with fruits for sale. They are very welcome to my sight because they speak of the land and they are full of life and picturesque action and they break the monotony of the sea. We have a nice little island close by -- If we were at Nassau we should be preparing our letters to go by tomorrow's steamer which I fear now we shall lose.

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Sunday, Feb. 23d ~~Running northward all day but very slowly -- Mrs. Aldrich being very sick and we simply impatient I fear;~~ dropped anchor ~~at night~~ ^Saturday night^ at Crooked Island where we lay all Sunday. Mrs. A. & the rest went on shore and found a clean little settlement with a pretty orange plantation with ^over which^ a nice intelligent woman ^was^ presiding ~~over it~~ -- We ^Sarah & I^ were too tired to go ashore but the air was very pleasant on the ship. They brought us back roses and oranges. We had a cheerful dinner at night all together -- The pretty deep pink roses standing on a light blue cloth very French and attractive. We started for Nassau at last about eight o'clock with dismal anticipations for our seasick companion, but the storm had abated the wind was better and she had a quiet night. Therefore we ran fast all through Monday 24th We were able to sew and talk together as well as read. Finished Eugenie Grandet before ~~rising~~ ^[*unreadable penciled insertion of perhaps four words*] in the morning.^ What a master is Balzac. I respect Mrs. Wormley for making her translations, which must have cost her endless toil and patience, when I see what poor stuff persons will read. If they would but remember that nothing is better than such "idle words" for awakening our interest in La Comedia Humaine.* Talked with T. B. A. late into the night over the anthology of the Victorian Era ^Stedman^ which I brought{.} He gave me a few lines of Owen Meredith called Aristocracy,* (3 only) but the only good thing I know of ^by^ Lytton. He values him too highly. He has not done enough [*deleted letters*] such to give him

a place upon Parnassus.* T. B. A. said in speaking of Howells and of our care for him. "Yes," Henry James said to me "I like Howells immensely and would like to see more of him, but somehow I do not al-together like his conjugal appendage"!* We sat up until we greeted the lights in Nassau harbor about midnight.

Notes

Inagua: The *Hermione* returns to the Bahamas, where the party spent January 12-23, near the beginning of their cruise. See Part 2 of the journal for notes on Inagua and Nassau. From Môle-Saint-Nicolas to Inagua is about 87 miles.

Crooked Island Harbor: Crooked Island is in the south-central area of the islands of the Bahamas. From Inagua to Crooked Island is about 120 miles.

Eugenie Grandet ... Balzac ... Mrs. Wormley for making her translations ... La Comedia Humaine: Wikipedia says: "Honoré de Balzac ... (20 May 1799 - 18 August 1850) was a French novelist and playwright. His *magnum opus* was a sequence of short stories and novels collectively entitled *La Comédie Humaine*, which presents a panorama of French life in the years after the 1815 Fall of Napoleon Bonaparte." "Eugénie Grandet is an 1833 novel ... about miserliness, and how it is bequeathed from the father to the daughter, Eugénie, through her unsatisfying love attachment with her cousin." Wikipedia also says: "Katherine Prescott Wormeley (January 14, 1830 - August 4, 1908) was an American nurse in the Civil War, author, editor, and translator of French language literary works .... She was one of the best known translators of her time, having translated from the French language the complete works of Honoré de Balzac (40 vols., 1883–97) for American readers."

the anthology of the Victorian Era ^Stedman^ which I brought{.} .... Owen Meredith ... Aristocracy: In part 2 of the journal, Fields discussed reading from the then new volume, *A Victorian Anthology, 1837-1895: Selections Illustrating the Editor's Critical Review of British Poetry in the Reign of Victoria* by Edmund Clarence Stedman (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, 1895). Owen Meredith is a pen name used by Edward Robert Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, 1st Earl of Lytton (1831 - 1891), an English statesman and poet. Wikipedia says: "When Lytton was twenty-five years old, he published in London a volume of poems under the name of Owen Meredith. He went on to publish several other volumes under the same name. The most popular one is "Lucile," a story in verse published in 1860. Although not much read today, his poetry was extremely popular in his own day." Meredith's poem, "Aristocracy" does not appear in the 1906 edition of *A Victorian Anthology* currently available from Google Books. The following is quoted from The Poetical Works of Owen Meredith:

> Aristocracy
>
> To thee be all men heroes; every race
> Noble: all women virgins: and each place
> A temple: know thou nothing that is base.

a place upon Parnassus: Wikipedia says: "Mount Parnassus ... is a mountain of limestone in central Greece that towers above Delphi, north of the Gulf of Corinth, and offers scenic views of the surrounding olive groves and countryside. According to Greek mythology, this mountain was sacred to Dionysus and the Dionysian mysteries; it was also sacred to Apollo and the Corycian nymphs, and it was the home of the Muses." Fields probably refers to it mainly as the home of the Muses.

speaking of Howells ...Henry James: Wikipedia says: "William Dean Howells (1837 - 1920) was an American realist author, literary critic, and playwright. Nicknamed "The Dean of American Letters," he was particularly known for his tenure as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* as well as his own prolific writings, including ... the novels *The Rise of Silas Lapham* and *A Traveler from Altruria*." Howells had preceded T. B. Aldrich as *Atlantic Monthly* editor (1871-81). During that period, Howells fostered the career of Sarah Orne Jewett and published both Jewett and Annie Fields.

"On Christmas Eve 1862, at the American embassy in Paris, he married Elinor Mead, a sister of the sculptor Larkin Goldsmith Mead and the architect William Rutherford Mead, the Mead of McKim, Mead, and White. Among their children was the future architect John Mead Howells." While Aldrich quotes the American novelist, Henry James, a mutual friend of Howells, Aldrich, Fields, and Jewett, as disliking Elinor Howells, when Elinor died in 1910, James "offered his condolences, writing, 'I think of this laceration of your life with an infinite sense of all it will mean for you.'"

[*Tuesday 25 February*]

Tuesday Feb. 25th Rose very early to write a few letters before we can get ashore for the mails -- Unfortunately we missed yesterday's steamer but we have not a word to say except of

gratitude at getting back since we could not accomplish our visit to the Windward Islands* which has been a real disappointment. (I omitted to make a note of the unspeakable loveliness of the waters at Crooked Island.* We could see everything upon the bottom many many feet below. At night when we started away the lovely flying fish* seemed to accompany the vessel on their silver wings and ten flew into the ship. We had them for dinner last night! If they offered themselves in this way, it was at least better than maiming them with a hook.)

[*Wednesday 26 February*]

~~Tuesday~~ Wedy 26th This is the conference at Chardon St.* I am lazily swinging in the harbor of Nassau. Went ashore to the hotel yesterday which was ~~quite~~ full and wore quite an air of business. The trees were not ~~quite~~ as beautiful as when we were here a month ago -- There were more dead leaves

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and the spring growth was scarcely apparent, but the flowers have made great strides. A splendid yellow rose, like a more delicate Marshal Niel* was covering the porches. Splendid flowers were sent over to the ship from the butcher and coachman etc -- A "Norther" came up in the afternoon which made it difficult to hold on to our raiment and the waves danced about greatly as we returned to the ship. The boatman found it a heavy pull. It was a cool evening and we sat in-doors. This morning I hesitated about a sea-bath, but found it in the end very refreshing -- We are anchored just where we can look into the little town (off the buildings of the Constabulary at one side and the lighthouse on the other* -- 5 or 6 ships from Palm beach have been obliged to roll about two days before landing, making it rather bad business to go there and one not likely to be continued.

[*Thursday 27 February*]

Feby 27th Longfellow's birthday. 22d Washington's* but we were all sick and the sea was tossing [*deleted letters*] almost frightfully. Only the 2d steward a poor ne'er do well from Malden* dressed up and asked Mr. Pierce if he remembered it was a holiday while every man on board was

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stretching each nerve to keep the ship right, look after the sick and keep the water out!

Last evening was a wondrous night -- the moon nearly full, the air cool, and noises of the town the bells, taps, and the other sounds of human and animal life came to us softened over the water -- this exquisite peacock hued water, clear as crystal which allows us to see the bottom at thirty feet or so, even in the moonlight. Nothing could be more perfect than the atmosphere. We sat on the yacht reading sewing and talking T. B. A. S.O.J. and I during the morning and were then rowed ashore in the exquisite sunshine to dine. After dinner and our happy mail (telling us all were well and the cold terrible, below zero frequently and snow-storms when it moderates but "happy" because everybody was well) we drove again through the pretty streets and by the water side to some little shops there full of marine curiosities which we devastated! But I shall remember longer than the shops, how sweet and still it was there walking about and waiting for the [purchasers *corrected*], how lovely the breeze from the sea and the clear sunshine: the little tinkle of the piano* of the shopkeepers wife who lived in a neat cottage opposite -- the yellow sea poppies* by the roadside, the blazing hibiscus in the gardens not far away. This is Nassau.

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[*Friday 28 February*]

Friday Feb. 28th Still at Nassau. Yesterday afternoon we walked about the little town and peeped through the open gates at the gardens as we went. The air was perfect and we were better for our walk.

Today we started early in a sail-boat to see the "sea-gardens",* but alas! when we came near the place after an hour's sailing, the high winds prevented us from getting into the small boat and we saw none of the wonders. However the beauty of the harbor as we went was enough to go for; the water the color of peacocks -- green and blue and clear as crystal coming back we flew in fifteen minutes and never confessed that we did not see the fish and coral.

The others have gone ashore now without us. The winds are very high and it is dusty in the streets -- here it is quiet and sweet --

More and more I understand that schemes for enjoyment, simply, in this world are for the most part aside from the Divine plan. We are here to labor for others and to seek to know the purpose of life and its opportunities; to do such work as we can find to do with all our might *-- T. B. A. said the other day that he "would accept comfort at any time rather than intelligence." And somehow this terrible word, as it strikes me has been in my mind ever since. It strikes at the root of all morality and my spirit revolts at it --

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My heart holds one prayer -- to be able to live a devout life. Hear me Good Lord! May every other desire be wiped from me.

[*Saturday 29 February*]

Saturday -- Feb. 29th While others are laboring at home I think of these idling days often with ruefulness and yet one might be on one's bed at home from a cold! A great storm, lightning and thunder and [wind *?*] lasting until about midnight -- not heavier than such summer storms are at home -- indeed not the fiercest I have seen. It was splendid and awful enough however. I did not like to sit on deck with the draft blowing through the open cabin and so went to bed. We carry two lightning rods attached to the masts. The lower ends lie coiled up at the foot of the mast until the storm comes when they are thrown overboard -- The Captain did not know about these or did not think and we found one coiled up all ready to carry the lightning into the heart of the ship! The people on these islands all make baskets -- they are less interesting here than elsewhere but fortunately some are brought here from the other islands -- To watch the beautiful water here is an endless pleasure. Brown boys come round in small boats to dive for pennies and their little bodies wriggling under water are strange species of animals to gaze at!

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[*Sunday 1 March*]

^Sunday March First^

We were utterly wearied with sitting on board the ship on Saturday. In the afternoon Mr. Pierce took me ashore in spite of the wind which rose before noon and tossed us most unpleasantly whether we were on the ship or off of her. It was warm also and we felt weak and a little sick -- altogether it was a bad day [*Deleted word*] until I was able to get free of the ship for an hour near sundown and take a short ride inland. The precious hour went sadly, because we could do absolutely nothing, and we were impatient ------

However!! as I said the longest day has an end* and I was greatly revived by [the *superimposed over another word*] short ride through the quiet little streets of Nassau. [*Penciled in the right margin*: She did not feel able to go.]

Today at four we sail at last for Florida, (Palm Beach) where we are to land.

Notes

Windward Islands: According to Wikipedia, the Windward Islands are: Dominica (formerly administered as part of the Leeward Islands), Martinique, Saint Lucia, Saint Vincent and the Grenadines, and Grenada. "The Windward Islands are called such because they were more windward to sailing ships arriving in the New World than the Leeward Islands, given that the prevailing trade winds in the West Indies blow east to west. The trans-Atlantic currents and winds that provided the fastest route across the ocean brought these ships to the rough dividing line between the Windward and Leeward islands." This string of islands stretches southeastward from Puerto Rico toward Venezuela. Had weather permitted, the *Hermione* could have traveled much further south, almost to the South American coast.

Crooked Island: From Crooked Island to Nassau is about 270 miles.

flying fish: Wikipedia says: "The *Exocoetidae* are a family of marine fish ... known as flying fish.... Flying fish can make powerful, self-propelled leaps out of water into air, where their long, wing-like fins enable gliding flight for considerable distances above the water's surface. This uncommon ability is a natural defense mechanism to evade predators."

Chardon St: In *Annie Adams Fields*, Margaret Roman discusses this cruise and notes that Fields missed a "charity conference," but does not specify which conference (145-6). Wikipedia says that before the 1960s, Chardon Street in Boston connected Bowdoin Square to Merrimac and Portland Streets. The Boston Bureau of Charities and Temporary Home (built in 1868) was located at 33-35 Chardon Street. Serving as a foundling home and housing the offices of various charities, it was popularly called "The Charity Building." Among the charities located there was the one with which Fields is most closely associated, "The Co-operative Society of Visitors among the Poor," according to *King's Dictionary of Boston* by Edwin Monroe Bacon (1883), p. 106.

Marshal Niel: Marchal Niel is a variety of yellow rose.

lighthouse on the other: Fields tries sea-bathing in the harbor between the lighthouse and the constabulary. While there are several lighthouses in Nassau bay today, only two of these could have been in operation in 1896, the Paradise Island light and the Government House cupola light in the city of Nassau. It seems more likely Fields refers to the Paradise Island light, which has long been a local landmark. The precise location of the constabulary office Fields mentions is not known, but it may be inferred that this building was then south of the lighthouse.

Longfellow's birthday. 22d Washington's: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born on 27 February 1807. George Washington, the first President of the United States, was born on February 22, 1732.

from Malden: This sailor hails from Malden, MA, which is now a northern suburb of Boston.

tinkle of the piano: Fields is revisiting sites from the party's first visit to Nassau on January 18 (Part 2, p. 36).

yellow sea poppies: Sea poppies are likely to be "*Glaucium flavum* (yellow hornpoppy or yellow horned poppy) ... a summer flowering plant in the *Papaveraceae* family, which is native to Northern Africa, Macronesia, temperate zones in Western Asia and the Caucasus, as well as Europe. Habitat: the plant grows on the seashore and is never found inland. All parts of the plant, including the seeds, are toxic and can produce a range of symptoms up to and including respiratory failure resulting in death.... It is a noxious weed in some areas of North America, where it is an introduced species."

the "sea-gardens": Fields (and Jewett?) apparently hoped to visit the vicinity of Athol Island, which now is part the National Marine Park, west of Nassau. See *Stark's History and Guide to the Bahama Islands* (1891), pp. 229-32. See also *The Book about the Sea Gardens of Nassau, Bahamas* (1917) by Stephen Haweis. The illustration below shows the necessity of entering a smaller boat in order to use the viewers that allow one to see under the water.

Image of tourists viewing the sea gardens near Athol Island
from Stark's History, p. 231.

all our might: See Ecclesiastes 9:10: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." Also Colossians 3:22: "And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men." Perhaps also relevant is Luke 10:27, in which Jesus says: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself."

longest day has an end: There are many variations upon this proverbial statement.

From Jewett's Correspondence

Tuesday 25 February -- to Mary Rice Jewett and Carrie Eastman from Nassau, Bahamas

We are so delighted to get in -- and after all our fears of the long stretch & head wind, the last day & night proved better than the first -- I am hoping to get letters this morning -- and you can't think how long the weeks seem without a telegram or anything. We are anchored opposite the barracks this time and I now hear an early bugle. After this we get letters nice and often. Keep sending them to 148 State St. to Talbot -- until I say not, because they will be telegraphing & knowing just where we are. It seems so near to what it has been! that I feel as if I could almost speak across.

Thursday 27 February -- to Louisa Loring Dresel from Nassau, Bahamas

It is so nice to be able to send letters three times a week after being obliged to wait more than three weeks to find a working post office that I must write you again by the next mail which goes tomorrow. We are having some lovely days in this charming harbor and I begin to forget our long stretch of rough weather and rolling about in the Caribbean Sea. The Royal Victoria Hotel here is a really charming place, and we came back to find its emptiness of last month filled with gay English people & Americans and more roses in bloom than we left -- and, what I like very much, clear fresh air with a touch of north wind like the best days in June. When we were here before it was the worst of dog days and very trying to your friend who hates a south wind in August -- A.F. blooms out in the same and never seems to mind. I think she is a little bit cool today while I am blooming, but this is all we know of winter weather at home. Your letter yesterday (which we both cared very much for) gave us such a picture of it and I agree with you that we are both better away. I have had a good bit of trouble from my last winters illness as it is, and I dont know what I should have done at home. And A.F. was certainly not strong enough to confront the weather. But how often our hearts fly home before us I cannot try to say. I sometimes feel as if nothing would persuade me to be away at such a distance and so out of reach again. And

with the knowledge of pain and worry and sorrow going on with those we love the distance seems double. Thank heaven! things have been going well at home in Berwick so far as my letter told yesterday.

I suppose that we shall go to Florida in a few days now and so be much nearer home than this. I shall be delighted to see St. Augustine again.

Loulie I have bought you a little present of a small dry fish all over sharp spikes with a lovely expression to his countenance. You hang him up by a thread and I know you will think he is very very beautiful. No one can appreciate him better and he is so small that it will not be an inconvenience to receive him. I long to give him to you . . . . . My hopes of buying at least a hundred beautiful baskets in Curacao and Dominica & Martinique were doomed to disappointment as you know, but the fish will ever speak to you of my affection, and be so lovely to an Artist's eye. I seem to dwell upon the thought of him.

Fields Diary

Part 9

Florida

Monday 2 March - Tuesday 10 March

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[*Monday 2 March*]

Monday March 2d A good night quite smooth with a great moon. We were able to take great comfort in sitting up until near midnight. The air was cool -- The scene splendid. The Life of Lacordaire by Dora Greenwell was my companion all day -- finished it Monday A.M. before our arrival. That book and Jowett's Sermons* have been sincere joy and help through the experiences of our sometimes tedious journey -- trying -- rather than tedious --

The waves tossed our boat about well when we came to land at Palm Beach. It was hard rowing to come to shore; when we reached the pier the great rollers made it seem almost impossible to land; but by aid of the Captain

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and his men who held hard in the boat and men on the steps who gave us strong hands we managed in spite of our petticoats to get safely up the wave washed steps. How we were blown!

Anything wilder than this shore cannot be seen{.} Of course the hotels and the piers and the planted land do something to take away this effect, but everything man does looks so slight and perishable by the side of this tumultuous sea, the unending line of beach, the fierce sunlight and the flocks of black carrion ^birds^ ^turkey buzzards^* whirling, lighting, posing, feeding with terrible intentness as if the age of man did not exist -- They give me a sense of power such as no other birds have ever ~~given me~~ ^done^ -- partly no doubt because they come so close to us.* The picture which we knew of when we were children, of an eagle carrying a baby to its wild nest no longer seems a myth.*

Later in the day we~~re~~ walked through a beautiful avenue of palms to the second hotel -- The sunset was splendid -- setting in the fiery red light of [*unrecognized word*] behind the palm trees. Again we admire her as we did in St. Augustine, in the early days of

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the hotel, the sense of beauty which in Flagler* seems to show. He has made these wild places lovely for human habitation.

[*Between the above line and the next is inserted in very light pencil this sentence*: the hotels here are not especially beautiful -- It is the gardens]

Notes

The Life of Lacordaire by Dora Greenwell ... Jowett's [Sermons ?]: Wikipedia says: "Jean-Baptiste Henri-Dominique Lacordaire (12 May 1802 - 21 November 1861), often styled Henri-Dominique Lacordaire, was a French ecclesiastic, preacher, journalist and political activist. He re-established the Dominican Order in post-Revolutionary France." Wikipedia also says: "Dora Greenwell, born Dorothy Greenwell (1821–1882), was an English poet." Her biography of Lacordaire was published in 1867.

And according to Wikipedia, "Benjamin Jowett ... (15 April 1817 - 1 October 1893) was renowned as an influential tutor and administrative reformer in the University of Oxford, a theologian and translator of Plato and Thucydides....[H]is interest in theology ... found an outlet in occasional preaching. The university pulpit, indeed, was closed to him, but several congregations in London delighted in his sermons, and from 1866 until the year of his death he preached annually in Westminster

Abbey..... Three volumes of selected sermons were published posthumously."

turkey buzzards: The turkey vulture or buzzard is the most common carrion-eating bird of the Americas.

picture which we knew of when we were children, of an eagle carrying a baby to its wild nest no longer seems a myth: The mythical story of an eagle carrying away a person suggests the story of Zeus and Ganymede. Wikipedia says: "In one version of the myth, he is abducted by Zeus, in the form of an eagle, to serve as cup-bearer in Olympus." However Ganymede usually is not thought of as a baby. The image below comes from Burt G. Wilder's "Kings of the Air," *Scribner's Monthly* Volume 1 Issue 3 (January 1871) pp. 239-246. In the article, Wilder says: "The illustration depicts a terrible event which occurred more than thirty years ago; a similar tragedy was enacted in Missouri in 1868; and now in the present year (1870) a large eagle, which, by a rope upon its leg, appeared to have escaped from some cage, is said to have fastened its beak and talons into the body of a boy of fifteen, and was beaten to death before it would loosen its hold."

Though such stories recur down to the present day, they are viewed skeptically by ornithologists.

Eagle carrying away a young girl

From Wilder, p. 240.

Flagler: Wikipedia says: "Henry Morrison Flagler (January 2, 1830 – May 20, 1913) was an American industrialist and a founder of Standard Oil. He was also a key figure in the development of the Atlantic coast of Florida and founder of what became the Florida East Coast Railway. He is known as the father of both Miami and Palm Beach, Florida....

"Flagler completed the 1,100-room Royal Poinciana Hotel on the shores of Lake Worth in Palm Beach and extended his railroad to its service town, West Palm Beach, by 1894, founding Palm Beach and West Palm Beach. The Royal Poinciana Hotel was at the time the largest wooden structure in the world. Two years later, Flagler built the Palm Beach Inn (renamed Breakers Hotel Complex in 1901) overlooking the Atlantic Ocean in Palm Beach."

Presumably, Fields and company, stayed at one Flagler hotel in Palm Beach and visited the other during their time in Palm Beach. They were familiar -- from earlier stays -- with Flagler's Ponce de Leon hotel in St. Augustine, where they would recuperate from this cruise for several days before returning to Massachusetts, Of the Royal Poinciana Hotel, Wikipedia says: The six-story, Georgian-style hotel was built as a winter retreat for the elite by Henry Flagler .... When he began buying tracts of land here ... Palm Beach was a desolate barrier island on Florida's Atlantic coast. That began changing, however, when Flagler extended his Florida East Coast Railway to West Palm Beach. The Royal Poinciana Hotel, built beside the Lake Worth Lagoon, was intended to accommodate his railroad's passengers escaping cold northern winters. Ground was broken May 1, 1893, and the hotel opened on February 11, 1894—welcoming 17 guests."

It is likely Fields stayed in the Poinciana and visited the new Palm Beach Inn, "the second hotel," of which Wikipedia says: "The Breakers Hotel .... [f]irst known as The Palm Beach Inn, ... was opened on January 16, 1896 by oil, real estate, and railroad tycoon, Henry Flagler, to accommodate travelers on his Florida East Coast Railway. It occupied the beachfront portion of the grounds of the Royal Poinciana Hotel, which Flagler had opened beside Lake Worth Lagoon facing the inland waterway in 1894. Guests began requesting rooms "over by the breakers," so Flagler renamed it The Breakers Hotel in 1901. The wooden hotel burned on June 9, 1903 and was rebuilt, opening on February 1, 1904. Rooms started at $4 a night, including three meals a day."

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[*Tuesday 3 March*]

Tuesday morning. After a rest from the ship, more delightful than words can express. We now start for St. Augustine.

[*Wednesday 4 March*]

Wednesday morning March 4th Reached St. Augustine in the evening after a long dusty ride of eight hours in the train. It was not excessively warm because on one side was the sea nearly the whole time with sometimes acres of pineapple bushes and sometimes palmettos and sometimes only the white beach with its rolling waves between us and the deep sea.

It was cool when we came into the station and the air fragrant with blossoms. The little place was very quiet but beautiful under the stars with the fine [architecture *?*] dimly seen in the half light. We found a few letters and went to bed in comfortable but not over old picturesque rooms.

Up early -- The air being cool and inspiring.

[*Thursday 5 March*]

Thursday, March 5th Lovely weather. Yesterday they were taking up from the gardens flowers ~~or~~ ^and^ plants which have probably been killed by the frosts{.} There have been three severe "freezes" as they say, here this winter. The rose gardens have suffered with the rest.

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In the afternoon a carriage was put at our disposal and we drove across the new bridge where we used to take the little ferry.* Roads have been made over on Anastasia Island and the whole place is being tamed. When I think of the dead wild-cat ^ just shot^ that ^we found^ ~~we~~ in ~~our~~ [the *superimposed over* our] path once over there less than ten years ago I feel as if everything except the vast wild sea would soon be brought into subjection. It is still beautiful but [*deleted word*] has surely lost something of the old picturesqueness. There was a fire in the old part of the town a few years ago which has swept away some of the old coquina houses.* But birds are in the hotel gardens now and the architecture has grown rather than lost in beauty ---------- and it is quiet. We like it very much.

[*Friday 6 March*]

Friday March 6th Left with our friends for Jacksonville. Drove at once to the yacht packed up such clothing as we were likely to need, took a last luncheon together, "Sadie"* wrote up and signed "the Log" -- then bidding our companions farewell we were rowed ashore. Kind Mr. Pierce went with us, bought our return tickets to St. Augustine where we are to rest a few days, and said goodbye only after seeing us safely into the train. It was very warm but he returned again just before to [we *was intended?*] started to see if he could get better places for us -- From first to last{.} Here ends the journal of our voyage to the westmost Indies{.}

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Saturday 7 - Tuesday 10 March

March 7th & to 9th 10th at the Ponce de Leon. In the afternoon of the 10th we drove into the woods and through Moccasin Swamp* with Mr. Pell, Mrs. Smith and a [Miss *?*] [Samson *corrected*] [*added in pencil at the end of the sentence*: Sampson?] found Princulas* in bloom –

Notes

ferry: In *America's First City: St. Augustine's Historical Neighborhoods*, Karen Harvey reports that the first bridge to Anastasia Island was built in 1895, replacing the earlier ferry service.

coquina houses: In 1895, a major fire in the area north of the Plaza de la Constitucion destroyed many dwellings and businesses. Coquina is a form of limestone containing broken fragments of fossil shellfish. Many major projects in St. Augustine before the twentieth century were built of coquina, including the sea wall, the "old gates" and Fort Marion.

Sadie: Sadie is one of Jewett's nicknames. Apparently she wrote some account of at least part of their journey in the yacht's log. This text has not been located.

Moccasin Swamp: Moccasin Swamp is now part of the John M. Bethea State Forest, which is forms the southern end of the Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge in southern Georgia, west of St. George, GA. This is about 35 miles northwest of Jacksonville. FL. That Fields visited this swamp in the afternoon of March 10 suggests that this made part of her return journey home from St. Augustine.

Mr. Pell, Mrs. Smith, and Miss Samson or Sampson have not be identified.

Princula: Though Fields's handwriting at this point in the diary is quite difficult to make out, she does appear to have written "Princula," but there is no such plant. She may have written "Primula," but the only species of *Primula* native to Florida is restricted to a small area in the panhandle. Fields may have rendered her own spelling of a name she heard, perhaps the genus Pinguicula. They are small aquatic carnivorous plants commonly called butterwort.

Several likely species that grow widely in Florida include: *Pinguicula lutea*, *Pinguicula caerulea* and *Pinguicula pumila*, all of which thrive in sunny, open, wet areas, such as are found in the Moccasin Swamp. While it remains uncertain which flower Fields meant when she mentioned the Princula, it seems likely that she would find the yellow bladderwort, *Utricularia inflata*, particularly interesting. This blooms throughout the swamp from February onward. It would be especially attractive to her because of its uniqueness as a floating carnivorous plant, without visible leaves, with rootlike structures below the water surface that float the stem and blossom and that contain bladders to trap small swimming animals.

Research assistance: biologist Richard Roehrdanz, retired from USDA, and three members of an heirloom flowers group: Joel T. Fry, Curator at Philadelphia's John Bartram Association, Dr. Arthur O. Tucker, Emeritus Professor at the University of Delaware and Emeritus Director DOV, Dept. of Agriculture & Natural Resources, and Nancy Wetzel, retired Sarah Orne Jewett House Gardener.

Appendix 1 -- Fields's Revised Diary Entries

Part 10a: In the Bahamas

Part 10 of Fields's diary presents two versions of the final pages followed by miscellaneous pages from the beginning of the microfilm (10c).

The original collection of the final pages, as it appears on microfilm is scrambled, the pages in random order.

The first version here rearranges the pages in the order Fields probably intended. The page numbers -- which do not appear in the manuscript -- correspond to the order in the microfilm and are given here to make pages easy to locate. Notes for this document are minimal. These notes function, in part, to highlight evidence that Fields composed these pages after the tour they describe, almost certainly after 1898. For more detailed annotation, see the original diary entries above.

To read these entries in the order in which they appear on the microfilm, see Part 10b, below.

The Bahamas: Nassau

Page 3

Jan 10th 1896. We left the harbor of Brunswick, Georgia on a steam yacht ~~Hermione~~* bound for "Jupiter Inlet" or Palm Beach. (It was a fine ship {,} one of those since bought by the government during the war)* We had an idea that a steamship bound on a pleasure excursion, with plenty of [time *?*] and as short distances as possible to cover, would avoid most of the disagreeable experiences of ships bound on business; but we were fifteen hours ^in steaming^ from Brunswick to Jupiter Inlet, tossed in {the} stormiest of seas, the waves beating inside the bar when we reached it before dawn, in a way to make it dangerous to anchor and impossible to land.) We were disappointed to find no resting place after such a night, but we steamed away again, cheerfully enough to Nassau where ^whither^ we arrived ^at last but only^ after an additional twenty-four hours on the unquiet seas. After We were glad to find shelter in that peaceful harbor. The next day being Sunday we were happy to rest and do nothing. Only very good amateur sailors can recover immediately after such a voyage.

Monday ^Jan^ 13th [*Deleted words*] Nothing could be more surpassingly satisfyingly tropical than the scene as we looked about us this morning{.}

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The sea was the clearest; light greens and blues of intense color; the cocoa-palms waving their feathery tops, or by turns seeming to float like the birds in the still air. Brown boys pressed about the ship of every shade as to skin, and every from of meagerness as to drapery.*

The Captain caused the electric launch to be made ready, and as we sped rapidly to land without apparent effort a crowd collected to see the wonder; but the a large proportion of the white-toothed [*deleted word*] ^company^ was much more interested in watching their chances to earn a few cents by diving or standing on their heads, or other devices known to their class than in studying our craft. Observation is not common to this class. Their easy sensuous life disinclines them to the effort of thinking about anything.

The day was soft ^mild^ and warm with a pleasant breeze; the soft stone of the embankment, apparently of volcanic origin swarmed with black beetles, but happily they did not trouble themselves about us and we soon found ourselves walking with open umbrellas under trees and among shrubs and flowers

which threw us into an ecstacy [*ecstasy*] of enjoyment. The scarlet Hibiscus was in full bloom with its flame-like blossoms{.} The "rash gazer" had no need to "wipe his eye" for nature had [tempered *corrected*]*

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its splendors by an impenetrable frame-work of dark. A "silk-cotton" tree of gigantic size especially attracted our wonder. It is own cousin to the elephant -- its ^his^ prototype in plant life. The huge bulk and the strange gray wrinkled surface of the bark gives one a sense that each arm is a proboscis and will soon be approaching to ask a biscuit. Its huge pedestal so to speak, for it is ^was^ too unlike an ordinary tree-trunk to be called by that name, was a giant foundation from which a whole ^green^ world [*two deleted words*] ^or^ bird land stretched up above. We had never seen so huge a tree nor one more beautiful in its upper kingdom of greenery in spite of a sense of monstrosity below.

[*Deleted word*] Why should one sit inside anywhere on such a day! The "patio" or "compound" of the hotel ^as it might be called^ was evidently the true gathering ground for a small group of Nassau people. A young girl in a white muslin dress with two or three gentlemen of ranging hues of complexion especially attracted me. The soft olive tint of her skin and the real charm of manner she possessed apart from a certain beauty compelled me to turn for an instant in her direction whenever the least chance offered. She was [*deleted word*] Her native loveliness was the human expression to which we had been led up by the soft air. The Hibiscus blossoms

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the almond trees and the delicate stains of color on walls and gates and town wherever they were seen peeping out between or above the foliage.

In the afternoon we skirted along the shore of the island, passing a huge constabulary barracks for soldiers, and business [*three deleted words*] ^establishments^ also certain pretty walled gardens with small houses in them overlooking the sea. When we remembered that this is the month of January, we reflected upon the comfort in existence one might find, embowered here among flowers, near enough to the sea ^ocean^ to feel no excessive heat; no telephone, no business, nothing to break the current of the hours. Here ^such [retreats *?*] are^ only too near the Kingdom of Nirvana to be of ^general^ value to the people of this world, but it is [left *?*] ^such^ ^they^ must from time to time attract the individual who has ^with^ a special work to do which requires retirement, or the invalid [*deleted letter*] who ^can^ bring his own companions. There really seems to be a very small contingent in Nassau to satisfy the social instinct. The [*deleted word*] Governor ^of the Bahama Islands^ lives here holding an office of no small [political *?*] and who is a [*deleted word*] Therefore we may conclude that the island of New Providence along the north shore of which Nassau stretches for three miles and a half [*deleted word*] for three or four miles, is

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the most desirable spot for a residence in the English possessions here. It is certainly pretty enough if it were not speechless and vacuous -- but this is doubtless changing rapidly. Whether the distance from England makes this a difficult office to fill or whether the military station of of [*intended* is of *?*] great importance I cannot say, but the remuneration is not small. The salary of the Governor is two thousand pounds a year beside the house and grounds. This income is not a high price ^to receive^ for a life of exile, but it is rather high for compared with the expense of living in Nassau where to a casual observer it would seem to be necessary "to lay waste and destroy" the whole place before ^in order to spend^ one fourth of the amount.

The true lover of the South however need ^will^ not consider these things. Here is constantly reserved the grace and charm of ^men's^ existence ^may be felt if anywhere^. Every growing thing moves ^touches^ the spirit to ^with^ a new delight. The first leaf of the oleander he espies will move him to worship and to love.* At every turn he will stand speechless with ^silent before^ the increasing unceasing beauty. As we drove that afternoon with the sea all great and bare on the

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one side and forests of cocoa palms interrupted by ^almost^ interminable Sisel passes on the other, again interspersed by gardens of roses and pointsettia [*poinsettia*]{,} the power of seeing could not keep pace with the wonders continually attracting us. Ah, the roses! after all, they were the chief joy and we returned to the ship at night laden down with these. The first day in [*deleted word*] a new world can of course never be repeated, but day after day as we lingered in the harbor of Nassau the sense of a different world ^existence from any we had known^ became more and more distinct. The questions which surround ^the people of the north^, the activity, the expenditure of nervous energy, all that makes the United States a living power such as the world has not seen before, is unheard of here

The following day we again went ashore. We Once more ^we^ saw again our pretty maiden sitting within an arbor of cocoa palms skilfully [*skillfully*] attached to the posts of the hotel piazza in such a way as to make a total defense against wind, sun, or observation. Within her screen was a little table and coffee after dinner and someone tinkling the mandolin and now and then singing with ^a^ pleasant voice. I was fascinated by the [*deleted word*] graceful picture, by the occasional song [*deleted word*] the tinkling strings, and above

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all, it must be confessed by the pretty girl. We strolled about, not too near, enjoying the almond trees, the odors and the strange flowers, but always returning to our coign of vantage to [*deleted word*] ^watch^ the [*deleted word*] drama. Presently, two figures arose and descended to the hall below, where the lady bade farewell to the gentleman ^[*deleted word*]^ who accompanied her ^farewell^. Young as she was her manner was incomparable. I am sure Juliet did no better for her Romeo in public!

In the afternoon with the [*deleted word*] idea of "doing something", rather unnecessarily brought to this island, we took a longer drive to the opposite shore [*deleted word*] ^in order to see^ some strange caves fronting the [*deleted words*] ^ocean^ upon this side. Prospero and Miranda were cognizant of this place, not unworn by the feet of Caliban, a strange silent shore* [*deleted word*] now, however where only the traces [*deleted words*] whither no [*deleted letters*] human beings have much reason to stay ^go^. Perhaps the sponge divers who pursue ^their^ [*deleted word*] "dreadful trade" about these reefs may sometimes land here or a wrecker or smuggler hide his unlawful possessions in these coral caves but in the sunny light of a summer, although January afternoon{.}

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The place was empty as the sky of clouds. ^From this point we see that^ the whole island [*Several deleted words*] ^has^ grown ^up^ [*Deleted word*] on a coral reef and looking inland upon the almost impenetrable jungle we discover an untamed wilderness which is never entered except by hunters after beasts or game. The whole island is full of pits{,} apparently bottomless salt water tombs for the reckless. These pits are covered with branches at the top and any rider who is not very conversant with the place -- may disappear in various deep sea hollows and never be seen again. The island is full of legends of huntsmen who have disappeared{,} slain by beasts or stung by serpents, but these treacherous hollows are a more likely solution of the [*deleted word*] ^mystery^. There seem to be few traces, if any of dangerous beasts upon the island{,} the sea furnishing strange creatures enough as one may see in any of the numerous shell-shops along the shore of Nassau --

Jany 17. We were rowed ashore under a clouded sky; a rare thing indeed to see clouds except during the rainy season. The contrast to the brilliant sunshine of the past week was very restful --, and has softened

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although it became still more gray and thunderous in the afternoon the natives insisted that it would not rain. We sat however under the shelter of the lofty piazza of the hotel built high above the ground floor and watched the lovely sky. It was like the marshalling of clouds for a summer tempest at home. Here there was no tempest; a few drops of rain fell, but softly and with none of the frightful winds which accompany such storms in others seasons upon these islands. As evening approached we drove in the darkness and occasional soft gusts of rain to a strange phosphoric lake{,} one of the wonders of the place. It is strange enough. We drove out to the lake over a fine lime-stone road, with limestone walls on either hand, overhung ^happily^ with rich verdure which must temper the light when the sun shines upon the intolerable whiteness of the road way. Now and then the walls were interrupted by fields stretches of unimproved land; or open gates which gave glimpses into the ^usually^ poor but cheerful houses of the colored people ^negroes^. Among the other buildings was a gaily lighted school-house where some festivities were going on and ^we passed^ two or three churches where the passion for singing hymns was common to the negro was being indulged ^in^ to the full. With these exceptions we drove on in stillness through the [*deleted word*] dimly lighted at first by the dying light ^down^ of the sun, but the

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blackness of the night was intense by the time we reached the strangely lighted lake{.} Upon our arrival at the lake we were at once surrounded by small negroes asking if they might throw themselves into the water to make moonlight for our pleasure. One leaped into a boat scattering light with every movement and others swam about as if they were made of white glory. For once Blake's little black boy would have thought himself already in heaven.* It was a weird and wondrous scene. The blackness and silence all around and the [*deleted letters*] whiteness of the water wherever

it was touched ^stirred^ made the landscape all around like some ^a^ thing of the imagination. It was no longer the common world and the scene did not belong altogether to the senses --

The "Hermione" never looked so gay as when we returned later that evening. The clouds had vanished; stars and new moon were hanging above us; and flowers and men in uniform were really swaying about or reflected in the clear water, clear beyond imagination. The glamour of the yacht life under such circumstances must for once be admitted{.}

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^The next morning was supremely beautiful after the rain.^ [*seven deleted words, the last of which is* Nassau] There was nothing to do but what we had ^already^ done{.} Therefore we confined ourselves to loitering and basking ^on the upper deck of the yacht, watching the changing peacock^ [*next words inserted down the right margin*] hues of the water with [vessels *?*] and boats coming and going in the fresh breeze [*Four deleted lines*]

The Victorian Anthology was a great stay to our spirits. Landor's lovely poems with which the book opens seemed to belong to the spot{,} "The Hamadryad" "The Death of Artemedora" and the rest, [*deleted letter*] indestructable {*indestructible*} creations, were born out of kindred beauty.

Again in the full loveliness of the afternoon we went ashore and again loitered by the bayside, gathering roses and buying shells and fossils. The little shell-shop opened to the sea at the back where sun-burned fishermen or "spongers" might be seeing watching our proceedings at times or gazing out to sea. Color [*deleted word*] shining, blossoms every where and a stillness only to be imagined. Even the colored children were collected like flies on a honey jar where ever we were stood silently observing us.

Sunday [howe] presented the variety of church-going. In the brilliant morning light the [*unrecognized word*] forms of the ^colored^ soldiers drawn up to attend the Governor shows^ne^ resplendent. The colored beadle at the

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door ^also a negro^ was swelling with pomposity. He bore a long silver-topped rod of office and allowed no chance for ceremony to escape him -- The building itself was quaint place enough having gathered under its consecrated roof for long years all the English inhabitants with their joys and sorrows and a large proportion of their negro dependents. The walls were covered with inscriptions of a character perfectly astounding to the minds of this generation; but in view of many of the unhappy exiles who have lived and died here{,} the victims of war and climatic diseases{,} they are probably not so extraordinary as they appear to our uninitiated eyes. Carved in stone where all may read, we learn that one died of chronic dysentery and a woman three weeks after the birth of a child [*deleted word*] ^side by side with^ the countless records of [*deleted words*] soldiers who have earned their place to such small remembrance as a stone may give.

The sermon could not be called inspiring; any sense of the brotherhood of man, the subject of all others [*deleted letters*] needed in such a spot, seems to be an undiscovered thought and we got out into the free air with a sense of relief. The bright spot in the service was the singing in which we joined, the fervor of the colored people giving it an uplift worth all the rest --

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There was a certain magnificence in the scene as we came out, [*deleted word*] the Governor and his party were escorted home by in state by the colored soldiers --

All the afternoon was spent in the open air. We found a strange wild gap cut from the shore and leading inland up to a stone stairway called the Queen's Staircase on the top of which is said to be the highest point of the island. There is also a small half-ruined castle called Fincastle nearby. Doubtless this was once a place of refuge and defense; the peaceful name of the Queen's Staircase [evidently ?] belonging ^perhaps^ to later days. The cool fresh wind blowing on the height was a great invigoration to mind and body. We never found the same again during our trip except for one brief day in the mountains of Jamaica -- We walked until sunset descending slowly by winding paths until we found ourselves again among jessamine and roses.

We drove one day back from the coast among a series of little villages where the negroes have established themselves in rose-covered cottages and where their children enjoy an undisturbed idyllic life. They require very little

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money and what they must have is usually earned in the neighborhood of the hotel. They supply fruit and flowers and eggs and chickens and labor and appear to be trusted and trustful and by no means of the lowest types. Leaving these villages we drove through a track in the wilderness half desert and half forest. As we again approached the sea the palmetto trees

assumed a more wonderful beauty than elsewhere. The sun was near its setting and touched the waving branches with gold. We stopped to listen to the stillness and to see as far as the eye could reach these vast gently moving boughs. wherever a breeze reached them They ^trees^ did not grow too close to each other but were interspersed with Sisel which grows ^stands^ low and must be a protection with its long ^sharp^ swords. A climbing shrub or vine was just bursting into yellow blossoms about us. The peo natives called it "blossoming elder." It gave a gayety to the scene. We began to hear the calling of the waves as we drove on and knew that we were again near the coast. How beautiful it

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was as we suddenly reached it Only those really know who have been [*deleted word*] ^lost^ for a while in a wood and find themselves unexpectedly face to face with the light and splendor of the sea.

At nightfall our good impressions of the colored people were corroborated. Somewhere during our long excursion the precious "code" book for telegraphic messages had been dropped and one of the party insisted upon going back, taking fresh horses and searching the whole ground until it should be found. This proposition in the darkness of the night seemed preposterous but returning to the hotel a little child ^girl^ was seen running with something in her hand. It was the precious book which fell from the carriage in passing through one of the villages and the child ran the whole distance in order to find us before we sailed away.

We sailed away from Nassau the 20th day of January. For nearly three days and two nights we were tossed ^perpetually^ in the roughest of seas. In the afternoon of the third day we dropped anchor in the roadstead of the Island of Inagua a large but very sterile island.

Notes

during the war: That Fields refers to the Hermione as having been "bought by the government during the war" makes clear that this page, and presumably the rest of the pages in this section, were composed after the Spanish-American War of 1898. According to *"The Yacht Photography of J. S. Johnston,"* the Hermione was sold to the United States Navy in 1898, converted into a gunboat, and renamed the Hawk; she then provided service in the Spanish-American War. This would suggest that Fields may have intended to prepare at least some parts of the diary for circulation or publication.

Hermione: Fields's decision to withhold the name of the yacht suggests a desire to distance her readers from some details about this trip. However, she does give the name later.

meagerness as to drapery: In the original diary entry, Fields appears to have penciled a line through the sentence that follows this one. That sentence does not appear here, indicating that she probably worked over the original as preparation for making this draft. Similarly, in the following paragraph, the phrase "easy sensuous life" derives from a passage in the original that reads: "not common to this ^ easy^ sensuous class." "Easy" here is a penciled insertion, suggesting that Fields added it when she was preparing for the later draft.

There are penciled additions and corrections throughout the ms.; examining those in the entries on the Bahamas will likely support the idea that Fields made penciled changes at about the time she was preparing this draft.

"rash gazer" had no need to "wipe his eye": See George Herbert, "Vertue."

VERTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie :
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Prospero and Miranda ... Caliban: These people are main characters in William Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Fields has added this allusion, which does not appear in the original entry.

oleander he espies will move him to worship and to love: See Part 2, p. 31, for Fields's original telling of the incident behind this observation, in which Thomas Bailey Aldrich reflects on an oleander he saw in Brunswick. Fields has "fictionalized" this incident, moving it from Georgia to Nassau and removing Aldrich as its source.

Blake's little black boy: Almost certainly, Fields alludes to William Blake's "The Chimney Sweeper" in *Songs of Innocence,*" but it is possible that she also had in mind the poem of the same title in *Songs of Experience*. This allusion does not appear in the original diary entry.

The Bahamas: Inagua

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We lay on deck [*deleted word*] breathing the delicious air, but too weak after the voyage to do more than lazily look about us. The American consul visited the ship inviting us to land, but we were too tired to do more than [*deleted word*] promise a visit to the Consulate on the following day. Happily each new place was a stimulus to [*deleted letters*] ^our^ curiosity.

Jan. 23d It was ten o'clock before we left the ship. Early enough in the North, but the pitiless sun was already sending piercing darts upon our heads. The Consul was [*deleted word*] ^waiting^ on the beach to welcome us but there was no more arrangement for landing than there was in the days of Columbus or when this island was first created. All night we had listened to the waves as they dashed upon a neighboring cliff or rolled upon the beach, and the breakers were still high although there had been no storm. Some of the gentlemen leaped upon from the boat while some of the ladies were carried [*deleted letters*] by the [*deleted word*] captain; others deftly leaped and ran to the dry verge.*

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The consul's house was not far away but the heat seems to make walking impossible. it is built as usual with houses in this part of the world of limestone or cement or both with shingled roof. The blinds were of course closed everywhere, the function being to keep out heat. The consul's wife was born in Nassau and although she thinks the climate of Inagua delightful, the solitude is evidently terrible indeed. There is no physician and very little of anything here. Everything must be sought in a sailing vessel crossing the frightful seas three or four hundred miles in extent between Inagua and Nassau. The ^now^ disused salt works of this island seemed to be the most interesting point for strangers to visit and just before noon we started for a drive in open carriages. In spite of our umbrellas and the month of January, the intolerable rays of the sun dazzled and made one faint. At last after ^passing^ a long ^great^ distance we came upon long level stretches of sand separated by low dykes where the water had been shut in and left to evaporate in the scorching heat. The whole scheme was a failure, but the wild wide stretches of sand and shallow water were very impressive even at noon day. Strange effects indeed must be seen here at sunset and under the moon{.}

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Something that neither sunset nor moonlight could ^are likely to^ furnish ^however^ was given to us in the silver shimmering heat. As we gazed far away over the dazzling sands we saw a^n^ [army *or* array *?*] of red flamingoes, looking as tall as men and standing ^still^ in long ranges reflected like people ^rosy^ sunset clouds in the wet surface beneath.*

The scene has left an ineffaceable memory. The intolerable heat, the wild shore, the endless sand, -- and these birds, glowing innumerable, untameable, [*deleted word*] furnish [*deleted letters*] a new chamber of wonder ^recollection^ for the imagination to wander in.

That same evening we weighed anchor and left Inagua.

Notes

others deftly leaped and ran to the dry verge: In the original diary, Fields says that Sarah Orne Jewett was the only lady to wade ashore at Inagua. That Jewett is not named here calls attention to the fact that no one is named in these pages. This would seem to be further evidence that Fields had a particular audience in mind as she reworked this material.

flamingoes: This material appears in two parts of the main journal. In the entry for January 23, Fields records the departure from Inagua, but in the entry for January 24, she inserts a description of the beach of Inagua and the flamingos she saw there.

Part 10b

This is the version of this document that appears in the microfilm, which presents the pages of this document in the same order as they appeared in the folder at the Massachusetts Historical Society in September 2016.

Page 3

Jan 10th 1896. We left the harbor of Brunswick, Georgia on a steam yacht Hermione* bound for "Jupiter Inlet" or Palm Beach.* (It was a fine ship

{,} one of those since bought by the government during the war) We had an idea that a steamship bound on a pleasure excursion, with plenty of [time *?*] and as short distances as possible to cover, would avoid most of the disagreeable experiences of ships bound on business; but we were fifteen hours ^in steaming^ from Brunswick to Jupiter Inlet, tossed in {the} stormiest of seas, the waves beating inside the bar when we reached it before dawn, in a way to make it dangerous to anchor and impossible to land.) We were disappointed to find no resting place after such a night, but we steamed away again, cheerfully enough to Nassau ~~where~~ ^whither^ we arrived ^at last but only^ after an additional twenty-four hours on the unquiet seas. ~~After~~ We were glad to find shelter in that peaceful harbor. The next day being Sunday we were happy to rest and do nothing. Only very good amateur sailors can recover immediately after such a voyage.

Monday ^Jan^ 13th [*Deleted words*] Nothing could be more ~~surpassingly~~ satisfyingly tropical than the scene as we looked about us this morning{.}

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The place was empty as the sky of clouds.* ^From this point we see that^ the whole island [*Several deleted words*] ^has^ grown ^up^ [*Deleted word*] on a coral reef and looking inland upon the almost impenetrable jungle we discover an untamed wilderness which is never entered except by hunters after beasts or game. The whole island is full of pits {,} apparently bottomless salt water tombs for the reckless. These pits are covered with branches at the top and any rider who is not very conversant with the place -- may disappear in various deep sea hollows and never be seen again. The island is full of legends of huntsmen who have disappeared slain by beasts or stung by serpents, but these treacherous hollows are a more likely solution of the [*deleted word*] ^mystery^. There seem to be few traces, if any of dangerous beasts upon the island the sea furnishing strange creatures enough as one may see in any of the numerous shell-shops along the shore of Nassau --

Jany 17. We were rowed ashore under a clouded sky; a rare thing indeed to see clouds except during the rainy season. The contrast to the brilliant sunshine of the past week was very restful --, and has softened

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one side and forests of cocoa palms interrupted by ^almost^ interminable Sisel passes on the other, again interspersed by gardens of roses and pointsettia [*poinsettia*.] The power of seeing could not keep pace with the wonders continually attracting us. Ah, the roses! after all, they were the chief joy and we returned to the ship at night laden down with these. The first day in [*deleted word*] a new world can of course never be repeated, but day after day as we lingered in the harbor of Nassau the sense of a different ~~world~~ ^existence from any we had known^ became more and more distinct. The questions which surround ^the people of the north^, the activity, the expenditure of nervous energy, all that makes the United States a living power such as the world has not seen before, is unheard of here

The following day we again went ashore. ~~We~~ Once more ^we^ saw ~~again~~ our pretty maiden sitting within an arbor of cocoa palms skilfully [*skillfully*] attached to the posts of the hotel piazza in such a way as to make a total defense against wind, sun, or observation. Within her screen was a little table and coffee after dinner and someone tinkling the mandolin and now and then singing with ^a^ pleasant voice. I was fascinated by the [*deleted word*] graceful picture, by the occasional song [*deleted word*] the tinkling strings, and above

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all, it must be confessed by the pretty girl. We strolled about, not too near, enjoying the almond trees, the odors and the strange flowers, but always returning to our coign of vantage to [*deleted word*] ^watch^ the [*deleted word*] drama. Presently, two figures arose and descended to the hall below, where the lady bade ~~farewell~~ to the gentleman ^[*deleted word*]^ who accompanied her ^farewell^. Young as she was her manner was incomparable. I am sure Juliet did no better for her Romeo in public!

In the afternoon with the [*deleted word*] idea of "doing something", rather unnecessarily brought to this island, we took a longer drive to the opposite shore [*deleted word*] ^in order to see^ some strange caves fronting the [*deleted words*] ^ocean^ upon this side. Prospero and Miranda were cognizant of this place, not unworn by the feet of Caliban, a strange silent shore.* [*deleted word*] now, ~~however where only the traces~~ [*deleted words*] whither no [*deleted letters*] human beings have much reason to ~~stay~~ ^go^. Perhaps the sponge divers who pursue ^their^ [*deleted word*] "dreadful trade" about these reefs may sometimes land here or a wrecker or smuggler hide his unlawful possessions in these coral caves but in the sunny light of a summer, although January afternoon

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the most desirable spot for a residence in the English possessions here. It is certainly pretty enough if it were not speechless and vacuous -- but this is doubtless changing rapidly. Whether the distance from England makes this a difficult office to fill or whether the military station of of [*intended* is of *?*] great importance I cannot say, but the remuneration is not small. The salary of the Governor is two thousand pounds a year beside the house and grounds. This income is not a high price ^to receive^ for a life of exile, but it is rather high for compared with the expense of living in Nassau where to a casual observer it would seem to be necessary "to lay waste and destroy" the whole place ~~before~~ ^in order to spend^ one fourth of the amount.

The true lover of the South however ~~need~~ ^will^ not consider these things. Here ~~is constantly reserved~~ the grace and charm of ^men's^ existence ^may be felt if anywhere^. Every growing thing ~~moves~~ ^touches^ the spirit to ^with^ a new delight. The first leaf of the oleander he espies will move him to worship and to love. At every turn he will stand ~~speechless with~~ ^silent before^ the increasing unceasing beauty. As we drove that afternoon with the sea all great and bare on the

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the almond trees and the delicate stains of color on walls and gates and town wherever they were seen peeping out between or above the foliage.

In the afternoon we skirted along the shore of the island, passing a huge constabulary barracks for soldiers, and business [*three deleted words*] ^establishments^ also certain pretty walled gardens with small houses in them overlooking the sea. When we remembered that this is the month of January, we reflected upon the comfort in existence one might find, embowered here among flowers, near enough to the ~~sea~~ ^ocean^ to feel no excessive heat; no telephone, no business, nothing to break the current of the hours. Here ^such [retreats *?*] are^ only too near the Kingdom of Nirvana to be of ^general^ value to the people of this world, but ~~it is [left~~ *?*] ^~~such~~^ ^they^ must from time to time attract the individual ~~who has~~ ^with^ a special work to do ~~which requires retirement~~, or the invalid [*deleted letter*] who ^can^ bring his own companions. There really seems to be a very small contingent in Nassau to satisfy the social instinct. The [*deleted word*] Governor ^of the Bahama Islands^ lives here ~~holding an office of no small~~ [~~political~~ *?*] ~~and who is a~~ [*deleted word*] Therefore we may conclude that the island of New Providence along the north shore of which Nassau stretches for ~~three miles and a half~~ [*deleted word*] for three or four miles, is

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its splendors by an impenetrable frame-work of dark. A "silk-cotton" tree of gigantic size especially attracted our wonder. It is own cousin to the elephant -- ~~its~~ ^his^ prototype in plant life. The huge bulk and the strange gray wrinkled surface of the bark gives one a sense that each arm is a proboscis and will soon be approaching to ask a biscuit. Its huge pedestal so to speak, for it is ^was^ too unlike an ordinary tree-trunk to be called by that name, was a giant foundation from which a whole ^green^ world [*two deleted words*] ^or^ bird land stretched up above. We had never seen so huge a tree nor one more beautiful in its upper kingdom of greenery in spite of a sense of monstrosity below.

[*Deleted word*] Why should one sit inside anywhere on such a day! The "patio" or "compound" of the hotel ^as it might be called^ was evidently the true gathering ground for a small group of Nassau people. A young girl in a white muslin dress with two or three gentlemen of ranging hues of complexion especially attracted me. The soft olive tint of her skin and the real charm of manner she possessed apart from a certain beauty compelled me to turn for an instant in her direction whenever the least chance offered. ~~She was~~ [*deleted word*] Her native loveliness was the human expression to which we had been led up by the soft air. The Hibiscus blossoms

Note

The place was empty as the sky of clouds: In the main journal, the events of this section are dated January 12 - 16.

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The consul's house was not far away but the heat seems to make walking impossible. it is built as usual with houses in this part of the world of limestone or cement or both with shingled roof. The blinds were of course closed everywhere, the function being to keep out heat. The consul's wife was born in Nassau and although she thinks the climate of Inagua delightful, the solitude is evidently terrible indeed. There is no physician and very little of anything here. Everything must be sought in a

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This material appears in the main journal in the entry for January 23.

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Page 12

was as we suddenly reached it Only those really know who have been [*deleted word*] ^lost^ for a while in a wood and find themselves unexpectedly face to face with the light and splendor of the sea.

At nightfall our good impressions of the colored people were corroborated. Somewhere during our long excursion the precious "code" book for telegraphic messages had been dropped and one of the party insisted upon going back, taking fresh horses and searching the whole ground until it should be found. This proposition in the darkness of the night seemed preposterous but returning to the hotel a little ~~child~~ ^girl^ was seen running with something in her hand. It was the precious book which fell from the carriage in passing through one of the villages and the child ran the whole distance in order to find us before we sailed away.

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We lay on deck [*deleted word*] breathing the delicious air, but too weak after the voyage to do more than lazily look about us. The American consul visited the ship inviting us to land, but we were too tired to do more than [*deleted word*] promise a visit to the Consulate on the following day. Happily each new place was a stimulus to [*deleted letters*] ^our^ curiosity.

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^The next morning was supremely beautiful after the rain.^ [*seven deleted words, the last of which is* Nassau] There was nothing to do but what we had ^already^ done Therefore we confined ourselves to loitering and basking ^on the upper deck of the yacht, watching the changing peacock^ [*next words inserted down the right margin*] hues of the water with [vessels *?*] and boats coming and going in the fresh breeze [*Four deleted lines*]

The Victorian Anthology was a great stay to our spirits. Landor's lovely poems with which the book opens seemed to belong to the spot{,} "The Hamadryad" "The Death of Artemedora" and the rest, [*deleted letter*] indestructable {*indestructible*} creations, were born out of kindred beauty.

Again in the full loveliness of the afternoon we went ashore and again loitered by the bayside, gathering roses and buying shells and fossils. The little shell-shop opened to the sea at the back where sun-burned fishermen or "spongers" might be seeing watching our proceedings at times or gazing out to sea. Color [*deleted word*] shining, blossoms every where and a stillness only to be imagined. Even the colored children were collected like flies on a honey jar where ever we were stood silently observing us.

Sunday [~~howe~~] presented the variety of church-going. In the brilliant morning light the [*unrecognized word*] forms of the ^colored^ soldiers drawn up to attend the Governor sho~~ws~~^ne^ resplendent. The ~~colored~~ beadle at the

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door ^also a negro^ was swelling with pomposity. He bore a long silver-topped rod of office and allowed no chance for ceremony to escape him -- The building itself was quaint place enough having gathered under its consecrated roof for long years all the English inhabitants with their joys and sorrows and a large proportion of their negro dependents. The walls were covered with inscriptions of a character perfectly astounding to the minds of this generation; but in view of many of the unhappy exiles who have lived and died here{,} the victims of war and climatic diseases{,} they are probably not so extraordinary as they appear to our uninitiated eyes. Carved in stone where all may read, we learn that one died of chronic dysentery and a woman three weeks after the birth of a child [*deleted word*] ^side by side with^ the countless records of [*deleted words*] soldiers who have earned their place to such small remembrance as a stone may give.

The sermon could not be called inspiring; any sense of the brotherhood of man, the subject of all others [*deleted letters*] needed in such a spot, seems to be an undiscovered thought and we got out into the free air with a sense of relief. The bright spot in the service was the singing in which we joined, the fervor of the colored people giving it an uplift worth all the rest --

Note

This material appears in the main journal in the entry for January 18.

Page 17

The sea was the clearest; light greens and blues of intense color; the cocoa-palms waving their feathery tops, or by turns seeming to float like the birds in the still air. Brown boys pressed

about the ship of every shade as to skin, and every from of meagerness as to drapery.

The Captain caused the electric launch to be made ready, and as we sped rapidly to land without apparent effort a crowd collected to see the wonder; but ~~the~~ a large proportion of the white-toothed [*deleted word*] ^company^ was much more interested in watching their chances to earn a few cents by diving ~~or~~ standing on their heads, or other devices known to their class than in studying our craft. Observation is not common to this class. Their easy sensuous life disinclines them to the effort of thinking about anything.

The day was ~~soft~~ ^mild^ and warm with a pleasant breeze; the soft stone of the embankment, apparently of volcanic origin swarmed with black beetles, but happily they did not trouble themselves about us and we soon found ourselves walking with open umbrellas under trees and among shrubs and flowers which threw us into an ecstacy [*ecstasy*] of enjoyment. The scarlet Hibiscus was in full bloom with its flame-like blossoms{.} The "rash gazer" had no need to "wipe his eye" for nature had [tempered *corrected*].*

Notes

This material appears in the main journal in the entry for January 12-13.

"rash gazer" had no need to "wipe his eye": See George Herbert, "Vertue."

VERTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie :
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Page 18

although it became still more gray and thunderous in the afternoon the natives insisted that it would not rain. We sat however under the shelter of the lofty piazza of the hotel built high above the ground floor and watched the lovely sky. It was like the marshalling of clouds for a summer tempest at home. Here there was no tempest; a few drops of rain fell, but softly and with none of the frightful winds which accompany ~~such~~ storms in others seasons upon these islands. As evening approached we drove in the darkness and occasional soft gusts of rain to a strange phosphoric lake{,} one of the wonders of the place. It is strange enough. We drove out to the lake over a fine lime-stone road, with limestone walls on either hand, overhung ^happily^ with rich verdure which must temper the light when the sun shines upon the intolerable whiteness of the ~~road~~ way. Now and then the walls were interrupted by fields stretches of unimproved land; or open gates which gave glimpses into the ^usually^ poor but cheerful houses of the ~~colored people~~ ^negroes^. Among the other buildings was a gaily lighted school-house where some festivities were going on and ^we passed^ two or three churches where the passion for singing hymns ~~was~~ common to the negro was being indulged ^in^ to the full. With these exceptions we drove on in stillness ~~through the~~ [*deleted word*] dimly lighted at first by the dying ~~light~~ ^down^ of the sun, but the

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blackness of the night was intense by the time we reached the strangely lighted lake{.} Upon our arrival ~~at the lake~~ we were at once surrounded by small negroes asking if they might throw themselves into the water to make moonlight for our pleasure. One leaped into a boat scattering light with every movement and others swam about as if they were made of white glory. For once Blake's little black boy would have thought himself already in heaven.* It was a weird and wondrous scene. The blackness and silence all around and the [*deleted letters*] whiteness of the water wherever it was ~~touched~~ ^stirred^ made the landscape ~~all around~~ like ~~some~~ ^a^ thing of the imagination. It was no longer the common world and the scene did not belong altogether to the senses --

The "Hermione" never looked so gay as when we returned later that evening. The clouds had vanished; stars and new moon were hanging above us; and flowers and men in uniform were really swaying about or reflected in the clear water, clear beyond imagination. The

glamour of the yacht life under such circumstances must for once be admitted

Note

This material appears in the main journal in the entry for January 17.

Blake's little black boy: Almost certainly, Fields alludes to William Blake's "The Chimney Sweeper" in *Songs of Innocence,*" but it is possible that she also had in mind the poem of the same title in *Songs of Experience*.

Page 20

Something that neither sunset nor moonlight could ^are likely to^ furnish ^however^ was given to us in the silver shimmering heat. As we gazed far away over the dazzling sands we saw a^n^ [army *or* array *?*] of red flamingoes, looking as tall as men and standing ^still^ in long ranges reflected like ~~people~~ ^rosy^ sunset clouds in the wet surface beneath.

The scene has left an ineffaceable memory. The intolerable heat, the wild shore, the endless sand, -- and these birds, glowing innumerable, untameable, [*deleted word*] furnish [*deleted letters*] a new chamber of ~~wonder~~ ^recollection^ for the imagination to wander in.

That same evening we weighed anchor and left Inagua.

Note

This material appears in two parts of the main journal. In the entry for January 23, Fields records the departure from Inagua, but in the entry for January 24, she inserts a description of the beach of Inagua and the flamingos she saw there.

Part 10c: Miscellaneous Pages

[*These pages are first in the microfilm of the archive folder. Most, but not all, appear to be earlier drafts torn out of the bound journal. When this seems helpful, notes indicate where similar material appears in the main journal. Usually, Fields's dates mark the corresponding passages.*]

Page 3

Jan 10th 1896. We left the harbor of Brunswick, Georgia on a steam yacht Hermione* bound for "Jupiter Inlet" or Palm Beach.* (It was a fine ship {,} one of those since bought by the government during the war)* We had an idea that a steamship bound on a pleasure excursion, with plenty of [time *?*] and as short distances as possible to cover, would avoid most of the disagreeable experiences of ships bound on business; but we were fifteen hours ^in steaming^ from Brunswick to Jupiter Inlet, tossed in [the *?*] stormiest of seas, the waves beating inside the bar when we reached it before dawn, in a way to make it dangerous to anchor and impossible to land.) We were disappointed to find no resting place after such a night, but we steamed away again, cheerfully enough to Nassau where ^whither^ we arrived ^at last but only^ after an additional twenty-four hours on the unquiet seas. After We were glad to find shelter in that peaceful harbor. The next day being Sunday we were happy to rest and do nothing. Only very good amateur sailors can recover immediately after such a voyage.

Note

during the war: That Fields refers to the *Hermione* as having been "bought by the government during the war" introduces a complication regarding the composition date of this passage. While these pages appear to be earlier drafts of the diary that were rejected and removed, this one may have been written much later. The *Hermione* was sold to the United States Navy in 1898, converted into a gunboat, and renamed the Hawk; she then provided service in the Spanish-American War. Almost certainly, then, this page was composed after the Spanish American War. This would suggest that Fields may have intended to prepare at least some parts of the diary for publication, though perhaps she only meant to produce a more readable account for herself.

Monday ^Jan^ 13th [*Deleted words*] Nothing could be more surpassingly satisfyingly tropical than the scene as we looked about us this morning{.}

Page 4

*The place was empty as the sky of clouds. ^From this point we see that^ the whole island [*Several deleted words*] ^has^ grown ^up^ [*Deleted word*] on a coral reef and looking inland upon the almost impenetrable jungle we discover an untamed wilderness which is never entered except by hunters after beasts or game. The whole island is full of pits {,} apparently [bottomless *?*] salt water tombs for the reckless. These pits are covered with branches at the top and any rider who is not very conversant with the place -- may disappear in various deep sea hollows and never be seen again. The island is

[filled *? unreadable word*] of huntsmen who have disappeared slain by beasts or stung by serpents, but these treacherous hollows are a more likely solution of the [*deleted word*] ^mysteries^. There seem to be few traces, if any of dangerous beasts upon the island the sea furnishing strange creatures enough as one may see in any of the numerous shell-shops along the shore of Nassau --

Jany 17. We were rowed ashore under a clouded sky; a rare thing indeed to see clouds except during the rainy season. The contrast to the brilliant sunshine of the past week was very restful --, and has softened

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Page 5

one side and forests of cocoa palms interrupted by ^almost^ interminable Sisel [*Sisal?*] passes on the other, again interspersed by gardens of roses and pointsettia [*poinsettia*.] The power of seeing could not keep pace with the wonders continually attracting us. Ah, the roses! after all, they were the chief joy and we returned to the ship at night laden down with these. The first day in [*deleted word*] a new world can of course never be repeated, but day after day as we lingered in the harbor of Nassau the sense of a different world ^existence from any we had known^ became more and more distinct. The questions which surround ^the people of the north^, the activity, the expenditure of nervous energy, all that makes the United States a living power such as the world has not seen before, is unheard of here

The following day we again went ashore. We Once more ^we^ saw again our pretty maiden sitting within an arbor of cocoa palms skilfully [*skillfully*] attached to the posts of the hotel piazza in such a way as to make a total defense against wind, sun, or observation. Within her screen was a little table and coffee after dinner and someone tinkling the mandolin and now and then singing with ^a^ pleasant voice. I was fascinated by the [*deleted word*] graceful picture, by the occasional song [*deleted word*] the tinkling strings, and above

Page 6

all, it must be confessed by the pretty girl. We strolled about, not too near, enjoying the almond trees, the odors and the strange flowers, but always returning to our [*unreadable word* island *?*] of vantage to [*deleted word*] ^watch^ the [*deleted word*] drama. Presently, two figures arose and descended to the hall below, where the lady bade farewell to the gentleman ^[*deleted word*]^ who accompanied her ^farewell^. Young as she was her manner was incomparable. I am sure Juliet did no better for her Romeo in public!

In the afternoon with the [*deleted word*] idea of "doing something", rather [unnecessarily *?*] brought to this island, we took a longer drive to the opposite shore [*deleted word*] ^in order to see^ some strange caves fronting the [*deleted words*] ^ocean^ upon this side. Prospero and Miranda were cognizant of this place, not unworn by the feet of Caliban, a strange silent shore.* [*deleted word*] now, however where only the traces [*deleted words*] whither no [*deleted letters*] human beings have much reason to stay ^go^. Perhaps the sponge divers who pursue ^their^ [*deleted word*] "dreadful trade" about these reefs may sometimes land here or a wrecker or smuggler hide his unlawful possessions in these coral caves but in the sunny light of a summer, although January afternoon

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Page 7

the most desirable spot for a residence in the English possessions here. It is certainly pretty enough if it were not speechless and vacuous -- but this is doubtless changing rapidly. Whether the distance from England makes this a difficult office to fill or whether the military station [is of *?*] great importance I cannot say, but the remuneration is not small. The salary of the Governor is two thousand pounds a year beside the house and grounds. This income is not a high price ^to receive^ for a life of exile, but it is rather high for compared with the expense of living in Nassau where to a casual observer it would seem to be necessary "to lay waste and destroy" the whole place before ^in order to spend^ one fourth of the amount.

The true lover of the South however need ^will^ not consider these things. Here is constantly reserved the grace and charm of ^men's^ existence ^may be felt if anywhere^. Every growing thing moves ^touches^ the spirit to ^with^ a new delight. The first leaf of the oleander he espies will move him to worship and to love. At every turn he will stand speechless with ^silent before^ the increasing unceasing beauty. As we drove that afternoon with the sea all great and bare on the

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Page 8

the almond trees and the delicate stains of color on walls and gates and town wherever they were seen peeping out between or above the foliage.

In the afternoon we skirted along the shore of the island, passing a huge constabulary barracks for soldiers, and business [*three deleted words*] ^establishments^ also certain pretty walled gardens with small houses in them overlooking the sea. When we remembered that this is the month of January, we reflected upon the comfort in existence one might find, embowered here among flowers, near enough to the sea ^ocean^ to feel no excessive heat; no telephone, no business, nothing to break the current of the hours. Here ^such [*unrecognized word*] are^ only too near the Kingdom of Nirvana to be of ^general^ value to the people of this world, but it is [left *?*] ^such^ ^they^ must from time to time attract the individual who has ^with^ a special work to do which requires retirement, or the invalid [*deleted letter*] who ^can^ bring his own companions. There really seems to be a very small contingent in Nassau to satisfy the social instinct. The [*deleted word*] Governor ^of the Bahama Islands^ lives here holding an office of no small [political *?*] and who is a [*deleted word*] Therefore we may conclude that the island of New Providence along the north shore of which Nassau stretches for three miles and a half [*deleted word*] for three or four miles, is

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Page 9

its splendors by an impenetrable frame-work of dark. A "silk-cotton" tree of gigantic size especially attracted our wonder. It is own cousin to the elephant -- its ^his^ prototype in plant life. The huge bulk and the strange gray wrinkled surface of the bark gives one a sense that arm is a proboscis and will soon be approaching to ask a biscuit. Its huge pedestal so to speak, for it is ^was^ too unlike an ordinary tree-trunk to be called by that name, was a giant foundation from which a whole ^green^ world [*two deleted words*] ^or^ bird land stretched up above. We had never seen so huge a tree nor one more beautiful in its upper kingdom of greenery in spite of a sense of monstrosity below.

[*Deleted word*] Why should one sit inside anywhere on such a day! The "patio" or "compound" of the hotel ^as it might be called^ was evidently the true gathering ground for a small group of Nassau people. A young girl in a white muslin dress with two or three gentlemen of ranging hues of complexion especially attracted me. The soft olive tint of her skin and the real charm of manner she possessed apart from a certain beauty compelled me to turn for an instant in her direction whenever the least chance offered. She was [*deleted word*] Her native loveliness was the human expression to which we had been led up by the soft air. The Hibiscus blossoms

Note

The place was empty as the sky of clouds: In the main journal, the events of this section are dated January 12 - 16.

Page 10

The consul's house was not far away but the heat seems to make walking impossible. it is built as usual with houses in this part of the world of limestone or cement or both with shingled roof. The blinds were of course closed everywhere, the function being to keep out heat. The consul's wife was born in Nassau and although she thinks the climate of Inagua delightful, the solitude is evidently terrible indeed. There is no physician and very little of anything here. Everything must be sought in a sailing vessel crossing the frightful seas three or four hundred miles in extent between Inagua and Nassau. The ^now^ disused salt works of this island seemed to be the most interesting point for strangers to visit and just before noon we started for a drive in open carriages. In spite of our umbrellas and the month of January, the intolerable rays of the sun dazzled and made one faint. At last after ^passing^ a long ^great^ distance we came upon long level stretches of sand separated by low dykes where the water had been shut in and left to evaporate in the scorching heat. The whole scheme was a failure, but the wild wide stretches of sand and shallow water were very impressive even at noon day. Strange effects indeed must be seen here at sunset and under the moon

Note

This material appears in the main journal in the entry for January 23.

Page 11

money and what they must have is usually earned in the neighborhood of the hotel. They supply fruit and flowers and eggs and chickens and labor and appear to be trusted and trustful and by no means of the lowest types. Leaving these villages we drove through a track in the wilderness half desert and half forest. As we again approached the sea the palmetto trees

assumed a more wonderful beauty than elsewhere. The sun was near its setting and touched the waving branches with gold. We stopped to listen to the stillness and to see as far as the eye could reach these vast gently moving boughs. wherever a breeze reached them They ^trees^ did not grow too close to each other but were interspersed with Sisel which grows ^stands^ low and must be a protection with its long ^sharp^ swords. A climbing shrub or vine was just bursting into yellow blossoms about us. The peo natives called it "blossoming elder." It gave a gayety to the scene. We began to hear the calling of the waves as we drove on and knew that we were again near the coast. How beautiful it

Page 12

was as we suddenly reached it Only those really know who have been [*deleted word*] ^lost^ for a while in a wood and find themselves unexpectedly face to face with the light and splendor of the sea.

At nightfall our good impressions of the colored people were corroborated. Somewhere during our long excursion the precious "code" book for telegraphic messages had been dropped and one of the party insisted upon going back, taking fresh horses and searching the whole ground until it should be found. This proposition in the darkness of the night seemed preposterous but returning to the hotel a little child ^girl^ was seen running with something in her hand. It was the precious book which fell from the carriage in passing through one of the villages and the child ran the whole distance in order to find us before we sailed away.

We sailed away from Nassau the 20th day of January. For nearly three days and two nights we were tossed ^perpetually^ in the roughest of seas. In the afternoon of the third day we dropped anchor in the roadstead of the Island of Inagua a large but very sterile island.

Note

This material appears in the main journal in the entry for January 20.

Page 13

We lay on deck [*deleted word*] breathing the delicious air, but too weak after the voyage to do more than lazily look about us. The American consul visited the ship inviting us to land, but we were too tired to do more than [*deleted word*] promise a visit to the Consulate on the following day. Happily each new place was a stimulus to [*deleted letters*] ^our^ curiosity.

Jan. 23d It was ten o'clock before we left the ship. Early enough in the North, but the pitiless sun was already sending piercing darts upon our heads. The Consul was [*deleted word*] ^waiting^ on the beach to welcome us but there was no more arrangement for landing than there was in the days of Columbus [nor when this *?*] island was first created. All night we had listened to the waves as they dashed upon a neighboring cliff or rolled upon the beach, and the breakers were still high although there had been no storm. Some of the gentlemen leaped upon from the boat while some of the ladies were carried [*deleted letters*] by the [*deleted word*] captain; others deftly leaped and ran to the dry verge.

Note

This material appears in the main journal in the entry for January 23.

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There was a certain magnificence in the scene as we came out, [*deleted word*] the Governor and his party were escorted home by in state by the colored soldiers --

All the afternoon was spent in the open air. We found a strange wild gap cut from the shore and leading inland up to a stone stairway called the Queen's Staircase on the top of which is said to be the highest point of the island. There is also a small half-ruined castle called Fincastle nearby. Doubtless this was once a place of refuge and defense; the peaceful name of the Queen's Staircase [evidently ?] belonging ^perhaps^ to later days. The cool fresh wind blowing on the height was a great invigoration to mind and body. We never found the same again during our trip except for one brief day in the mountains of Jamaica -- We walked until sunset descending slowly by winding paths until we found ourselves again among [jessamine and roses ?].

We drove one day back from the coast among a series of little villages where the negroes have established themselves in rose-covered cottages and where their children enjoy an undisturbed idyllic life. They require very little

Note

This material appears in the main journal in the entry for January 19.

Page 15

^The next morning was supremely beautiful after the rain.^ [*seven deleted words, the last of which is* Nassau] There was nothing to do but what we had ^already^ done Therefore we confined ourselves to loitering and basking ^on the upper deck of the yacht, watching the changing peacock^ [*next words inserted down the right margin*] hues of the water with [vessels *?*] and boats coming and going in the fresh breeze

[*Four deleted lines*]

The Victorian Anthology was a great stay to our spirits. Landor's lovely poems with which the book opens seemed to belong to the spot{,} "The Hamadryad" "The Death of Artemedora" and the rest, [*deleted letter*] indestructable {*indestructible*} creations, were born out of kindred beauty.

Again in the full loveliness of the afternoon we went ashore and again loitered by the bayside, gathering roses and buying shells and fossils. The little shell-shop opened to the sea at the back where sun-burned fishermen or "spongers" might be seeing watching our proceedings at times or gazing out to sea. Color [*deleted word*] shining, blossoms every where and a stillness only to be imagined. Even the colored children were collected like flies on a honey jar where ever we were stood silently observing us.

Sunday [howe] presented the variety of church-going. In the brilliant morning light the [*unrecognized word*] [forms *?*] of the ^colored^ soldiers drawn up to attend the Governor shows^ne^ resplendent. The colored beadle at the

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door ^also a negro^ was swelling with pomposity. He bore a long silver-topped rod of office and allowed no chance for ceremony to escape him -- The building itself was quaint place enough having gathered under its consecrated roof for long years all the English inhabitants with their joys and sorrows and a large proportion of their negro dependents. The walls were covered with inscriptions of a character perfectly astounding to the minds of this generation; but in view of many of the unhappy exiles who have lived and died here{,} the victims of war and climatic diseases{,} they are probably not so extraordinary as they appear to our uninitiated eyes. Carved in stone where all may read, we learn that one died of chronic dysentery and -- a woman -- three weeks after the birth [*unreadable words*] [*deleted word*] ^side by side with^ the countless records of [*deleted words*] soldiers who have earned their place to such small remembrance as a stone may give.

The sermon could not be called inspiring; any sense of the brotherhood of man, the subject of all others [*deleted letters*] needed in such a spot, seems to be an undiscovered thought and we got out into the free air with a sense of relief. The [bright spot *?*] in the service was the singing in which we joined, the fervor of the colored people giving it an uplift worth all the rest --

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The Captain caused the electric launch to be made ready, and as we sped rapidly to land without apparent effort a crowd collected to see the wonder; but the a large proportion of the white-toothed [*deleted word*] ^company^ was much more interested in watching their chances to earn a few cents by diving or standing on their heads, or other devices known to their class than in studying our craft. Observation is not common to this class. Their easy sensuous life disinclines them to the effort of thinking about anything.

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blackness of the night was intense by the time we reached the strangely lighted lake{.} Upon our arrival at the lake we were at once surrounded by small negroes asking if they might throw themselves into the water to make moonlight for our pleasure. One leaped into a boat scattering light with every movement and others swam about as if they were made of white glory. For once Blake's little black boy would have thought himself already in heaven.* It was a weird and wondrous scene. The blackness and silence all around and the [*deleted letters*] whiteness of the water wherever it was touched ^stirred^ made the landscape all around like some ^a^ thing of the imagination. It was no longer the common world and the scene did not belong altogether to the senses --

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Something that neither sunset nor moonlight [*deleted word*: exactly, overtly *?*] ^are likely to^ furnish ^however^ was given to us in the silver shimmering heat. As we gazed far away over the dazzling sands we saw a^n^ [*deleted word and inserted word*] of red flamingoes, looking as tall as men and standing ^still^ in long ranges reflected like people ^rosy^ sunset clouds in the wet surface beneath.

The scene has left an ineffaceable memory. The intolerable heat, the wild shore, the endless sand, -- and these birds, glowing innumerable, untameable, [*deleted word*] furnish [*deleted letters*] a new chamber of wonder ^recollection^ for the imagination to wander in.

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Appendix 2 -- Other Documents

Part 11

[*Two other documents appear on the microfilm with the Fields diary.*]

[*Page 21*, *fragment from a work of fiction?*]

-- to the shore together and watched the tumbling sea. The [*unrecognized word*] house is a [*unrecognized word*] -- Small means but perfect taste and the effect is most lovely.

But first and last over and above all here is the weight and shadowy death which hangs upon Charlotte -- She has a cancer we fear eating at her heart ---- Twice it has been destroyed but the [*two unrecognized words*] serpent seems to be gnawing at her heart -- [Such *?*] pathos as there is in it -- [Such *?*] power and sweetness and courage! Poor soul!

The valley looks very [*unrecognized word*] dark to her but she struggles on and on, making the days sunshiny for others which are often frightfully dark to herself.

Who can tell us what the end shall be!

[*Page 22, 1907 Diary Entry*]

Monday, March 11th 1907. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren)* came to luncheon at one o'clock. We were six at table. S.O.J.{,} Agnes Irwin{,} Edith Wolcott{,} Dr & Mrs W *and myself. He interested us deeply as he must interest everyone who really well knows and discerns him. Toward the end he told us that he was a born Jacobite.* Among his friends are the persons who have been living in Glamis Castle and one or two other old places he called by name but I could not catch. He told us especially of an old woman, the wife of an older Colonel in the army of the Scots, Carnegy by name. Not Carnegie,* and so far as they know not quite the same family. This Carnegy is a perfect repository of the most amazing tales of old Scotland. She smokes, no small things or cigarettes, but long strong cigars and many of these tales have been told in the small [hours *?*], in the smoking room of one of these old places. He told much worthy of remembrance; only one little tale stays by me of the covenanter soldier* who had been slain protecting his own estates. His wife fled southward to shelter, but at the moment the friends who bore her away

[*Page 23*]

2

said she must leave her little son and his nurse behind until a place of safety could be found for them. Shortly after the castle had been left desolate. There was a cry that more soldiers were coming to discover if there were men concealed in the house. The old nurse seized the child, ran to the old chapel where the body ^of his father^ was lying covered with a pall before the altar. She hoped to hide the child somewhere, but there was no spot for concealment in this bare stone place! Suddenly she said to the child{,} I will put you in your father's arms and cover you with the cloth. Your father loved ye and was good to ye while he [*deleted word*] ^was alive and he will no harm [you *changed to* ye *?*] now he is dead! So she rested the boy's head in the hollow of his father's arm upon his chest and told him{,} Lie still now, do not cry nor cough and they will never find you.

[*Page 24*]

[3 *partly circled*]

So she covered him with the pall and went away.

Presently the soldiers came again. They looked into the cold stone chapel where lay the still cold body under a pall -- shut the door quietly and went away. By and by when the men had ridden away the nurse went to her little boy and kissed his happy little face as she bore him away from the ^his^ cold dark hiding place.

Notes

Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren): Wikipedia says: "Rev. John Watson (3 November 1850 - 6 May 1907), known by his pen name Ian Maclaren, was a Scottish author and theologian.... Maclaren's first stories of rural Scottish life, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* (1894), achieved extraordinary popularity, selling more than 700 thousand copies, and were succeeded by other successful books, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* (1895), *Kate Carnegie and those Ministers* (1896), and *Afterwards and other Stories* (1898)."

Agnes Irwin: "Agnes Irwin (December 30, 1841 - December 5, 1914) was an American educator, best known as the first dean of Radcliffe College from 1894 to 1909 and as the principal from 1869 to 1894 of the West Penn Square Seminary for Young Ladies in Philadelphia, later renamed, in her honor, the Agnes Irwin School." Wikipedia.

Edith Wolcott: Edith Prescott Wolcott (1853-1934) was the great-granddaughter of Colonel William Prescott, a hero of the American Revolution, and she married Roger Wolcott (1847-1900), a lawyer and Republican politician who served in several elective offices, including Governor of Massachusetts (1896-1900).

Dr & Mrs W: Determining which persons Fields refers to here is difficult. Among the more serious candidates would be local historian and author, Reverend Thomas Franklin Waters and his wife Adeline Melville Orswell. See Correspondents. Lacking a Doctor of Divinity degree, however, Rev. Waters may well not be the right person.

Jacobite: Wikipedia says: "Jacobitism ... was a political movement in Great Britain and Ireland that aimed to restore the Roman Catholic Stuart King James VII of Scotland, II of England and

Ireland, and his heirs to the thrones of England, Scotland and Ireland. The movement took its name from *Jacobus*, the Renaissance Latin form of *Iacomus*, the original Latin form of James. Adherents rebelled against the British government on several occasions between 1688 and 1746.

Glamis Castle: Wikipedia says: "Glamis Castle is situated beside the village of Glamis ... in Angus, Scotland.... In 1034 King Malcolm II was murdered at Glamis, where there was a Royal Hunting Lodge." In William Shakespeare's play *Macbeth* (1603-06), the eponymous character resides at Glamis Castle, although the historical King Macbeth (d. 1057) had no connection to the castle."

Not Carnegie: Watson and Fields are distinguishing the Carnegy family from the family of Andrew Carnegie (1835 - 1919), "a Scottish American industrialist who led the enormous expansion of the American steel industry in the late 19th century. He is often identified as one of the richest people in history, alongside John D. Rockefeller and Jakob Fugger. He built a leadership role as a philanthropist for the United States and the British Empire." Wikipedia.

covenanter soldier: Covenanters were Scots Presbyterians who took control of the government of Scotland in the early 17th century. Thereafter, they frequently found themselves at war, for example with Oliver Cromwell's army of Parliament at mid-century and with King James II of England in the 1660s and after. Watson's story apparently is not specific about the conflict to which his story belongs.

Appendix 3 -- An Unpublished Jewett Manuscript

The Cape St. Nicholas-Mole -- Hayti Story

This manuscript fragment is held by the Houghton Library in Sarah Orne Jewett compositions and other papers, 1847-1909. MS Am 1743.22 (10). Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

[*Page 2*]

There is a harbor on the north coast of one of the far West Indian Islands where now and then a ~~decrepit~~ ^ [~~rotting~~ *?*] creaking^ old steamer or ^logwood laden^ schooner destitute of paint and with sails patched like a chequer board puts in to escape the fury of a northern -- Otherwise weeks go by without anything to break the quiet life of ^this part of^ Santa [Teresa *corrected*]. The office of customs and other high officials amuse themselves as best they can with potent drinks and* excited talk of politics, and* even descend from official business to gossiping about their neighbours.

The ^~~outward~~^ city ~~wore a~~ ^itself^ [looked *changed from* look] like a mountain river in the dry season. There was an enormous amount of building material to be seen -- There were to begin with, the ruins of the old fortifications which now

[*Page 3*]

the [treasures *changed from* treasury] of France and now of Spain had been robbed to build. There were the long ^lines of^ ramparts{,} the clumsy blocks of small dwellings in the [casements *?*], the [pathways *?*] {,} the roofless barracks, and [various *corrected*] defences that ran out along the shore with their tunnels and [solid *?*] platforms for great guns which had vanished ^long ago^ nobody could tell where.

There was a wide parade ground paved with stone but the weeds grew thick along the widening crevices, and waved from the toppling walls. To build this great invulnerable fort what blood of human creatures{,} what money of unsteady governments{,} that prestige and authority of ~~apprehensive~~ power-loving kings had all been spent! And the blazing tropic sun and floods of tropic

[*Page 4*]

rain, now and then the ~~easy~~ joggle of an earthquake had ~~made the~~ ^cracked the great^ blocks of stone and made them fall. [When *corrected*] the ^old French^ troops had drilled and their young officers had looked [like *? corrected*] they mocked the ~~tropic~~ ^wild^ flowers with their gay gilt uniforms the lizards ran ^from place to place^ and ~~the~~ shadows of the great brown pelicans flitted to and fro --

[*Deleted word* Out *?*] In the middle of this great parade ground was a modern church which ^the^ good fathers Benedict and André [had *corrected*] by desperate economies and beggings and much goading of their feeble parish contrived to build and pay for. The missionary societies had paid most of the cost -- the corrugated iron was already warping in the

[*Page 5*]

heat -- perhaps it had never been well jointed {--} at any rate the great [rains *corrected*] came through the roof -- and Father Benedict and Father André themselves had died in the next

season of yellow fever after the church's dedication, and were represented by poor little white tablets set ~~to~~ ^against^ the walls.

The priest* now in charge served two parishes -- He looked thin and frail and remorseful -- an exile no doubt from France. The bell that rang for mass and tried its best to be gay at the great church festivals had belonged to the ^old^ chapel of the fort. It was a Spanish bell [and *corrected*] bore the royal arms and some pious legends but the iron belfry was too [*unrecognized word* rackety *?*] for its support and the sexton pulled the rope more and more gently lest such a weight

[*Page 6*]

should come crashing down upon his head.

You could kill plenty of snakes on this sunburnt plaza {--} they came down into the hot sunlight from the damp tangled woods on the hills above, but you could also pick scarlet and yellow flowers, and peer into dark ~~interior places~~ ^rooms^ filled with fallen rubbish -- you could climb the high walls and look seaward and get cool ^in^ ~~by~~ the trade

[*missing material*]

[*Page 7*]

^slender^ beams of the larger roofs had naturally fallen first{,} each with its rattling shower of [tiles *? corrected*], so that the humblest of [houses *corrected*] were deemed altogether more solid and desirable -- There these gay lazy coloured people with their children and their nice fowls have not unhappy lives. The old women sat outside the doors all/ready to enjoy whatever might happen. [*Paragraph mark*]

In the first house outside the great gateway of the fort was ~~some~~ a family of somewhat better estate -- ^the [Marcles *? corrected*]{,} mother & daughter & cockfighting son* --^ their roof [was *corrected*] whole, they represented the better classes of that once flourishing city which had had not only a general commanding, but a [bishop *corrected*] of its own. It was a rambling old house which could

[*Page 8*]

[could *repeated*] have told many more exciting stories than the writer of this one. At present the family was living in hope [of *corrected*] a new grant from the government to repair the old fort, which would bring an idle engineer and two or three other idle young officers and they would waste their time but one had to live somehow and part of the appropriation would ^at least^ be scattered among the coloured people of the town. Everybody knew that it was foolish to ~~build~~ put up a derrick and [swing *corrected*] the blocks of stone to the top of such a toppling sea wall, but the ^coming of^ {an} inspector was only the signal for a high time of reveling and feasting and the usual custom had been to

[*Page 9*]

represent to the government that so small an appropriation was ^[simply *?*]^ futile and that another year it must be increased.

And when the less and less frequent dole was spent, the officers went hastily away forgetting that they had amused themselves by being rivals for the hand of Maria Marca{,} their highborn landladys daughter. She had learned to take ~~it~~ ^such disappearances^ with equanimity and to enjoy their company while it lasted -- The successful aspirant of the moment [usually *corrected*] promised with [solemn *corrected*] oaths and sometimes even tears that he would return{,} but he never did -- Maria March* had passed the first bloom of youth but she was still a splendidly handsome creature full of spirit

[*Page 10*]

and with ^~~of~~^ an unconquerable gayety. The father had been the last officer in command of that deserted fort. The mother who ~~was~~ stout* and apathetic had once been a sylph and daughter to the collector of customs. They all claimed the noblest sort of military and civic descent. They had enormous claims against ^either^ [the French *written over something*] or Spanish governments -- it was ^growing^ somewhat vague which, [but *corrected*] now and then the cock fighting son departed in fine array to the capital of the island upon business but he always returned crestfallen and with the air of one who had fallen among worse card sharpers than himself.

Yet to see the two ladies stepping proudly

[*Page 11*]

to mass with their black lace headgear{,} their gilded prayer books on Sunday mornings, to catch a glance of their ^handsome black^ eyes -- you might have fancied yourself in Seville or Barcelona instead of ^in^ an earthquake ~~ruined~~ ^shattered^ ~~utterly~~ forsaken [*written over word, intending* West *?*] Indian ruin of a town which was not half certain of its own history, whose only pride was in its half forgotten past.

Nobody had the least consciousness of an existence that was larger and possibly better except Maria herself -- She was a great reader

of newspapers and romances{.} She had been taught to read French as well as her native Spanish [by *corrected*] poor Father Benedict who had much loved ~~this~~ ^his^ brilliant [little *corrected*] parishioner, and who

[*Page 12*]

would have sent her to a good sisters school for proper education if he had only lived. She had said many a prayer for the good father [since *corrected*] the Lord had seen fit to take him -- She always said to herself when she thought of him that the Lord gave us ^also our^ kindred, but it was only once in life that he permitted the blessing of a friend. And from year to year having been taught a few things by this ~~sad~~ ^goodly priest{,} this sad^ scholar and gentleman in his lonely exile, Maria Marca had been looking for something happier & better in life which had never come. Even the appropriations had failed for two years [and *?*] had been so small the last time that the Engineer and his attendant officers had favored the city but two weeks.

[*Page 13*]

II

There was ^only^ one resource -- there was one sign of the vitality of that great Civilized world of which this ruined city was an ossified and [disorderly *written over something*] part. Down by the harbour side was a ^small^ low building of two rooms where the ^submarine^ cable* ^was^ landed and the telegraph clicked busily in one room and Monsieur Patrasse the telegraph operator in charge lived in the other. He had not much to do -- he read and slept industriously but he seldom left his post --

An old ^black^ woman in a neighboring ^house^ ^a mere^ burrow of tumbled stones cooked for him what he did not choose to cook for himself -- Luckily it was always possible to make an omelet in the [fallen Sara ~~and~~ Nicola *?*]

[*Page 14*]

The curiosity of woman had forced Maria Marca to walk along the sea wall to the sandy beach and pass the door of the telegraph office ~~with~~ the next day after his arrival by government boat and she had caught sight of a clean looking gentleman with a clean [yellow-covered *corrected*] novel in his hand {--} it might be a volume of Charpentier* or it might <u>oh</u> heavenly hope!* be the [second *? written over something*] ^first^ volume of Vingt Ans Apres* which she never had read -- the ~~first~~ ^second^ having been left ^behind^ by one of the Engineers -- The stranger did not look out of his door then though poor Maria had passed so near that her slender shadow must have fallen

[*Page 15*]

on the floor at his feet. But two or three days after, the cockfighting brother having been long away at the metropolis and his mother growing anxious Maria had come ^properly attended by her maidservant Luisa, to send a telegram of recall. She looked very well dressed poor thing and quite a little lady --

Ce n'est pas possible que vous parley ^le langue^ Français* [declared *or* exclaimed *?*] M. Patrasse in delighted wonder, and they were friends on the moment. It took so long to manage the telegraph, that M. Patrasse* had time to state his distress at being stranded in so shocking ^[accursed *?*]^ a place of snake haunted ruins and to tenderly commiserate Maria March* [who *corrected*] was

[*Page 16*]

properly an ornament to the heart of Paris -- but she departed rejoicing not with the first volume to Vingt Ans Apres but the whole lovely and exciting tales of Carmen and File 113* which she had never before read. It was as if ~~the~~ ^a^ door of heaven had been opened, and that night she said prayers for Father Benedict as if she had never prayed before or ~~knew~~ thanked him* for his patience in those French lessons.

There came an answer next day from the brother at Santo Domingo. It was the usual request for money to pay his passage home -- but since [M. *corrected*] Patrasse was so kind as to bring it himself both Maria & her mother counted it but

[*Page 17*]

a joy, and ^only^ arraigned a government which considers so little the rights of gentlemen -- as they offered ^all^ the hospitality [of *written over* and] their house and their most pleasing smiles to the obliging messenger --

<u>Td</u>*

M. Patrasse carried a sufficient walking stick, and was absolutely fearless of snakes [and *corrected*] every other [*unrecognized word* creature *?*] that might be met in an ~~evening~~ ^afternoon^ stroll -- And as evening came on and the blazing sky cooled a little he explored the old battlements and towers of observation{.} The Triumph Arch on the hillside, the battered barracks. He discovered plenty of French names cut in the

[*Page 18*]

soft island stone {--} Pierre Montagna Borbeury {--} Jule-Quimfer Alexis {--} St. Remy a Provence;* they were all Frenchmen and compatriots -- they all died perhaps poor fellows in this abominable climate{.}

There was a balcony above the entrance to the once palatial residence of the Marcas where the ladies ^had year after year^ sat with their fans in the afternoon looking down the street for lovers who ^so^ seldom came. They kept bravely to the inherited habits of ~~generations~~ [of *repeated*] all their grandmothers who had done the same thing from generation to generation in Spain and her ^island^ colonies --But it came to be a fixed habit that the ladies should ^promptly^ appear [when *written over something*] the sun was low enough to cast [the *written over a ?*] shadow of the house ^far enough^ over the balcony and that M. Patrasse should very soon come strolling up

[*Page 19*
This page belongs to another manuscript]*

[*Page 20*]

the street to join them. If [he *corrected*] were needed at the telegraph office old Marta the negress would come out & plant are large and legible signal in the door -- He had ^at last^ taught her [to *written over* the] recognize the ^operators^ call, but her ears were dull and she was apt of fall asleep in the slow hot afternoons.

There was always a cooling [drink *?*] [to be *corrected*] shared by the little company on the balcony and ~~the~~ ^most^ excellent tobacco. The active occupation of rolling cigarettes seems almost too great an effort, but it was never any effort to talk -- and the history of hopes and disappointments and past gayeties which belonged to ~~both~~ ^the^ hostesses and their guest was [minutely *?*] recounted little by little and ^one^ afternoon after another --

The Frenchman began to go to mass on Sundays ^and to walk away with Señora Marca^. Then he was seen on week day [mornings *?*] in the same devout company

[*Page 21*]

while old Luisa who walked behind nodded her head with comprehensive approval to chance passers by even if they were commonplace or persons whom she alternately ~~patronized~~ ^[received *corrected*] as familiar^ and ^completely^ scorned --

A man stranded in such a god-forsaken little ~~sea~~ port far from his native place{,} his native café [might *corrected*] gladly make the best of what society he could find -- And poor little Maria was so frankly grateful for his kindness{,} for his novels -- she had found life so dreary and youth so fleeting, that a [man *corrected*] would be but half a [youth *?*] who did not respond to her glances and [receive *corrected*] the warm profession of her complete adoration.

III

There ~~had been~~ ^was a^ Norther of unusual determination gathering in the sky, and out of the cloudy gray sea; through the ugly white

[*Page 22*]

waves that leaped at the mouth of the harbour ^there^ came hurrying in the handsomest steam yacht that had ever made that lonely port. ^All" the city officials from the mayor to the second officer of customs at once put out from shore in a rickety boat laden ~~with~~ ^to the gunwale^ with their dignity and importance. Old Manuel ^a huge negro^ who drew but a meagre income as ~~collector~~ ^Health officer^, wore his portentous tall hat the brim of which came down on his shoulders like a little cape. It had been a hatters sign in Havana until its glories were past but it was still [holding *?*] its own and wearing well -- But this official visit was shorn of its pleasures by a gruff captain who first waved them toward the starboard gangway, and then forbade their coming aboard since he was coming ashore at once ~~that~~ ^to^

[*Page 23*]

settle the yachts affairs. The officials were not only greedy for their fees but they had hoped for ~~further~~ hospitality -- you could never tell how hospitable a heart might beat in a strange captains breast -- There was no fear with such a gale ^blowing^ outside that the yacht would slip away by starlight. And the officials went splashing back to shore discouraged [but *written over* by] not despairing. Presently the Captain ~~would~~ appear* and the steward and one could at least have some chickens ready to sell -- these fine pleasure yachts were ~~grand customers~~ ^great consumers for their provisions^ for the ~~slender~~ meagre poultry and seldom haggled much over prices.

[*Page 24*]

Story

St. Nicholas Mole -----

Sailor hatted girls = "You are quite solitary," said the pretty girl who lingered behind the others and looked at them sorrowfully with her head on one side like a bird's{,} "Yes, I am solitary" said the young Frenchman with a

answering glance. She disappeared, and he gave a light sigh -- then he sighed heavily, then he sat down at his table [where *corrected*] the ticker was calling impatiently and dropped his head upon his folded arms and burst into tears.

Notes

In this manuscript, Jewett often writes "a" with a long tail for "and." I have rendered all of these as "and."

priest: Jewett's paragraphing is uncertain. Where -- as here -- she clearly leaves a wide space between sentences, I have assumed she intended a new paragraph.

son: It is not perfectly clear where Jewett intended to place this insertion.

Maria March: Jewett may not have decided on the family's last name. Each time she presents it up to this point, it looks different. Jewett continues to vary this spelling, though usually it is "Marca."

stout: Though Jewett deleted "was," probably she intended to let it stand.

hope!: Jewett has written both an exclamation point and a question mark, leaving it unclear which is written over the other.

submarine cable: The first undersea telegraph cable connecting Môle-Saint-Nicolas with the growing world network was completed in 1888.

Charpentier: This allusion is somewhat mysterious, there not being a well-known French author by this name from this period. Perhaps Jewett refers to the publisher, Georges Charpentier (1846-1905), who published a number of writers who would have been of interest to Maria.

Vingt Ans Apres: *Twenty Years After* (1845) is the second in the trilogy about the three musketeers by French novelist, Alexandre Dumas (1802-1870). The volume Maria had not yet been able to read was the first, *The Three Musketeers* (1844).

Francais: It is not possible that you speak the French tongue!

Patrasse: Presumably this is what Jewett intended, though her marginal scrawl little resembles this, except for a clear capital P.

Carmen ... File 113: Presumably, the "tales of Carmen" refers to the novella *Carmen* (1845) by French author Prosper Mérimée (1803-1870).

Le Dossier n° 113 (1867) is a detective novel by French author Émile Gaboriau (1832-1873).

thanked him: An insertion appears at about this point that I am not able to recognize: as _____.

Td: This transcription is uncertain and its meaning as yet unknown.

Provence: Transcription of several of these names is doubtful.

manuscript: This page of the manuscript is on different paper and clearly belongs with a different story. It reads as follows:

Yes,

I like Esther [Elsten *?*]{.} She never has been one to think of herself.

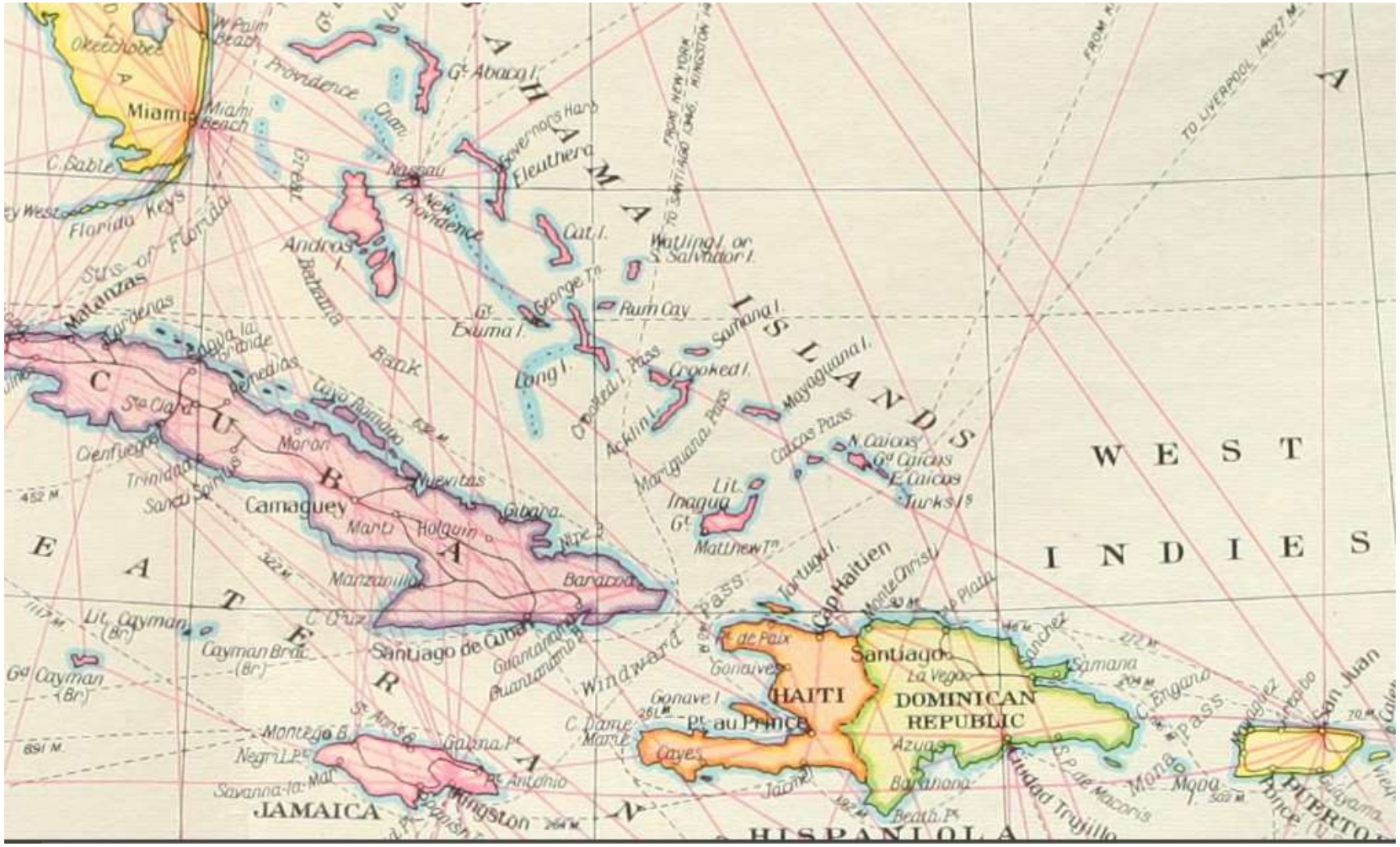
The older I grow the more I hate the plaintive ones, for they are the selfish ones --
~~Whe~~ They cant take right hold & be happy doing for others

appear: Though Jewett has deleted "would," it seems likely she intended to let it stand.

Appendix 4 -- Maps

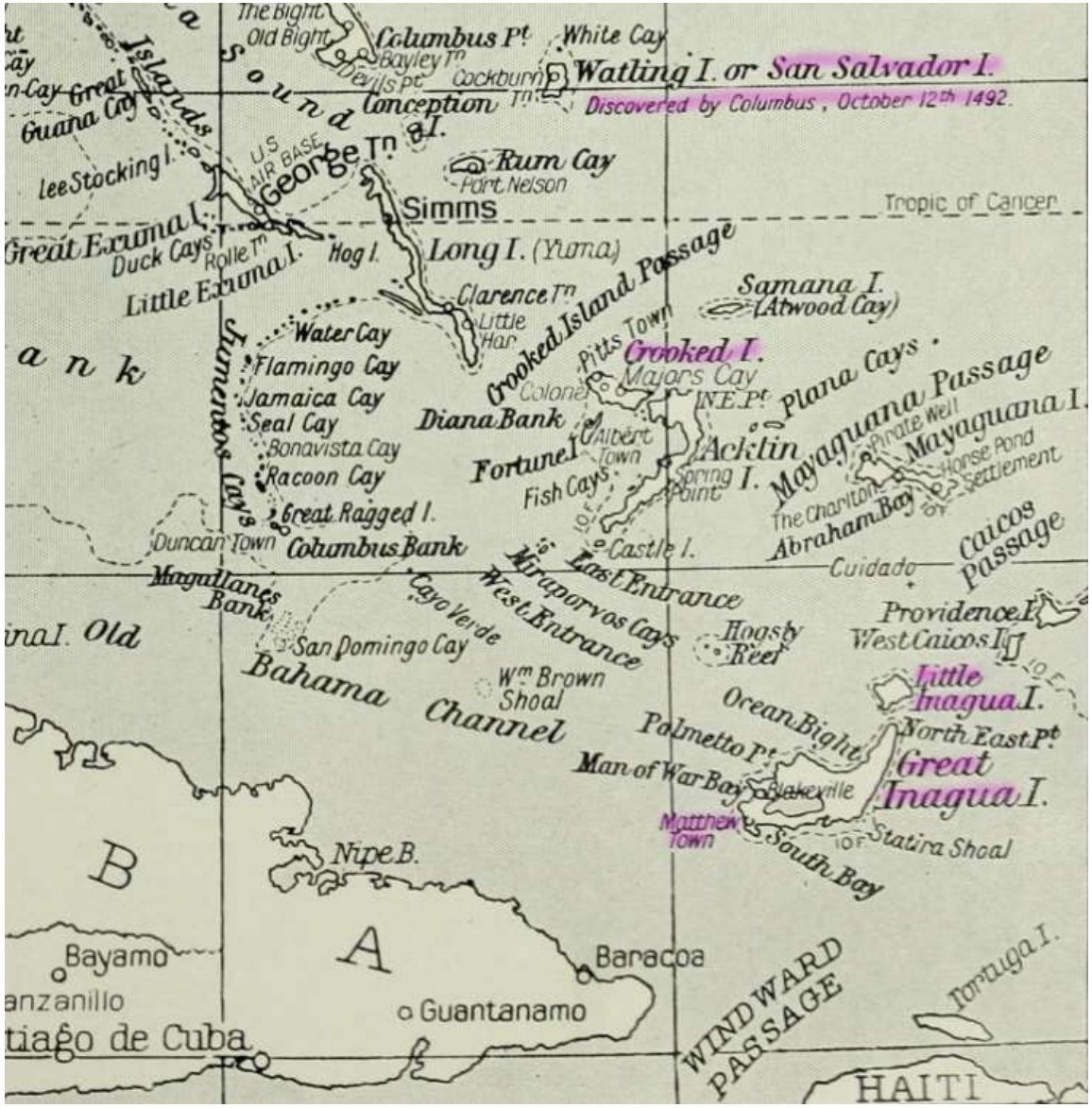
From *The West Indies and Caribbean Year Book*, 1926

The area of the *Hermione*'s cruise.



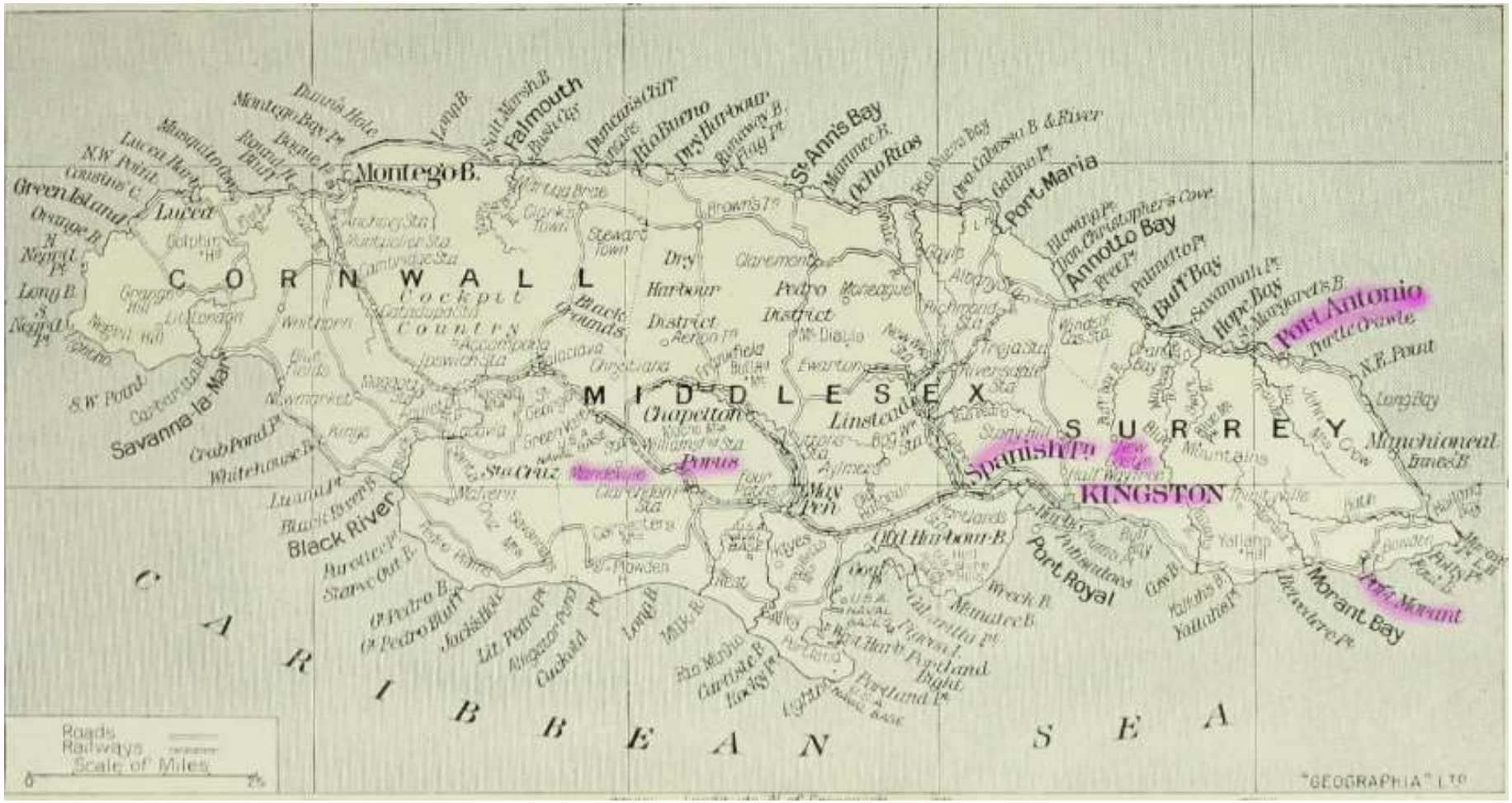
The Northern Bahamas

The Southern Bahamas



Jamaica

The West Indies and Caribbean Year Book, 1926



Haiti

CUBA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Windward Passage
Tortue I.
Pt. Ouest
Tortue Channel
Port de Paix
C. du Môle
Môle St. Nicolas
C. à Foux
NORTH WEST DEPARTMENT
Montagnes du Nord Ouest
Bassin Bleu
Massif du Limbé
Cap Haitien
Baie de Henne
Anse-Rouge
Source-Chaude
Gonaïves
Gonaïves Gulf
Railways
Roads
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30
NORTH DEPARTMENT
Grande-Rivière-du-Nord
Bahon
Vallière
L'ARTIBONITE DEPARTMENT
St. Michel-de-l'Attalaye
Dessalines
St. Marc
C. St. Marc
Hinche
Plateau Central
Montagnes Noires
Thomonde
Mont Rouis
Chaine de Matheux
Gonave I.
2303
Pt. Ouest
Baden
St. Marc Channel
Gonave Channel
Petit Goave
Grand Goave
Arcahaie
Cabaret
Lascahobas
WEST DEPARTMENT
Montagnes de Trou d'eau
Port au Prince Bay
PORT AU PRINCE
Morne l'Hôpital
Dame Marie
Anse d'Hainault
Les Irois
Jérémie
Abricots
Moron
Corail
Grande Anse
Les Basses
Roseaux
Resulmont
Pestel
Baradères
Anse-à-Veau
Arrogonne
Leogane
Jacmel
Massif de la Selle
La Selle 8793
Fond Verrettes
SOUTH DEPARTMENT
Camp Perrin
St. Louis du Sud
Les Cayes
Torbeck
Cayes Bay
Vache I.
Sou. Channel
Tiburon
Chardonnieres
Coteaux
Port-Salut
Virgile
Fond des Blancs
La Vallée
Bainet
Bainet B.
Saltrou
Grand-Goâve
Anse-à-Pitres
CARIBBEAN SEA
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
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Dominican Republic

In 1926, Santo Domingo was called Ciudad Trujillo

Puerto Rico

SAN JUAN
Mayaguez
AGUADILLA
ARECIBO
SAN JUAN
GUAYAMA
MAYAGUEZ
PONCE
HUMACAO
Ponce
Caguas
Humacao
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Aguadilla
Aguadilla Bay
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Port Real
Boqueron Bay
Guanica
Guayanilla Bay
Jobos Harbour
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